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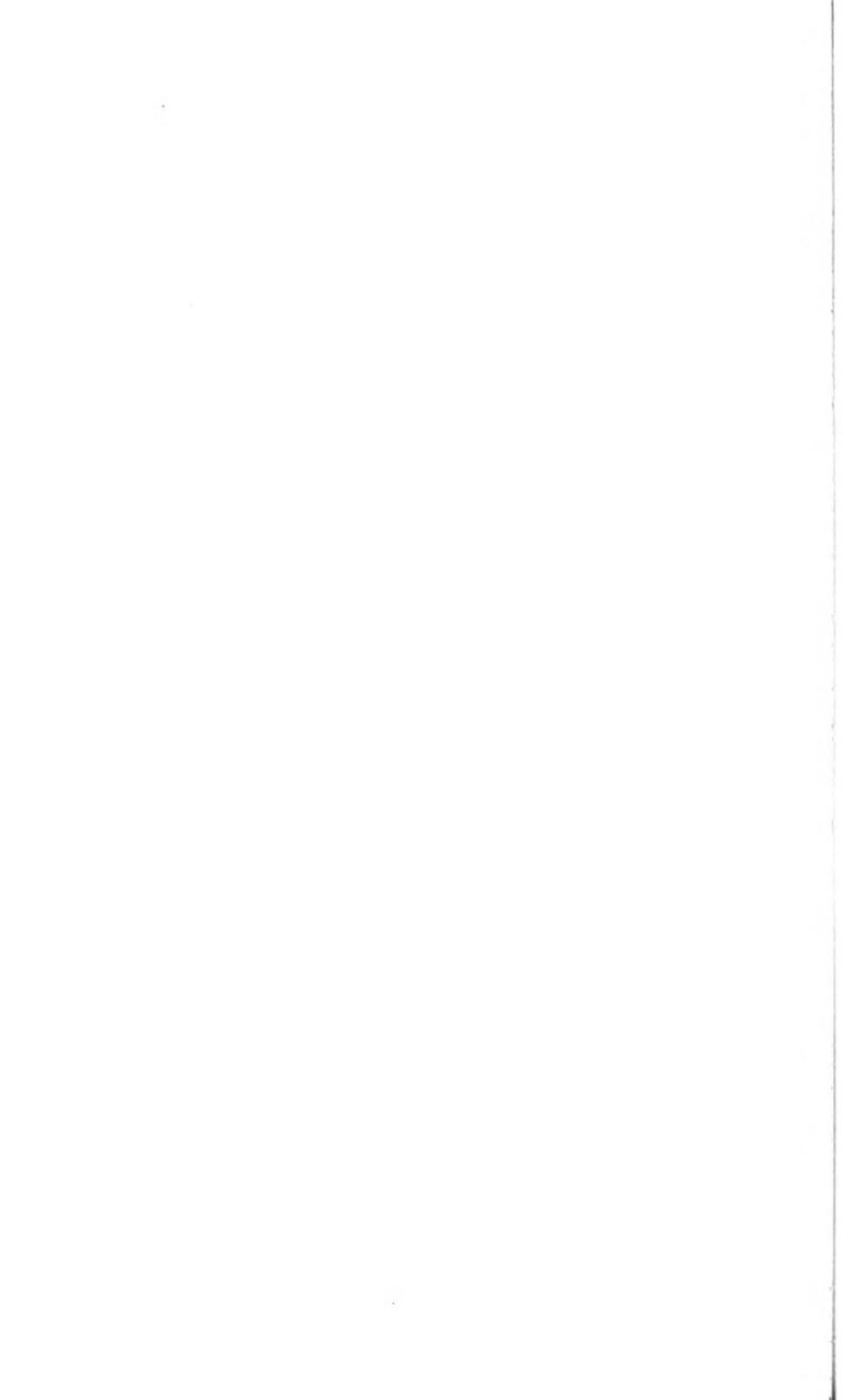
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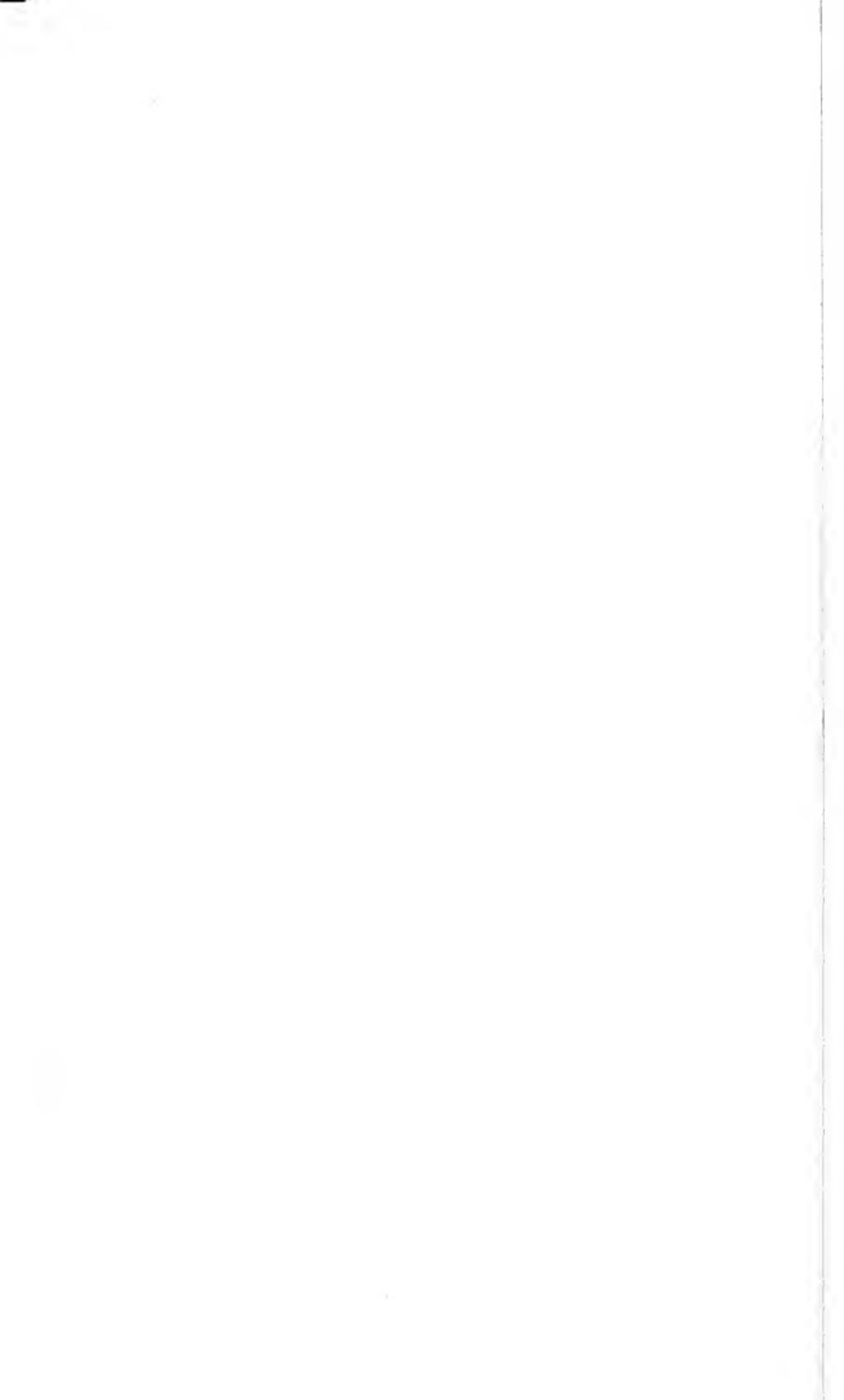


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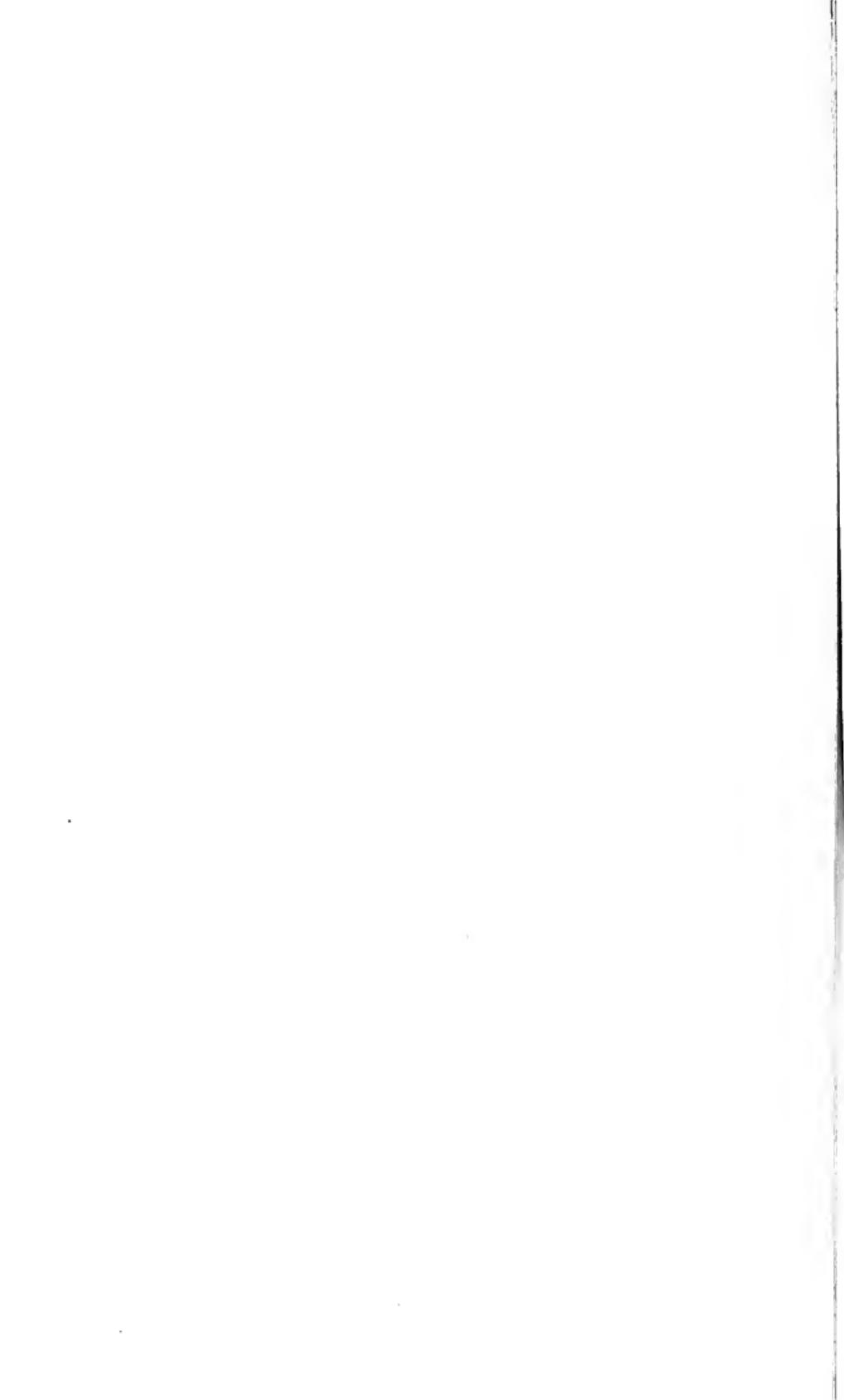
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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES of EMINENT MEN.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

AUTHOR OF "PAST CELEBRITIES," "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS
LITERARY AND PERSONAL," ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

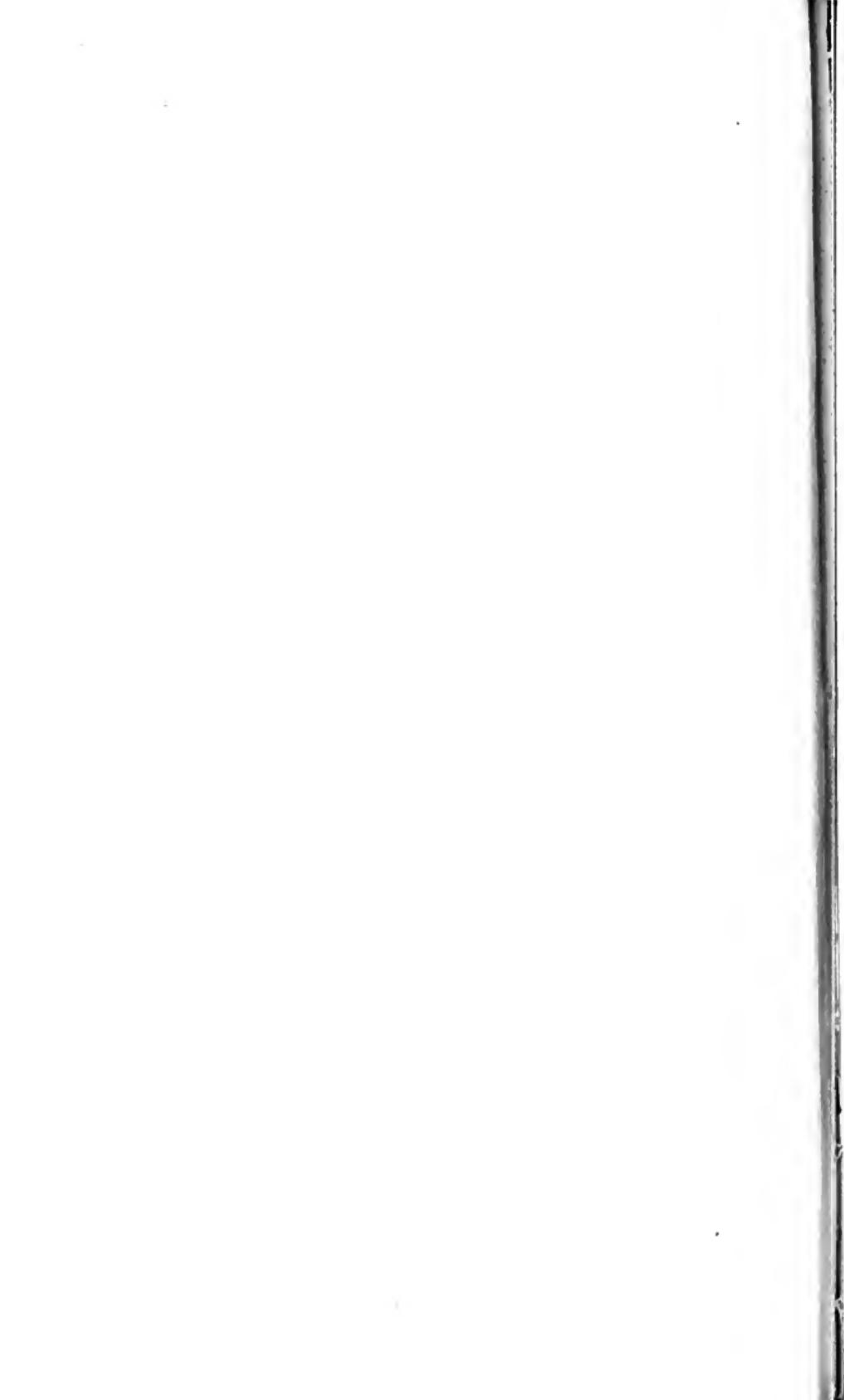


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TO THE READER.

THE interest of biography depends, in many cases, and in no light degree, upon facts, many of which may be trivial, but that still display character. Of these, whether numerous or scanty, the writer of a biography must often combine his labours, however heterogeneous such materials may happen to be, and he must work out of them a whole as perfect as they will permit him to do. A work of a similar nature to the present, relating incidentally to character as far as the writer might be able to speak personally, may thus not only be interesting, but useful.

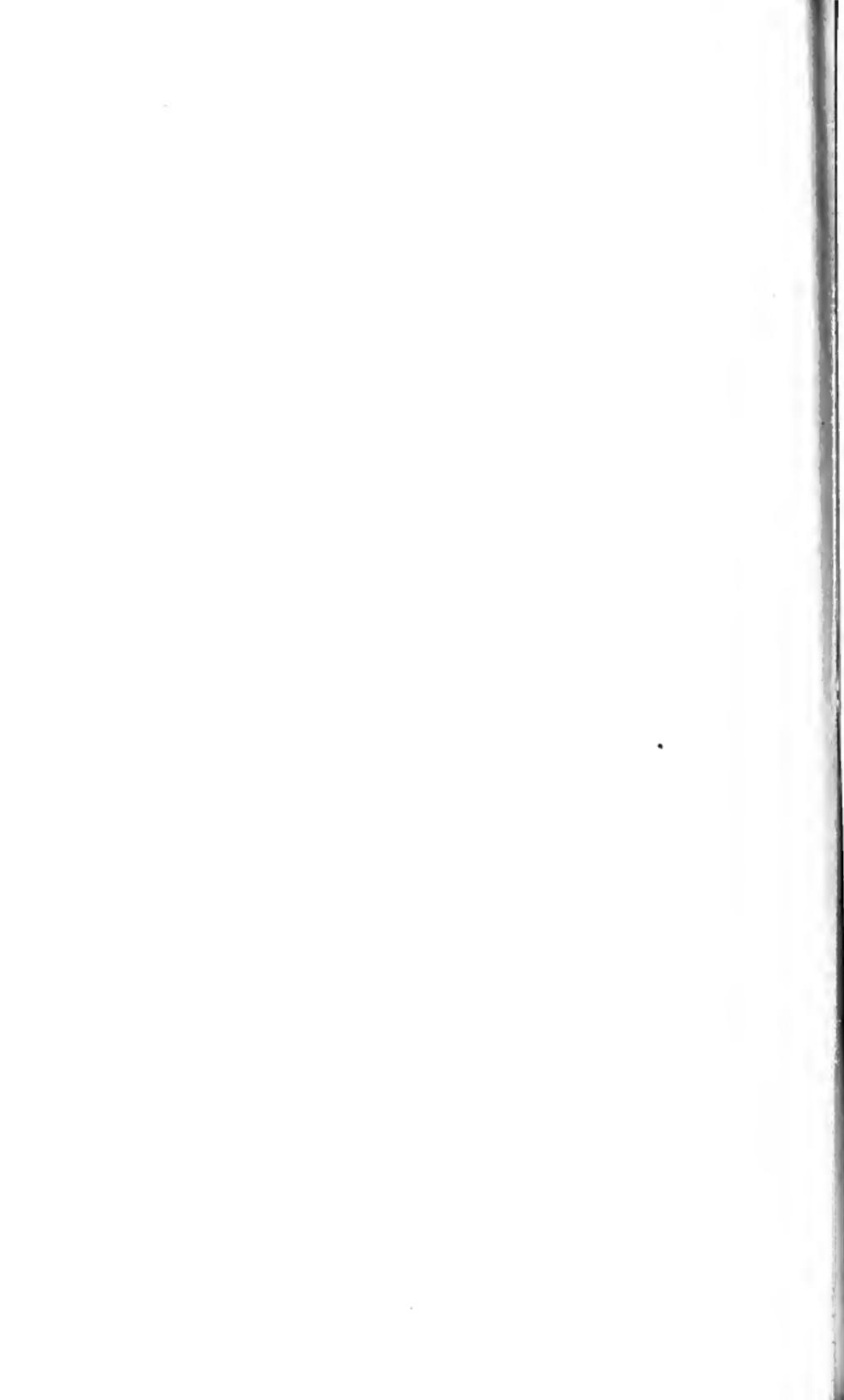
Everybody wishes to learn all he is able regarding men of note. The materials for biography are often

very short, and thus something worthy of notice may be added, and may contribute to render it more clear, and by the variety of incident fuller than by a simple narrative without the aid of such accessories. It is thus possible that, from the aggregate of these, a better judgment may be formed, and that, trivial as some incidents of a like nature may appear, the elucidation of character may thus be rendered more satisfactory and truthful.

The author trusts, therefore, that these volumes will not be found less interesting than those which preceded them, both, as far as they go, being the result of personal observation.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------|------|
| SIR THOMAS WYSE, | 1 |
| COUNT SANTORRE DE SANTA ROSA, | 38 |
| REV. WILLIAM LIDDARD, | 62 |
| LORD HOLLAND, | 92 |
| UGO FOSCOLO, | 117 |
| REV. R. POLWHELE, | 176 |
| GENERAL MILLER, | 201 |
| HENRY MATTHEWS, | 231 |
| MADAME DUFOUR, | 249 |
| LOUIS MATHIEU LANGLES, | 283 |
| M. BOZZELLI, | 299 |



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN.

SIR THOMAS WYSE.

WITH the late excellent, learned, and unobtrusive representative of England in Greece, I became acquainted about 1828, or perhaps the year before. I cannot recall exactly when I made his acquaintance, but am inclined to think I was indebted for that pleasure to William Curran. Nor can I recollect whether he was or was not in parliament prior to that event. I remember his quarters in London, hard by Palace Yard, in Manchester Buildings, for

the convenience of being near the House of Commons, after he was a member ; but even that might have been at a later period—though it is of little consequence one way or the other. I must seize the fleeting remnants of the past that time has not yet taken from me. Long, long years have gone away since then, yet it seems but as yesterday. Wyse lived out the age allotted for the generality of his kind. He descended to the grave, honoured by foreigners, and respected by his countrymen, particularly within the circuit of that city of the immortal name where rests the dust of the race whose glories have outshone all competition,—the race whose language has remained extant in its essential distinction, since old Troy was laid in ashes, not to go farther into the past, had the later past been any other than conjecture.

Sir Thomas had not visited the East for the first time, when he was appointed officially to Athens, on a mission for which no one could be better adapted. He had travelled in Palestine some years before ; and, if I recollect truly, he had sojourned a considerable time in Jerusalem. Of this I am re-

minded by the manuscript of a work upon the Jewish capital, laid down on a large scale, with great labour. It must have cost him no little toil, for I think he said the measurements were made by himself with scrupulous exactness. The copy which he showed me was most elaborate. The cost of getting it up would have been proportionably expensive, which was all the reason I know why it was not given to the world. I went with him to Murray's in Albemarle Street, when the fashionable bibliopolist of the day, having taken time to consider the matter, finally declined it on the ground of the great expense it would inevitably cause, above any profit he could fairly expect in return. Times have changed. By the reduction of the taxes upon paper and advertisements since, it might answer; but where is now the owner, whose unwearied diligence completed the undertaking,—where, but wrapped in that unbroken repose which no dream of mortality can disturb, no trump of the harlot fame can ever awaken? That his work never appeared is to be lamented, because the subject has been since attempted, but has been executed as yet in no

manner half as satisfactory with which I am acquainted.

It is not necessary to allude to the papers of an individual of so much ability as Sir Thomas, which he drew up on education while in the House of Commons. They were much commended, but not more than they deserved. He seemed more covetous of doing good than of public applause. The views he exhibited were fully to the purpose, and showed how much his spirit was in the work which he undertook. It suffices that no one could have his heart more deeply engaged in the task, or be more strongly impressed with the benefit education confers upon a people. His long visits to Italy had made him well acquainted with the country and people there. His acquaintance with some of the more intellectual families of the time, and that of Lucien Bonaparte particularly, introduced him into the best Roman society ; and he had in consequence better means of forming a correct opinion of the domestic habits of that southern people, than the natives of the North in general have at command. They go there, are hospitably received, play the

amiable after a fashion, all subservient politeness, and then come home, ungratefully abuse them, and thank God affectedly they are not Papists.

It was a singular circumstance that I should have met with the family of Lucien Bonaparte fourteen or fifteen years before Wyse had become connected with personages so interesting. I belonged to a club of a dozen members at Plymouth, the object of which was simply good fellowship. We met at the King's Arms Hotel, kept by a person named Winser. Plymouth was the more important of our seaports during the war, from being opposite to Brest; and a portion of the channel fleet, blockading that port, was continually running in and out. The garrison, too, was filled with military. Our club was limited to a dozen members, and met fortnightly at the above hotel. One of the members was Mr Henry Canning, a cousin of the statesman, who, I believe, died consul-general at Hamburg or somewhere in the North. A particular room had been usually allotted for our meetings. One day the landlord came in just after we had dined, and asked us as a favour to remove

with our wine into a smaller apartment. He said that the *Pomona* frigate had just arrived with *Lucien Bonaparte* and family on board, and he had not room for them unless we would oblige him by the change. We of course readily consented. Then it was that I first saw *Lucien*, whose person, of the lesser size of manhood, I well remember. His daughters were then mere girls. *Lucien* quitted *Plymouth* to go and reside near *Worcester*. I never saw him again, for while I lived in *France* the *Bourbon* ruled, and *Lucien* resided in *Rome*, elevated to the rank of *Prince de Canino*. All who knew him there spoke well of him, both as to his mental acquirements and social conduct, though some charged him with a tendency to republicanism, a heinous offence in *England* in those days, though only a matter of opinion. To be honest, open, and state the more rational opinions conscientiously, was in the times of *Perceval* and *Castlereagh*, to get branded by the men in power.

It was fourteen or fifteen years after the foregoing event that I first knew *Sir Thomas*, then *Mr Wyse*. He had made to himself a reputation of a

political nature in his native island. By this I do not mean that he was a violent politician, far from it. No man was more equable in temper, or more rational in his political views. Reason, too, was bearing down the law of rule by power alone. Castlereagh (Londonderry) was no more, and the rulers by the horn-book in politics, who could not get beyond it, were beginning to find the ground unsteady under their feet. Wyse was a man of equable bearing, with a clear intellect, and free of prejudices. His manner was quiet, while he was occupied in taking a close observation of the signs of the times around him, when little suspected of it. He was a man of deep reflection and close study, such as is not too often found among the political men of the hour, whether on the super-loyal or the popular side.

I must have made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas before 1827. Since writing the above, on recently destroying old papers, I met with a letter from Curran, who was then on the Kilkenny Circuit, in which he says that he hopes to meet me at Mr Wyse's, the manor of St John's, Waterford, in a

week or two. The visit he alluded to I never paid, being prevented by the necessity which lay upon me of doing the business of others in addition to my own. If I recollect aright, the present Sir Emerson Tennant, then a liberal in politics, was to have been there also. We often met, however, in London, and many were the pleasant hours passed together. There was a peculiar mildness in his manner as he described the mode in which he had worked in the East, and the toil of measurements, taken in many cases by stealth, of the remarkable objects, and the distances, one from another, in the capital of Palestine. It is to be hoped the MS. of the before-mentioned work is carefully preserved by the executors of Sir Thomas. It might be worth while to publish it now, when there is so alarming a tendency to Catholicism in the English Church, and a passion for the holy places—fictitious or real, none know which—must interest, more especially as in place of heart adoration, Protestant or Roman Catholic, the power of the confessional, the exterior baubles, the high-priest garments, the trinkets and genuflexions,

the altars and incense, and the toys and images, and shrines, half Jewish, half heathen, used in the ultra-Roman worship, captivate the feeble minds of Protestant deserters. The true faith is too plain and too simple for the credit of men, to whom a rag of superstition, with the hope of power over the human mind, is of higher estimation. A prayer amid the glory and pomp of St Peter's, the temple made with hands, is nearer their idea of the heart-worship of our deserters to Rome, than an orison on the Mount of Olives, under the shades of the Garden of Gethsemane, or in the more glorious temple of unbounded space. In this respect, to accuse the apostates of bad taste would be considered ill-mannered; for how did Wyse depict Papal Rome, but "as a city of Eldon, in behalf of abuses," and Eldon was the beau-ideal of a High Church champion, although he never went except upon ceremonial occasions.*

From having admission to the best society, and

* "My relative making such a fuss about the Church and religion," said one of Eldon's near connexions; "he has not been in a church this three or four years, except on some occasional ceremony." I think it was his grandson.

being intimate in families where Englishmen were not at all likely to be received upon a confidential footing, that of the Bonaparte connexion, and their friends, he had acquired a great deal of information as to the general conduct and feeling in the "eternal city." Nor was he at all unobservant of the Roman character of every grade. No Englishman knew better the manners and habits of the people, and those peculiarities which mark the external semblance of a faith, and cover all that belies the real neglect or violation of its precepts. Superstition, in such instances, being a vice wholly inconsistent with itself, is but a mask hiding what is false, and hollow, and inconsistent; yet is it pretended further than will be credited, to be sterling in character, and of saving efficacy. There was so much of this, and it was so easily discernible, that some of the most interesting conversations I ever held with him were during his expositions of the singularities of the Roman character. This was not in regard to the manners of the mass of the people alone, but as connected with the higher ranks of the Italians; sometimes presenting verbal paintings of the mean

conduct of English visitors to Rome, intermingled, who ever “did as Rome does,” a thing natural to them abroad, and too faithful not to be true in the eyes of those who must admit it, if they have been abroad in any continental society, where their countrymen visit. It is not the difficulty of assimilation alone with foreign manners, nor the being simply *gauche*, but the awkwardness, blended with assumption, that makes ignorance and low pride, with many of them too often, not less ludicrous than pitiable. In the saloons of the wealthy or noble Italians, among all foreigners indeed, the travelling Englishman was always easy of recognition, especially if he entered into the conversation going forward, when it happened to touch upon continental polities, or some topic on which the visitor from the British Islands is not exactly *au fait*, and yet imagines he must needs say something about that of which he does not know anything, while, if he had held his peace, he might have passed for full weight, in place of light coin.

Wyse left not a corner of Rome and its antiquities unexplored, any more than he left the character of

the different classes unnoted, whether princes or ecclesiastics, who were of the same name in dignity, or rather higher, as if to exhibit more glaringly the discrepancy between the apostolic order, as thus borne, and the humble disciples of the Son of Nazareth, of whom they affected to be the successors. The cardinals had become temporal princes long before the French entered Rome. They would review troops in their apostolic garb, while the whole papal rule was shaking, and ready to fall to pieces, from its discrepancies between pretence and action. The support of the elder son of the Church, in Louis XVIII., being too slender a prop for the decaying edifice, although it had prompted the bull, so insolent and notorious in full papal confidence, that the holy alliance had for ever settled the affairs of Europe, and that Rome was once more the figurative rock of St Peter. The secular body, or those who may be denominated the temporal nobility, held titles of long standing, as to age and feudal reminiscences, as well as considerable offices, but all was evidently going into decay, and partook of the common degeneracy of the entire population. Yet

the empty pride of blood separated the population into three or four classes. I cannot remember all the distinctions Wyse pointed out, but I was surprised to learn from him that the notorious congress of Vienna was the means of relaxing, in a considerable degree, the custom of transmitting hereditary property, although it had not operated to any great extent. Thus even that curse, fendality, yielded to interest, and the offspring preyed upon the parent. I found from my friend, however, that the revolutions in the south of Europe had not been so sweeping in their effect as in France. Italy had not been revolutionised to any great depth ; and, the tumult over, she fell back again nearly into her old track. The surface of society had alone been affected. A few of the upper classes partook of the enlightened spirit thus lit up, but the people were inert and besotted. Evening parties in Rome, as usual, were the places at which conversation had its full play, and some few individuals became advocates openly for that change which the kingship of Europe for more than a score of years endeavoured in vain to extinguish in blood. I say in

vain, for it could only obstruct its advance during a comparative moment at the expense of worlds of life and treasure. The mind of man still did not cease to move on, if not openly, yet secretly.* Italy then, as a nation, had advanced but a little way in the track of revolution, as regarded the common people, but it had not fallen back. This, I found from my friend, might be said of the whole country from north to south ; but only the better born and more discriminating had appeared openly. Many illustrious men, whom Wyse had seen in exile, Porro, Pecchio, the two Ugoni, Santa Rosa, Pisa, Pepe, Bozzelli, and others, I had only known personally in England. Sir Thomas had known them as distinguished and noble-minded public characters at home. They had risked all dear to them to amend the position of their enslaved country, pressed down by Austrian and Papal violence. The restoration of

* It is only to direct the vision to Italy at this moment, and to remember, and it is all within human remembrance, the enormous outlay in crime, blood, and treasure, to keep Europe as she was, to stay progress, and arrest popular freedom and enlightenment. Our own advance has been against the interest of all the European crowns.

the Bourbons, for a time, had hushed the open expression of all liberal feeling. Austria and Russia rejoiced, and their ministerial friends in England were delighted. The papacy exulted ; and Pope Pius the Seventh, in the full confidence of exultation, and the idea that the power of the allies was sovereign for the future, issued that notorious bull in 1814, which restored even the Jesuits, and declared that his insolent document was never to be submitted to any judge or authority, be he invested with what powers he might. His holiness reckoned without his host ; yet it was that same year he, somewhat inconsistently, made Lucien Bonaparte Prince of Canino *—the latter having taken up his

* The Pope was then the ally of England. A part of the text of his bull is worth giving :—“ We command that the present letters be invariably observed according to their form and tenure, in all time to come, that they may obtain their full and entire effect, and that they may *never* be submitted to the consideration and scrutiny of *any judge*, BE THE AUTHORITY WHAT IT MAY WITH WHICH HE IS INVESTED. Should any one seek to infringe the smallest particle of this ordinance, or oppose the same by an AUDACIOUS TEMERITY, let him remember that he will strictly incur the indignation of Almighty God, and of the apostolic saints, Peter and Paul ! ” The exultation of the Pope and his Bourbon allies, and of the Holy Alliance, or those who com-

residence in Rome. That the perturbed state of Europe, for so many preceding years, did not make any great change among the Italian people, that is, among the masses, was fully demonstrated by Sir Thomas in his correspondence. The middle and lower classes, kept under by early habit, and watched by the priesthood, remained dead to the effect of that leaven which was working so powerfully among nations farther removed from the centre of the papal superstition—its power and influence over the ignorant, and that of Austrian despotism over all. The mass of the people stuck to their old faith and liturgy. A faith, if only of an age of three or four centuries, consecrates creeds and liturgies in all sorts of forms, and how much more those of a faith that dates from Constantine the Great. Italy was as yet little disturbed—the masses there, like the courtiers of George III. in England, still lived and praised the “good old times” and the unparalleled wisdom of their ancestors in these

posed it soon afterwards, as well as their brethren in England, led by Lord Castlereagh, may well be imagined from the Pope's confident feeling, as a sample.

most degenerate days. In the sleep of ignorance, they were not to be aroused by the cry of freedom around them. Hence it was that Italy had only just entered into the feeling, that she had been in priestly subjection too long, and desired a change, as far as a few of the higher classes were concerned. Eminently social in a particular mode, the Italian of the higher rank threw open his saloons to his friends, and gave the full rein to conversation of every variety of hue. The tongue at least was free, despite the red-stocking satraps, who would fain mimic out of all keeping the appearances and characters of the earlier promulgators of the Christian faith.

It was then, in the foregoing state of things and of society, that Sir Thomas became for some time a Roman visitor. He made it a point to mingle with every class from whom any knowledge of the southern character could be acquired. No Englishman ever mastered the subject more completely. A good linguist, a keen observer, a gentleman in manners, mild and courteous, and, as regarded his talents, never obtrusive, he was certain to possess strangers in his favour after conversation

had commenced, from the impression he produced that his store of knowledge was neither restricted nor of second-rate quality. I used to hear him with more pleasure than I can express when he came to my lodgings in Upper Berkeley Street. My old quarters, when I pass them now, seem to me a memento of men and incidents that have become shadows; still I fancy I see some haunting the place—remarkable men who have passed away; many no more; some at the antipodes; some on the Ameriean continent, and in Australia—names that are remembered, and will continue to be for a long time to come. Such recurrences are melancholy enough, and too often turn the past to pain.*

* Last year but one, or in 1865, the present writer received a note from a gentleman he had not seen for above thirty-three years. It was dated from lodgings in Northumberland Street, and asked the favour of a call, stating that of all his friends I was the only one he could trace. He had acquired a fortune, and came home to spend the rest of his days, but found himself completely isolated. He had brought with him an elderly lady, whom he introduced as his wife. Not one person whom he knew could he trace out—not one relative. He had been in South Africa. We had several interviews, and he went for a short time to a watering place. When he returned to town he told me he could bear it no longer, that he had determined to return and spend the rest of his days where he had lived so

I think of little Dundas Cochrane, who walked all the way from Lisbon to Kamschatka, and called eating raw frozen salted fish a luxury; Morocco Jackson, and Dr Clark, and Henry Matthews, the brother of Byron's friend of the same name, who died in Ceylon; and Thomas Campbell, and Shiel the politician, and Miller the gallant general, and Haydon the painter, and Curran, and Talfourd, and Graham, and Hunt;—but I am forgetting myself about a long list of those who are now only “shadows of a shade”—mere vocal expressions and nothing more—an enumeration of the returning echoes of names that on every return reverberate only empty sounds less audibly. Though useless, it appears unkind not to greet the faintest reaction of what were once so much the objects, it may be, of esteem or of admiration. Besides, despite our own insignificance, we shrink at the idea of being long and survived his English friends. He presented me with several remembrances of himself in trinkets made by the natives of the south, and took leave of England for ever. He spoke of the warm friends he had left behind him; that he was a professional man and not a money-grubber—he had acquired enough, and would reside the rest of his days where he found friends and peace.

ourselves forgotten ; and shall we not do all we can in aid of that feeling which once actuated others, such, too, as we feel would be gratifying to ourselves ? The desire to survive in living hearts is perhaps an argument for our immortality ; or why should we set a value upon that which can be of no service to us ? Why, when we find nothing, not any strong feeling of our nature has been bestowed without an end ? To quote the great Italian poet—

“ He that leaves nothing in surviving hearts,
Hath darkness in his own ; and though there be
A life beyond, his spirit shall be one
Whose cry is piteous in the surge-like wail
That echoes through the halls of Acheron.”

But I am travelling out of the record. Among the impressions received in Rome, Sir Thomas gave his first visit to St Peter's as one of the most affecting to his imagination. This he put into a prose description, which differed considerably from that of several others, who, though men of taste, certainly wanted the same power of *feeling* what they saw, or else possessed very little of that susceptibility which marks the cultivated mind. Peter Pindar told a story of some west country ladies whom he

once escorted to see St Paul's. The front of Wren's magnificent work had come into view, and he was considering how the grandeur of the façade would affect their feelings as it opened full upon them. What was his disappointment, when close at hand appeared a shop window full of ribbons of every rainbow colour. St Paul's was abandoned with “Lord, Doctor, we can see that another time—St Paul's can't run away!” And so they went in to make purchases, and the Doctor felt crestfallen. It was in the same unmoved spirit that some young Englishmen of fashionable life were seen entering St Peter's, seemingly disregarding its vast dimensions and splendour in sculpture and painting. Avoiding them as nuisances in a place so grand, Wyse took the survey alone, and described it with much of the effect it does not fail to produce on a tasteful and well-constituted mind. He compared the effect on entering to what is produced by hearing some fine passage of the nobler poets; in short, as a species of moral exultation. He was highly susceptible of similar effects, bespeaking a mind of no common order; but his powers of description and intensity

of feeling were only discoverable upon occasions when, which was rarely, he would open out and paint impressions. Regarding these he was generally too reserved, for no one better understood the subjects upon which he dilated when among two or three intimate friends. The architectural terms, —the glory of the Roman temple, gorgeous as the worship invented to signalise it, the grandeur displayed, and the manifold efforts to remove as far as possible all semblance to the original and simple creed and mode of worship which it travestied so gorgeously, and in this respect of a character so perverted—were well described by him, and by no one better or more eloquently. In fact, he was not a mere observer, for he “felt” all he spoke. Among his remarks on St Peter’s, he observed that its magnitude in the interior absorbed everything in the mind like defect, as well as every minor beauty. The sense of its vastness swallowed all. There was scarcely any object of note in the papal capital of which he did not express the impressions it made upon his mind. If Rome as a subject came upon the carpet, and reference were made to

the effect produced by the details of specimens of the noble architecture it affords, he reverted to St Peter's for example or comparison.

Among those things which excited his indignation was the disgraceful treatment of the Jews under the papal rule. These poor people, but for the Christian persecutions of them, would by this time have become nearly amalgamated with the different nations of their inveterate persecutors; for persecution ever strengthens the faith it would seek to destroy. Every one has heard of the islands near Venice, and of that named Ginklecea, or Zucca, after the Venetian name, once denominated Spinalunga, which was the habitation of the Jews before they were removed to their forced residence in the Ghetto by their Roman Catholic persecutors. "In Rome," observed Sir Thomas, "the persecution of these people is equally cruel." What was called the "Church," which had pretended to be that taught by Christ, with whose doctrines and acts it ever exhibited the widest possible discrepancy, made the unfortunate Israelites martyrs for their faith. Spain, more intolerant still than Rome, burned

them alive. Rome was a little less cruel. "In the Italian cities," said Sir Thomas, "where I found the 'Ghetto,' the enclosure where the Jews were condemned to reside, it was there the Church was to be seen in all its intolerance and full-flown bigotry." In other places, particularly in the haunts of commerce, the Hebrew quarter had become as agreeable as any other part of a southern port; but in Rome the hideous front of papal persecution was ever observed, unabashed by the change which time and civilisation had wrought elsewhere. Ecclesiastical despotism will continue to show itself —when unable to walk or fly, it can crawl like the worm, and grin at what it cannot devour. "The lords spiritual have much the same taste everywhere," he observed; "and the cry of 'the Church in danger,' at Rome, is but the echo of that heard in more northern latitudes. It was the Jew at Rome, and the Catholic in England; but in the latter, fortunately, the secular power was master, and no Giudecca could be set up there." Sir Thomas might have added that, for want of some such restraining power,—some such institution for

the Roman followers here,—the temptation to go over to the faith of Rome was with such an absolute power on its side not to be resisted. See how well the recreant Jews were kept down; ancient schismatics treated as they merited! Delightful it is to have power, and to use it in any way in which it will tend to exalt one's own bigotry and selfishness! Sir Thomas said that the Giudecca of Dante in hell could alone be rivalled in the Ghetto at Rome,—that painful exhibition of a persecuted people. To Sir Thomas it looked like the entrance of a debtors' prison. It is a sort of close alley, at the gateway of which a papal sentinel mounts guard. Outside, all was as usual in the street. Passengers moved to and fro, and everything was cheerful and in pleasant trim. Pass the entrance, and the prison street of the unhappy Israelites was entered, and there was enough for deep reflection at the sight of some, the descendants of the most ancient creed of the old world, cooped up in miserable houses, and amid foul air. None dared pass the night out of that miserable locality. Did a Jew arrive at Rome, and put up at an inn, if found

out, he was seized by the police, and hurried off to the miserable abode of those of his own faith under the armed sentinel, and fined besides ; for Jews were considered there as so many sponges to be squeezed without mercy for the profit of the Church. There the Israelitish youth was withered before manhood, —the youth of the nation so remarkable, and so pitied. The people whom the Moslem spares, and suffers to live as they like, the pope or his cardinal vicars cruelly oppress. The cross was thrust in his face to mock him at his door. When the Holy Allies triumphed, Rome renewed her exactions on the unfortunate Israelites. The Holy Alliance was of the kith and kin of St Peter's in arbitrary rule. The Jews were collected at times per force, and three or four hundred marched under escort on Saturdays to hear a friar's sermon ! Some were fined. Penalties were imposed in case of their not conducting themselves as was desirable. Young Israelites, boys and girls, in numbers, were marched off to hear some greasy friar jabber his insults to their faith, and on their way hooted and hissed at by the scum of the Roman streets. If

they nodded under the soporific discourse, they were awaked by a blow on the head with a stave. It appears that few or no converts were ever made, though there was a report of one conversion by means of a silver argument, and of that there was a boast. Do such scenes compose a part of the aspirations of individuals in the English Church to join them? It was in reflecting upon what he witnessed of this character in Rome, and from his hatred of the intolerance shown to this persecuted people, that Wyse wrote and published the following lines :—

“ He turn'd quite round
From that ungracious door,—he turn'd quite round
And smiled, and oped his swarth hands to the sun,
And all those jocund things which laugh'd around—
The riotous trees, the giddy fount, and smoke
Lazy with pleasure, all the air and gush
Of the heart's music babbling from yon gate,
And children in the midmost of their sports,
And old men listening on their wasted staffs,
And then he laugh'd out loudly, with a clear
And measured anger—for calamity
Will sometimes stir and ope a closing wound,
And then it shouts in laughter. There—and then—
And thus he laugh'd, and for a space he took . . .
Breath from his years and injuries. His teeth
Chatter'd, as if athirst for sudden thoughts

That would not speak, but, voiceless in the heart,
Stay'd; and he shut and oped his broad harsh lips,
Open'd and shut again—and shook his locks,
And closed his eyes in misery, and from hand
To hand pass'd quick his shrivell'd hat: away
Then went he, quite in silence, and there were
Who smote him as he went. Who spares the Jew?"

Such were lines written by Sir Thomas, and put into my hand at one of our last interviews.

No one more strongly expressed his abhorrence of the conduct of the papal government towards this unhappy people. Their ill-treatment alone is a complete evidence of the spurious Christianity of their persecutors. Their persecution has kept them alive. The vengeance of the Christian, so styled, has reacted and preserved the race and creed from extinction. There is one nobility in man that does his nature perhaps the highest of its honours—it is the reaction against persecution for conscience' sake, no matter what may be the belief. It is that noble resistance to the dictation of crowned satrap or hooded monk, to king and priest alike, in matters of conscience, which has been conferred by the God of all. This vile perversion of the original doctrine of Christianity by self-assumed Christians,

has appeared more or less wherever the faith has been simulated ; I say, simulated, because it could not exist but where the faith was not more than an assumption, or the book of that faith must go for nothing.

Sir Thomas learned that the Jews, whenever they could muster enough money to remove themselves from the oppression and tyranny of the Ghetto, generally made their escape to some place where the infernal spirit of forced proselytism, and bitter suffering from insult to man for his conscientious belief, were not encountered ; or, if they existed, carried less of the spirit of the papal persecution, so that his faith, if barely tolerated, did not openly expose its professor to studied insult and unmerited penalties.

With the social state of the Roman capital in every grade, no one was better acquainted than Sir Thomas. He pronounced the efforts then made to crush or proselyte the Jews to be vain. Napoleon of France gave them perfect religious toleration there, as indeed he did all other creeds. The persecutors for religion's sake have been "legitimates,"

as they style themselves, *par excellence*! In France the Bourbons, and in England the Stuarts. Where are those races—rulers “by divine right,” as they proclaimed themselves,—where are they, and who sheds a tear over their ashes, save monks in religion and slaves in political feeling?

But the Christian society—that medley of Catholic and Protestant—mutually polite in the Roman capital, yet secretly hating each other, because one would not believe as the other did, “that a brown loaf was as good mutton as any in Leadenhall market,” to quote Swift’s simile,—that medley of society was familiar to Sir Thomas in all its grades and colours. His intimacy before mentioned with the family of the most wonderful man of the age, and his connexion with it, gave him great advantages.

Wyse studied the antiquities of Rome with as great care as he had previously done those of Jerusalem; but he made no drawings from them. Indeed, that would have been superfluous; all required in that way had been done, and done over and over again. In the literary society he mingled continually. He knew the Prince Chigi, who had

the noted Abbé Nea for his librarian ; the Romans who were poor with great names, and those who were rich with modern ones ; the cognoscenti, and those who affected to be such ; the Dorias and Torlonias, the latter a trader known to all the world as a money-dealer, and in Italy as the Duke di Bracciano, whose fame came and would depart with his money, because he had no more titles to renown than the Rothschilds in England—the duration of the purse or of his own mortality.

At the villa Borghese, Sir Thomas was naturally a frequent guest, and he visited Canova. At the residence of the Princess Borghese in Rome—for the prince was a mere cipher, and had no affection for his wife, the faithful, loving sister of Napoleon I, who was about to share his exile when he died—Sir Thomas met a miserable, sleepy creature of a German, the Prince Frederic of Saxe-Gotha, his fingers and thumbs covered with rings. He was of gigantic stature, with a perfectly vague countenance, under which he affected to play the part of a Mæcenas, but slept a good part of the evening he was thus encountered. The Princess

Borghese was a long-standing acquaintance of Sir Thomas's. It did not seem, as it appeared from his account, that in company this favourite sister of Napoleon was anxious to shine on recollecting her high position. He thought her every way equal to the expectation she excited. Her presence was fascinating, and even imposing. She was only of the middle stature. In this she was like her brother. She possessed that attractive manner which is certain to engage the affections. She was all that had been reported of her as Pauline, the attached sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and she seemed to have had all her affection returned by her brother. She showed that she had a heart, which few so suddenly elevated in life, as well as too few high-born, ever exhibit, save affectedly. She appeared to her honour to forget all about herself in her feeling for the emperor. Her health gradually declined; her husband and herself, who had parted, became reconciled, and she died in his arms, having become rapidly emaciated, though to the last she exhibited signs of her former beauty.

While Mr Canning was in office, the Catholics

of Ireland ceased to exhibit their feelings at the situation in which the bigotry of the Orange party and the followers of the English Church had placed them. They were well aware that Canning looked to the general benefit of Ireland, and not to the sole rule of a greedy faction, whose religion, with few exceptions, was that of the “loaves and fishes.” The accession of Wellington and Peel to power changed this state of things; and the priesthood, after the previous treatment they had received from the Tory party, at once joined the Catholic association. Under such auspices, and the cant set going for temporal ends against popery and idolatry, an Orange Tory, in the person of Lord Roden, opposed emancipation, under the pretence of opposing a creed that really meant despotism over other men’s consciences, and dictation in all that respected religion. It was worthy of remark, how utterly insignificant the peers were in argument with most of the common denouncers of free thought; how intellectually mean, and yet buoyant in their effrontery against toleration. The defensive system of the Catholics to meet the pretended conversions

of their flocks, introduced “a new and fantastic spirit of polemical chivalry,” for so Mr Wyse aptly christened it. Public discussions ensued, and very naturally terminated in favour of the persecuted sect. The Catholics turned out Vesey Fitzgerald, a cabinet minister, and elected O’Connell in his place; for Fitzgerald had joined the Wellington administration against emancipation. The Duke of Wellington, regarding only the peace of the country, and not the discussions of virulent and selfish polemics, determined on his course, and made the best speech he ever did make upon the occasion. He then carried the measure, to the rage of some of his old friends, in order to operate a general benefit.

“ You cannot conceive,” Wyse wrote to me, “ the state of things here, (in Ireland;) never was there more dense bigotry confronted, never a faction more enraged, and enraged in vain, so stricken. The duke will require all his firmness to bear it.”

By the by, it was very clear that the duke, seeing he was on the right path, and knowing that his influence was only valued for what might be made of it

in ripening, if possible, a religious despotism, gave himself very little anxiety about the ecclesiastical blustering that assailed him from the inveterate foes of advance, the Eldons and Inglises of the hour.

Sir Thomas published a political catechism, explanatory of the constitutional rights and civil disabilities of the Catholics of Ireland in 1829. He put it into my hand in his quiet manner, and in it I remember advocated an immediate national reconciliation. It was, I well recollect, a lucid exposition of the Catholic question, beginning with the early history of the oppression of the Irish by the Protestant ascendancy faction, and the withholding civil rights, thus cherishing a factious spirit under religious pretences. Sir Thomas Wyse also published a history of the Catholic association, which, if I remember rightly, filled two volumes. It comprised a history of the violation of treaties, and the instruction, by the dominant faction to its followers, of all that could promote their own selfish views. Religion was the plea adopted for all the indefensible measures carried out,—the term reli-

gion being put for self-interest, the most sordid views, and the mockery of all true religion. The treatment of Ireland in past time—for now happily things are changed for the better—is a history which is full of benefit to those who judge equitably, and to those who may be curious to see how far the professors of one faith, upon pretences that are based upon aggravated violations of real religion, can oppress, insult, and plunder their brethren of the same community. The sweeping away of all political distinctions could not, and cannot, and never will remove the “odium theologicum” that to this day is as full of spleen, envy, and hatred, as it was a century ago. Sir Thomas’s work, I well remember, was exceedingly interesting, and was abused the more by his opponents because it disclosed great truths.

The last time I ever met this excellent and accomplished man, five names of a party of six dined together that never sat together again, having departed to the land of shadows, namely, Sir Thomas, Campbell, Shiel, Curran, and Sir C. Morgan,—all friends of some years’ standing. Wyse

died at Athens, Shiel in Italy, Campbell in France, Curran in Dublin, and Morgan in London. The present narrator only remains, who made the sixth. Thus terminate ever mortal histories; or, after the old adage of the Roman poet—

“*Mors ultima linea rerum est.*”

COUNT SANTORRE DE SANTA ROSA.

WITH this truly excellent man I only became acquainted during his exile. He was a native of Savigliano, of a family not remarkable for wealth, but ennobled. When only ten years of age he was taken with him to the army by his father, who was killed in the battle of Mondovi, being then a colonel of a regiment in the Sardinian service. He was born on the 18th of October 1783, the anniversary, he used to tell me, of the battle of Trafalgar,—“ You Englishmen know what day and month that was.” He became himself an officer in the army, and several times distinguished himself in the field. .

When Napoleon transformed the north of Italy into the republics of Lombardy and Piedmont, he gave up his profession as a soldier, and resumed the studies he had begun before he entered upon the career of arms. He was not at all reconciled to the state of public affairs as they then stood; but he submitted to it from necessity, and only by degrees, until it seemed there was no chance but of their being indefinitely prolonged.

During the above state of things he was made, in 1807, the mayor of his native city, and at a later period he married Mademoiselle Vial-Derossi, whose fortune was not commensurate with his nominal position. The count was obliged to solicit a place in the administration from the French Government. In consequence, in the year 1812, he was nominated sub-prefect of Spezzia. In this post he remained until the downfall of the French power in 1814. He hailed the return of Italian rule, and offered his services to the restored sovereign as a captain of grenadiers of the guard. He wished to show that he desired military distinction, and it was not unknown to the restored government that

he was perfectly at home in the tumult of the camp, and that his bodily frame was inured to hardship. He was a man not above the middle stature—in fact, rather under—strongly made, with a pleasing physiognomy, as a likeness of him still in my possession abundantly testifies. He desired ardently to distinguish himself in life. His views were thwarted, as after the hundred days the fate of Napoleon and of the French power were to be decided in Belgium. In the south a few marches and countermarches were all that took place. It was remarkable how superior were the qualities, mentally and practically, of almost all who contributed to overturn the old man-degrading despotsisms of Europe.

The count then left the army to enter upon the military administration. He obtained an appointment, accordingly, under the minister-at-war, his qualifications for a post of that nature being all that could be desired. Another bias, however, seems to have been given to his mind just at this time, and it took him off from his former views into one of a new direction. Well prepared by preced-

ing studies for the task, but unfixed as to the mode of action, he had allied himself with those supporters of the constitutional government who went farthest in its behalf; and as he was endowed with great energy, and had a very enlarged mind, he completed his object by becoming the leader of the constitutionalists and the presiding spirit of their action.

With the count were arranged the Marquess de St Marsan, a royal aide-de-camp; the Chevalier Prevano de Collegno—from whom I received the melancholy particulars of the count's death afterwards in Greece—an officer of artillery; the Count de Lisio, a cavalry officer, and others full of enthusiasm, and every day adding to the number of those who embraced their opinions, both belonging to the army and the court. Secret societies completed the extension of the opinions they thought to promulgate, and thus to establish a constitutional monarchy by changing the existing system. They reckoned in their ranks some very powerful personages of the state, three of whom were before all the rest in power and influence—the Prince of Cis-

terna, who, to a large fortune, joined the most solid judgment and personal good qualities of the most attractive order. His opinions were perfectly well known, he having publicly avowed them ; and his consent was certain at the commencement of the proselytising, both in the court and army. The leaders were not so certain of the assent of General Gifflenga, and the Prince de Carignan. The general, educated in the school of the empire, where he was not likely to become inspired with liberal ideas, was still inclined to support them conditionally, though at the moment of action he drew back. In regard to Carignan, who, after his brother, was heir-presumptive to the throne, he was only twenty years old. The Chevalier de Collegno had taken upon himself the task of securing him for the liberal cause.

The object of the principal persons thus allied was a holy cause. It was to free Italy, if possible, from the stolid, brutalising rule of Austria, and to replace it with a representative government. The object was less directed to the benefit of Sardinia than ultimately to that of “all Italy,” then groaning

under an odious yoke, to which the rule of Napoleon, though arbitrary, was liberty itself, and which the Holy Alliance, with the Tory ministers of England, had arranged and continued to uphold; but Lord Londonderry, best known as Castlereagh, with an ignorance and effrontery without parallel, committing England to support despotism everywhere, was now near the end of his career.

In the meantime, the Spanish constitution had been proclaimed at Naples, and the movement had been so simultaneous that the new *régime* had been installed without opposition, as it appeared by a species of enchantment. The citizens, people, army, clergy, nobles, all seemed well satisfied at the change. The treacherous and silly-minded King Ferdinand in appearance acquiesced in the general contentment. The European despots, on the other hand, would have nothing of the kind. Austria, the most stolid and arbitrary of all, led the way in a determination to support absolutism everywhere. Thirty thousand of her armed slaves were directed upon the Abruzzi. Naples and Sardinia, if once free states, she felt must become formidable enemies

to her aristocratic and galley-slave mode of rule. The effort made to bring about such a state of things must be crushed by the allied powers. The Liberals in Piedmont thought it was become high time to pronounce themselves, and not only aid the Neapolitans in their resistance, but to embarrass as much as possible the court of Vienna by the chance of a general war throughout Italy.

It was at this crisis decided by my old friend that a simultaneous movement should take place on the 10th of March 1821, in all the Piedmontese towns that possessed garrisons. It was therefore a military revolution, which it was, for particular reasons, desirable to delay in movement, but the counter orders were ill obeyed, and several garrisons declared themselves too early.

It was now that the garrison of Fossan placed itself in marching order, and that of Turin had orders to take up their arms. Santa Rosa and Lisio departed for Pignerol, and passing through Fossan, Carmagnole, and Asti, they found that the movement had commenced everywhere, or was upon the point of doing so. They therefore dis-

tributed a declaration, dated from Carmagnole, in which they stated that their object was to withdraw the king from the unhappy influence of the house of Austria, to put the state into a position to follow the inclination of the truer Italian hearts, and to give the people the means of making known their wishes to the sovereign; that if they for a moment deviated from the ordinary regulations of military subordination, it was owing solely to a painful necessity; that, in all events, they only followed the example of the Prussian army that in 1813 saved Germany from the war into which its oppressor had forced it. Strong protestations of devotion to the person of the king terminated the manifesto.

Santa Rosa and Lisio reached Alexandria, where they discovered that their agents had met with complete success. At Asti they were joined by M. St Marsan, who had left Turin at the same time as themselves, and proceeded to Verceil, where his regiment was garrisoned. There he was repelled by the colonel-in-chief of the regiment, named Samburg. At Alexandria the patriots

organised themselves and arranged their proceedings. M. Amaldi, a lieutenant-colonel of the Savoy brigade, was appointed chief of the division, and Santa Rosa commandant of the city, and of the national guard not yet called out. In the meanwhile, Turin was in alarm. Meetings took place in different parts, and cries were heard of "Long live the Spanish constitution!" The authorities that interfered were not supported. The king, Victor Emmanuel, was unwilling either to shed blood, or to satisfy the call made by the public. He issued a proclamation in which he offered an amnesty to all the troops without reserve that returned to their obedience; he also promised them an increase of their pay; still the troubles appeared to increase. The king, unfortunately placed between a breach of his engagements with the Austrians, or a resistance to an insurrection certain to triumph, abdicated the crown, and departed for Nice. He nominated the Prince de Carignan regent in the absence of his brother, who was next in succession, and was then unfortunately absent at Modena. Under the regency, the Spanish

constitution was proclaimed ; a new ministry was appointed ; and Santa Rosa was its commanding spirit. He assembled the part of the army faithful to the constitution ; while Charles Felix, the successor to the throne, to whom the Prince de Carignan resigned the regency, assembled that part of the army which remained attached to the crown, in opposition to anything like the independence of Italy. A skirmish took place at Novara, in which the Austrian-Sardinian party prevailed. Santa Rosa, still tenacious, retired upon Genoa, which he found in a state of counter revolution. He had now no resource but to embark for Barcelona, with others of his party.

The new king, and Austrian party, of course, executed some of those who had been concerned in the attempt of establishing a constitution ; but the king himself showed moderation. Santa Rosa then proceeded to Paris, where he published his *History of the Piedmontese Revolution*.

It was in Paris that my excellent friend met with the well-known Victor Cousin, who fully appreciated the worth of Santa Rosa, and admirably

characterised him in his writings. They lived in close friendship until the end of the year 1821. Cousin described him to the life when he wrote: "Santa Rosa had a great love for conversation, and talked wonderfully well; but I was so low and feeble in health, that I found myself unable to support the energy of his conversation. He put me in a fever, and excited my nerves to such a degree, that the termination was certain to be debility, almost to fainting. Seeing this, the energetic man, so ardent and loud of voice, changed to one of the utmost kindness, and manner most affectionate. How many nights did he not pass at the head of my bed! When I was better, he would throw himself, dressed as he was, upon the sofa, and, despite his own miseries, with a good conscience, and an excellent state of health, fall sound asleep until the day broke in full upon him."

It was under the rule of the wretched Bourbons, whom the allied sovereigns set over France, that a couple of ministers, worthy of being such to the monarch they served, set the police to hunt out

and watch every foreigner or native against whom a complaint could be urged. I refer to the ministers Corbière and Villele. This practice had increased after I left Paris, as I learned from some of the police themselves subsequently. Cousin was fearful that Santa Rosa would be seized, and provided him with a country retreat in the house of a trusty friend. They there passed the first months of 1822 together—the one translating Plato, the other in the study of constitutional governments. Santa Rosa never went beyond the boundary of the garden of the house where he was sheltered, until Cousin was obliged to go to Paris for some days, when Santa Rosa, impatient, paid his friend a visit there. Having been imprudent enough to enter a coffee-house to see the papers, he was assailed by seven or eight agents of the Bourbon police, conducted to the prefecture, and lodged in prison. He had been recognised at the barrier by Bourbon spies placed there to watch all who might enter the city whom they deemed suspicious persons. The same night he was interrogated by the head of the police, a man named

Delavau. He acknowledged that he had taken out a Swiss passport under a false name, and explained the matter by the fear he had of being taken by the Sardinian government.

He was obliged to appeal to the tribunals to get his freedom, and he obtained it from the Royal Court. Still, the Bourbon police, at the instigation of the ministry, detained him, in defiance of all law. At length, he was ordered to reside at Alençon under surveillance. He requested to be allowed to reside in Paris, or to proceed to England, but the Bourbons would not reply. He was therefore forced to continue at Alençon. There M. Cousin paid him a visit. It was not until one of the deputies in the Chambers stirred in the matter, that he was allowed to quit. Some erroneous assertions of the minister in reply provoked a sharp letter from Santa Rosa. He was next transferred to Bourges. There the prefect proposed, in the name of M. Corbêne, to furnish him with passports for England. He left Bourges, escorted by a gendarme, for Calais; and from thence he reached London, destitute, and making

vain efforts to obtain some employment. He combated his position with all his force. In Piedmont his property was confiscated ; and the little his wife could send him, having three children under her care, was insufficient for his support. He attempted to give lessons in Italian, and wrote some articles for the papers ; but the returns were small, for he was not accustomed to the work. He then went to Nottingham, where he changed his name, and taught French and Italian ; but of that he got tired, and returned to London. There was also an impediment to his success in this pursuit which was insurmountable, and that was his stammering in conversation to such a degree that, when he was at all excited, it was not easy to listen to him without pain.

He was introduced to me by Count Porro of Milan, in the beginning of 1824, if not in the preceding year. We soon became intimate ; and not living far from each other, and the count's knowledge of English being very imperfect, he came to me frequently, instructing me in reading the Italian of Tasso, which I reciprocated with Shakespeare.

The impediment in his speech before spoken of was so great, that even as a teacher of French and Italian he could make no way. The Greek Revolution was at that time in full activity. The count, an accomplished soldier, at length tendered his services to aid that cause in the field, and he embarked for Greece. I had observed a species of despair as to the future about him. He had too little to live upon in the humblest way in England. He was persecuted by the Bourbons, and could not appear upon the Continent without danger. He had associated whilst here with exiles from Spain and Italy, and therefore was peculiarly obnoxious to the governments of the old *régime*, which endeavoured—having been restored to full plenitude of power by the hard struggle of England and the Tory ministers, united with the continental despots—to rein in progress, and to maintain every old abuse. The count met in England with many of his Italian friends, some as destitute as himself. Those who possessed property and received remittances in a secret manner, often found the mode ferreted out by the Austrian spies and the tools of

the Holy Alliance, and the channel of communication was at once closed.

In the foregoing state of things, the friends of Greece in England rendered much efficient aid to their cause, and sent out more than one individual to report upon the prospects of the revolution. Ameng those were my friends Edward Blaquire* and Guiseppe Pecchio. The former published a statement in relation to the progress of the revolution; the latter, a later work, entitled "Greece in the Spring of 1825." It was from M. Pecchio that I obtained the latest intelligence respecting poor Santa Rosa. Major Collegno, who has been before mentioned as the companion of the count in the Piedmontese and Italian efforts against the Austrians, had accompanied Santa Rosa to Greece. The latter had written to M. Pecchio, under date of May 1, 1825, in expectation of shortly seeing him. This expectation was never to be realised. Upon the arrival of M. Pecchio, the count, he found,

* Some two or three years afterwards he perished at sea, a vessel in which he had embarked for the Azores never having been heard of again. He was a simple, brave, single-minded man, bred in the British Navy.

had fallen in a battle with Ibrahim Pacha, a few days only after he had written the following letter to Pecchio. The latter informed me soon after his return to England that Major Collegno, before mentioned, had sent a flag of truce to Ibrahim Pacha, for leave to search among the slain for the body of the count. Ibrahim at once conceded it, but the corpse was nowhere to be found. Santa Rosa had dressed himself in the habit of a simple palikari; and it was imagined that his body, with many others, had been thrown into the sea. Collegno told Pecchio that the count had a strong presentiment that he should not survive the battle, then inevitable; that he had been seen sitting upon the rocks by the sea the same morning, to have taken his wife's picture, which he had always kept hung around his neck, to have kissed it with moist eyes, and flung it into the sea. He fell on the 9th of May, one of the purest-hearted and noblest-minded men I ever knew, devoted to human freedom. After his death, the Piedmontese court did tardy justice to his memory, and many belonging to it put on mourning.

The letter to our mutual friend Pecchio was as follows :—

“ON BOARD THE BRIG ‘MARS,’
1st May 1825.

“MY DEAR PECCHIO,—I knew you were inclined to take a long voyage, but I certainly never expected you here. My advice would never have called you hither, for I repent bitterly having deviated at forty years of age from my maxim of never serving any other than my own country. I repent, because I feel I am not useful, and I think I shall never become so. It is requisite for a foreigner to possess two things, if he would be of efficient assistance to Greece—plenty of money, and great fluency in speaking the language of the country. In my case the former is impossible; the latter very difficult, requiring intense application. I must, then, with resignation endure privations and annoyances; and seek dangers without hoping for a reward, and without the consolation of suffering for a country I love. Such are my thoughts and my condition. I entered Navarino when the retreat of the Greek army from the position it occupied on the 19th of

April gave room to suppose that Ibrahim would renew his efforts against the city. The contrary has taken place, for the besiegers have ceased their fire. Hardly do they answer our discharges by a few scattered bombshells, nor are ours frequent. On this account we lead a very monotonous life in Navarino. If we continue masters at sea, I think Ibrahim will soon find himself in a difficult situation ; but if he should receive supplies of men and ammunition, Navarino will be in danger, because there are not within the walls military stores, nor, may I add, that affection to the cause, which would render this interval available for improving the defences of the place. The governor possesses firmness and courage, and has deserved well of his country.

“ From time to time I pass the morning or the evening on board the *Mars*. The captain, though of a rough and unpolished exterior, is very kind to Collegno and me. It is a fine brig, and we live on board like princes. Such is not the case in Navarino ; but privations would even be dear and welcome if we led there a life of military activity.

The letters from Nottingham have consoled and affected me. What true and precious friends are the English!

“Adieu! my dear Pecchio. May your arrival be a happy omen for Greece! The 60,000 francs you bring with you (query, £?) will be of advantage if laid out judiciously. No time must be lost in this campaign. The winter must be employed in military preparations, and the year 1826 will be the year of triumph; the following ones will have internal order for their object. God grant that discord, and the indiscreet ambition of so many insignificant men, may not frustrate these my ardent hopes and desires. I perceive important interests connected with the prosperous result of this struggle, which therefore fills my mind with anxiety; and on this account I am the more grieved to be almost a useless spectator of the contest. Continue your regard for me, and write me as often as possible.—Your very affectionate friend,

“SANTORRE SANTA ROSA.”

Pecchio, who returned to England, married a

lady of this country, in Yorkshire, and died some years ago at Brighton. When the news of the Battle of Navarino took place, to the deep regret of the Tory party in England that moved with Austria on the question, the Turkish fleet was destroyed. He wrote me on the news, and his letter concluded with the following sentence:—“Rule Britannia! Mon cher Redding! Quelle charmante bataille de Navarin! Oh, le beau feu d'artifice; oh, le beau Waxhall! adieu, Pecchio.” This was what the Tories, then ministers, called an “untoward event”—all that tended to human freedom was then ever untoward.

Of Ibrahim Pacha,—who visited England not a great while before his decease, and whom I had the gratification of seeing,—Pecchio, who had excellent opportunities for knowing the truth, stated that he was not to be considered in the same point of view as the Easterns, who were under the sway of the Ottoman Porte in Europe. His troops were well disciplined after the European model; and though not equal to the soldiers of Europe, they were very superior to the Greeks in discipline and military

tactics. Ibrahim had several European officers upon his list, and they advised with him in all military operations, though only one had a command, a Frenchman who had turned Mohammedan. Everything in the camp of Ibrahim was conducted in the same mode as in Europe, and in all his arrangements he was humane and considerate, endeavouring to reconcile the Greeks by a wise system of pacification. His word could be relied upon ; he observed treaties scrupulously, and treated his prisoners with humanity, some of whom he was known to have exchanged.

It was unfortunate that Santa Rosa did not witness the pacification of Greece, because he was far better qualified for the reorganisation of the country than any other individual who had offered it his services. Santa Rosa appeared to have been in Navarino at the time of the second descent of the Egyptian troops in March 1825. It was on the 9th of the month that the Egyptians summoned the place, and soon after cut off the fresh water from the city, which was evacuated by the women and children. Attempts to relieve the town failed.

The Greeks were routed, and it was invested. The garrison, encouraged by Santa Rosa, had no shelter but in miserable casemates. On the 1st of May an Egyptian fleet was seen, and the battle fatal to the count followed soon afterwards.

I never met with a man who had a stronger union of the head and heart than Santa Rosa. It was unfortunate in England, but still more in Greece, with a language very hard to acquire, that the impediment to his speech should have existed. He felt it severely, and with a tongue like the Romaic, so difficult, and with a pronunciation so strange to an inhabitant of the north of Italy, the task, under the pressure of military duties and exigences, must have almost justified his despair of ever mastering it. In Piedmont, the count is still remembered and regretted by those who were of the number of his friends, and are yet surviving. There was an amiability about him peculiarly his own, tempered with an energy of feeling and action seldom seen united. In a small study in a house in which I once lived, and yet standing in the Park Road, we used to read the Italian and

English together. When I pass the place, one of the circumstances that recalls him to my recollection is the sight of the window, close to which our table was placed. Nor were our readings alone the memoranda that recall that spot. Count Porro of Milan used often to make a third party there. Strange power of memory that can thus bring up realities in shadows, or images that realise continually the lines to

“ Memory, the fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain ! ”

REV. WILLIAM LIDDIARD.

“AN honest man is the noblest work of God :” so we are told by an eminent poet, who was a butt for the illiberal in religion and politics of his own age, but who was not the less truth-telling upon that account. How many honest truth-telling clergymen of the ascendancy party could we have found in Ireland in the days of Sir Hareourt Lees? It is to be hoped that times have mended a little since the great clerical recommendation was by the gentry of the cloth, “the heroes of the Tub,” as Swift would call them, “to trust in God and keep their powder dry.” Every ascendancy

pulpit on the Orange side held a Boanerges—Episcopal lightnings flashed in ominous succession year after year, over good sense laid prostrate, and the doctrines of real Christianity, belied and twisted to serve the purposes of a religion without faith, a clergy without humility, and an episcopal bench, law-guarded, that reposed in arrogance and self-sufficiency. I speak of the majority. Those to whom I allude were more devoted to evil than to good political tendencies, less respectful to the doctrines of real Christianity than to those of party and the service of mammon; loose in manners, false to Christianity, bitter with animosity, and antichristian in doctrine and practice.

The subject of the present notice was not one of the order that a few years ago constituted that part of the United Church of Great Britain and Ireland, so styled, which covered by a name alone the minority of the faith in the Emerald Isle, in order to secure the loaves and fishes, that belonged to the majority of a creed reckoning five to one in number; but then what right had the majority of any faith to those good things

which physical force could withhold?—what right has a man whose pocket has been picked by a thief, stronger than himself, to be so impudent and superfluous, as to demand that which belonged to him, after its deprivation per force? It was true, few and far between there arose a gentleman of the pulpit, who never appeared there without something like a consciousness of the wrong he witnessed around him—a wrong sanctioned by his brethren, whether wigged, and, like Dives, in purple and fine linen, or wigged with the favourite Tyrian hue of humility beneath, covered by his own orthodoxy. Of the very few reverend gentlemen thus conscious of the wrong system around them was my friend. He had received from a noble Lord-Lieutenant an Irish living of some little value. He took possession of it in that manner which a conscientious man would do. He was a gentleman and a scholar, but was troubled with a disease that seldom attacked his Irish brethren. He was afflicted with a superfluity in the Irish Church—he had a conscience.

When a clergyman received and was inducte^l

into a living in Ireland at the time to which I am making allusion, he was expected to establish a school; nay, bound to do it. The bond was shuffled off or evaded by a sham in too many cases. My friend was appointed to a parish, in which there were only three or four hopeful deep-coloured Orange scions to a vast number of Romans—one halfpenny worth of bread to hogsheads of sack. Indeed, there were more of the latter than those of their own faith could instruct. Thinking to be useful, he admitted Roman Catholic children, with the consent of their friends and clergy, agreeing mutually what books should be used. His school flourished, and no theological differences occurred. It was all that could be done, and it was a social benefit. Being called to England by a lawsuit, my friend's curate permitted some Orange ladies to enter the school. Of course, they began at once to deal out yellow cockades to the Catholic children, seeking to dye them of the true colour, and to catechise them in their own “heretical” mode. The consequence was, that before my friend returned

from England, the fair Orange whist-players and ascendancy catechists had caused all the children, save the Protestant two or three, to be withdrawn; for of the last there were scarcely any more in the parish.

It was after this that, if I recollect aright, Mr Liddiard left a curate to take care of his parish of half-a-dozen Protestants, and came over to England to follow up a better line of duty there than he was able to carry out in Ireland. The affair terminated in his leaving the duty of a clergyman there in disgust.

He was a man of mild manners, tolerant, and possessed of great goodness of heart. In politics, it may be imagined, he never played second to Sir Harcourt Lees, or the ravening Orange ascendancy men. On the contrary, he laboured with might and main to make his brethren aware how irreconcilable to the true faith, and how unseemly, was the bigotry so arrogantly displayed among them. He showed the evils under which Ireland lay in their true colours. He had once made an excursion to Switzerland, and visited the cantons,

which were inhabited by a population one half Catholic, and the other Protestant. He there found, that, so far from enmity and hatred, they actually used the same places of worship on the Sunday, only at different hours. Hence it appeared clear that the division of the loaves and fishes, or the apprehension of the loss of their plunder, was the great cause of that wonderful antipathy which the Orange clergy in Ireland exhibit to the religion of the people ; for, in fact, the religion of a people is that of the majority, and to rule upon an opposite principle is gross tyranny.

One of the Irish bishops in a northern diocese, who was preferred to an archbishopric there, was a most furious hater of the religion of the Irish people. Before his “translation” he pocketed forty thousand pounds in fines. There can be no doubt about the value of a faith so adapted to caricature the principles left by Him, “who had not where to lay His head !” I should doubt the translation of such a man to heaven, though triple mitred.

There was something chivalrous and noble in

a member of a Church with such prelates, championing so boldly on the side of truth and reason. Since his death, another worthy example or two have appeared in that Church, who have not hesitated to follow in the same track. Among other statements, this excellent man drew attention, in an analogous case, to the tyrannical attempt to establish Episcopacy in Scotland by force, to its cruelty and non-success. Ireland had not been so successful; but the time must come when six hundred thousand Episcopalian will no longer be able to insult five millions of their fellow-subjects as at present. Much of the past restraining and tyrannical legislation, it is true, has been moderated or swept away; but there is too much remains yet to be done. There is a desire on all sides to do justice to Ireland in this respect, but both Whig and Tory are awkward about doing right—do they fear for their souls?

It was at Bath that I last visited this excellent man. He resided there up to the time of his decease. He was a good classical scholar, wrote

well, and had a large circle of acquaintance. He was appointed to his living by the Duke of Bedford, when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was one of the few out of a clergy who could look upon public affairs with an impartial eye, regarding substantial justice alone in his estimate of what was wanted to heal the wounds of the island. He often said that his Church was taking up the intolerance that the enlightened of the Catholic body were laying down.

“I found,” he said to me, when conversing upon the subject of the reigning intolerance possessing so many feeble minds—“I found that in several cantons of Switzerland, and that of Glarus in particular, Protestants and Catholics were alike eligible to all situations connected with the state, at the same time that the religion most predominant had its due ascendancy. Even the landamman, or president of the republic, may be either a Protestant or Catholic. If a Protestant, being the most numerous of the two creeds, he holds the post for three years; if a Catholic, for two.

The arrangement was made in exact proportion to the two populations. The representatives were forty-five Catholics, to sixty-three Protestants. A good lesson for Ireland where the dictatorial self-styled Protestants, the exclusives, with as small a quantum of religion as will serve for a political excuse, reckoned 693,357 only in 1861; while the Catholics and other dissenters, including Protestants, made up the total inhabitants to 5,798,967, or 693,357 loaf-and-fish Protestants, to 5,105,610 destitute, who do not believe what the lesser number credit, and that lesser number it is paid for believing, to a goodly profit. Such a state of things, such a discrepancy, violating freedom and common sense, must ultimately be changed, if not for the justice of the change, at least for the sake of peace and real religion, as opposed to that which is based upon wrongfulness in every point of view. Why give a ground for discontent and rebellion against the crown? Why leave anything justificatory to the disloyal? Without any drawback, how much more power the crown would thus obtain, morally speaking!

We had many conversations upon the foregoing subject; and, as a clergyman of learning and good sense, who had no tendencies for ratting to the Roman Catholic Church, and whose interest and belief were wholly Protestant—who gave up his residence in Ireland, not to be exposed to the mortification of seeing the acts of the myrmidons of the ascendancy party, with the large part of whom religion is but a stalking-horse for power and worldly objects, and with a creed so narrow that humanity might well blush for many of its holders, who promoted the union under specious promises, and then belied them—my excellent friend, who regarded only truth and justice, without reserves and equivocations, used to say that the superstitious in Dublin might have been almost justified in ascribing to an omen the revelation of their future breach of promise. At the time of the union, a storm forced the scales from the left hand of a figure of Justice over the entrance-gate to Dublin Castle, and it had not been replaced for nearly twenty years afterwards; but in her other hand Justice still flourished a naked sword!

I learned from this excellent man much more

about the state of Ireland than I learned from any other source, because he was free of prejudice, and a lover of peace; but not at the price of Orange rule, gross oppression, and the religious ascendancy of an intolerant faction.

“Although Ireland is not my country, I love it scarcely less than my own. I am bound to it by the strongest ties—have lived in the land—have passed many happy days under the mild beam of the sun that shines upon it, without scorching its green soil—have partaken of its hospitality—have witnessed its exertions, even when its means were circumscribed—have seen individuals nobly sharing their last morsel with their suffering fellow-creatures, and have seen them give shelter to sick want, at the risk of contagion.”

Such were some of the opinions of my friend upon Ireland, untainted by the High-Church bigotry there. He declared that he was ashamed of the existence of such a flagrant injustice as was practised towards that country by a faction; that we in England were bound to place the Irish upon an equal footing in regard to civil and religious free-

dom, since to fulfil the first of all nature's laws, which were the laws of God, we were bound "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us." The misgovernment of Ireland for centuries had made her what she was; and a powerful party in England had seconded the efforts of the ascendant party in Ireland to maintain what was grossly oppressive and unjust.

He observed that it could not escape the observation of the least acute, that the larger part of the evil was to be attributed to the various opinions entertained upon points of faith, and that the compulsion of a vast majority of a people to the support of a Church so much a minority was a gross injustice,—that jealousy, hatred, resistance, and frequently bloodshed, had been the result. The Protestant teacher was the instructed anathematist—the regular calumniator of the creed of those to whom he had a right to look for support.

Since then, it is true, some of the evils thus complained of have been diminished; but it is clear that where five-sixths of the inhabitants of any country are opposed to the faith of a minority so small, the

sufferance of such a dominant minority is tyranny. It is a tyranny to retain the loaves and fishes that do not belong to them. Something has been done of later years by dribblets in aid of that justice which, had it been dispensed long ago, would have united a people to the crown of England in heart and soul. That people continues lukewarm towards her, and are acute enough to perceive that the concessions which have been made were forced, and those generous gifts which it became the legislators of an advanced age to present spontaneously, as one of those rights of humanity belonging to our common nature, as well as to good government, when not conceded, will be wrought out by force in the end—by physical force, if ever the strength of arm is adequate, or by moral force, through the advance of the age in trampling down bigotry and religious despotism of every kind.

There was great sincerity and love of truth in “one of the cloth” so situated seeing straight before him upon the question of religious freedom, full and complete, at such a time. He cited the defeat of precisely the same sort of sectarian rule of

the strongest when the Church of England wasted Scotland by fire and sword to enforce its system of faith among the Northerns ; but it was beaten, as it merited to be. The case of Ireland was precisely the same, the Episcopalian clergy denouncing every creed but their own, and had made martyrs in the war of conversion, after the mode of the Roman Catholics of past times, whom they affected to condemn.

Years have passed since this excellent man held out these truths, disregarding his own calling as one not in any other view to be tolerated, but as that of peace and good-will to all men. The extremes of grandeur and wretchedness he witnessed in the sister island caused a deep revulsion at contemplating those evils. The attempt to force a religion upon any people by pains or disabilities is as great a crime as treason against our lawful sovereign. It is treason against humanity.

For the designation of a first-class Orangeman, —my friend described them as he saw them act, parodying a foreign writer,—“ You should take a pen from a vulture’s wing, dip it in the blood of a

wolf, and dry the characters with the hot breath of a demon."

The moderate men of the Tory party in England have seen the justice of some concessions ; and Liberals have done more—they have made concessions, and no doubt so far strengthened the throne. My friend has been long in his grave ; but I cannot forget his admirable love of justice and reason, and his perfect simplicity of character.

He often quoted a writer, to whose name I am strange, regarding religious persecution, which was justly defined as "that never-dying worm which preys upon human felicity. I am never so disposed to think ill of my fellow-creatures as when I look into the history of religious persecution. It presents a combination of all that is weak with all that is wicked in our nature : the senseless activity of the idiot that would destroy his own happiness with the malignity of the fiend that would blast the happiness of others." That is, of all others who will not think and act as a profitable despotism over the mind shall direct. The civil power—in other words, the ministers of England, and the whole

civil power—were bearded by the Orangemen of Ireland again and again in recent times, of which the clergy were main movers, if they be not so at present.*

No man was a firmer Protestant. I remember his description of his feelings upon entering some of the continental cathedrals for the first time. The “dim religious light,” the solemn aisles, the stained windows, the vaulted roofs, all seemed adapted to captivate the mind too artificially, and second the exclusiveness of the creed by impressing the senses with the solemnity.

I assented, but I inquired whether he did not think it possible that, as the object of the Church in the dark ages had been directed wholly to subjugating the mind to the designs of the priest, who possessed all the knowledge extant, and made puppets of kings and people alike, the gloom of such build-

* We have still some of these ebullitions. The late disturbances in Belfast show that the spirit of political persecution under religious pretences still exists. The queen's government is too strong to be mocked by a faction in these days. As to the wretched Fenians, they are no better than bandits, playing with the credulity of their countrymen.

ings had no other view than to strengthen the influence of the Catholic faith upon the mind, as confession had originated in securing secret information for politico-religious uses?

He said he had never considered it in that light—it had never so struck him.

I replied, that it appeared to me true religion, as left by the Founder of the faith, was a cheerful hope—that His real worship, though He “taught” incidentally in the temple, was under the canopy of heaven, and that there was no example until Christianity became corrupted, under Constantine, of any wary appurtenances to operate artificially upon the minds of men—what is a conviction worth, not founded in reason, but sensual effect?—that religion was a belief, seconded by a blameless life—that such buildings were venerable and ingenious considered as the works of our fathers, and most attractive from association, no more—that as to being anything more than evidences of their mode and places of worship in times of obscure intellect, and of constructive ingenuity, I could not consider them. It was not because the clergy had at their

feet the whole power of prince and people before Luther and the reformers, that they merited admiration, except for their craftiness in securing credit for their own views.

He had never, he said, thought of the subject in regard to its bearing upon the mind of devotees, and in aiding the designs of the ecclesiastical power for mental subjugation. He could hardly afford to take my view of the matter, for the antiquity and beauty of these buildings always affected him.

I replied, in that respect we agreed; it was a feeling engrafted in our nature. The affection for the past was a part of our nature. The churches thus left had belonged to our fathers, and therefore they were among the things that attached themselves to our humanity; an affection for them was independently of any religious attraction. Whole generations lay beneath their pavements, and there was an affection in the impress they made upon the mind from these causes, independent of any from worship. But these feelings and that veneration had no relation to this class of edifices, but as we found them. That the gloom of every supersti-

tion may be aided by artificial appliances, there can be no doubt. Dark caverns and grottoes preceded them, and were the dwellings of ascetics—an artifice of the era in which their inhabitants flourished. The gloom of the old Roman Catholic cathedrals, with their auxiliaries, aided to obtain that mental prostration which rendered the devotee more passively the instrument of the papal power, and enabled the latter, by creating the same species of superstitious awe in other ways, to give the Roman imposture a religious and political mastership over many nations, the rulers of which were no match for ecclesiastical cunning. Power—temporal, not religious—was the real aim of the church. The effect of the pompous ceremonies of the Roman ritual was very striking, and it had that effect on my friend to such a degree while relating it, that I could only bring him to the true vein by recalling the spots where the Founder of the Christian faith had addressed the Creator in His own temple of the universe, under the canopy of heaven, in the mount, or in the garden. With Him all was simple and pure as the creed He taught. Not marked by

“ Religion’s pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
Where men display to congregations wide
Devotion’s every grace, except the heart.”

These are captivating inventions to entrap men into that species of religion which consists in the acknowledgment of this or that creed, with the heart far distant, except when it is stirred for a half-hour to admire the deep grandeur of the music and the thousandth-time-repeated words in prose or verse which are to be taken for granted as the petition of a broken spirit, when in reality only the repetition of parrot-repeated words. Prayer does not consist of parrot repetitions. It is, if true, the untaught appeal of the petitioning soul in a spontaneous outpouring to its Maker.

I imagined that sometimes I went rather too far for one of the cloth; but no, my friend was one of those who took a just view of things, and, like Dr Parr, would have no heathen “altars” in a Christian church—a word become a slang term with High Churchmen. “Altar, sir? altar?—a communion-table; there can be no altar in a Christian church,” observed Parr.

I did not discover that in expressing my sentiments so far, I had gone much out of my way. He was else tolerably indulgent to this heterodoxy, if it could come under that head. We continued to the last as good friends as ever. I have never ceased to remember him with feelings of the strongest friendship and regret. When the peregrinating philosophers had one of their meetings at Clifton, near Bristol, he wrote me an indignant letter about the treatment Moore the poet had received from one of the sons of science. All the particulars of the case I cannot remember. I only recollect it was some slight which in his view even the pride of science should have refrained from exhibiting towards a man of genius.

I was pleased that, on a visit to Chamouni, he found good ground to contradict the report that Shelley, who, in the heyday of unthinking youthfulness, had professed openly his infidelity, had written his belief that all he saw of the Swiss scenery was the work of chance, and had so stated, and set down his name in the traveller's book as an atheist by profession. There was no such entry in

the book there that my friend could discover, and he looked for it very carefully. Shelley's unbelief in the Christian system was well known. He was a Deist, and did not deny a great First Cause, though in his youthful works he seems not to have been impressed with that which nine Christians out of ten, both by words and acts do not seem to feel,—the real grandeur, immeasurable power, and infinite wisdom of the Deity,—when they discourse so familiarly regarding Him. Perhaps he could not imagine any power great enough to wield the elements he observed in action, while the intellect of man was too confined to embrace anything that had not been submitted to visual observation. Men contrive, notwithstanding, to retain as little as possible of that attribute upon which the whole system of the Christian doctrine was declared in its early promulgations to be founded—charity.

I had been into Wales, and expressed to my friend one day how much I was pleased by the scenery round Tan y Bwlch in the north. At this delightful spot, the name meaning in English, “Under the Pass,” was a good inn, which I had

visited. It is in the Vale of Maentwrog. Alluding to it one day in Bath, Mr Liddiard said, "Did you see Tan y Bwlch Hall? A friend of mind resides there, and singularly enough he is in this city at present. I will introduce you in case you visit the valley again; he is a good and right hospitable man." Tan y Bwlch Hall was then the seat of Mr Oakley, from whom my friend had just parted active and well. I fixed the next day but one for calling upon the owner of the Hall. Great was my disappointment. Again was renewed the sense of the uncertainty of human life, which all must feel at times. I learned that our call would have been a disappointment to us, from a shock wholly unexpected. Mr Oakley had been attacked with that fatal disorder the cholera, and had expired in a few hours afterwards, the day before. His fine mansion, one of the sweetest of retirements, surrounded by dense woods on the mountain side, was tenantless for ever, as far as its late owner was concerned.

A word more about Ireland. I remember an allusion, my friend made nearly in the following words: "The great agitator, as he has been called,

and as we have made him, has justly observed that the Protestant religion has never yet had fair play in Ireland ; neither will it, until we see the effect of the present system of education but recently established, and that the people at large are made to *feel* they have an *interest* in that which is the product of their labour. When changes, some of which are contemplated, have taken place, we may hope the cause of truth will begin to prevail. But the clergy, too much blinded by bigotry, while they profess toleration, are not satisfied to abide the trial. Anathematising and denouncing every creed but their own, they cry out in the language of knight-errantry, 'Let the whole universe cease to exist, if the whole universe refuse to confess that there is not in the whole universe so peerless a Church as the Protestant Established Church of Ireland !' The disposition to mild reasoning, meekness, forbearance, charity, if it ever existed, has passed away, and we seem (to judge by the fanatics who visit this country with the gospel in their mouths, and vengeance and extermination for all who differ from them in their hearts, if hearts they may be said

to have) to have gone back, to have retrograded to the barbarous blindness of the age of the Crusaders. In attempting to grasp much, they have lost all; wholly missing sight of the only means by which the Protestant religion can be propagated with any worthy chance of success—by charity and humility, by combining the ‘wisdom of the serpent with the meekness of the dove.’ ”

The doings at Belfast—to which I again advert merely to justify the above remarks, which, from the efforts of the government, have been somewhat diminished in their noonday monstrosities—induced me to quote the observations of the individual about whom I have been writing, to show that these doings are only a part of the old system of things which the government has succeeded, no doubt, in ameliorating, but not in extirpating; and I have somewhat prolonged this article in consequence of an allusion to partially public rather than to private incidents in the circle of intimacy.

I must add, in passing, that the disposition of the Irish people is naturally turbid. An American gentleman complains of them in the States. Re-

ligious quarrels among themselves seem an inheritance to them in their native land. In America they will get up a quarrel if they cannot find a cause at hand ; it little matters what it may be. It is to be feared that the seeds of discontent, nurtured by laws that are now repealed by the British Government, have left effects that for generations to come will not be eradicated in that island. The true course is to remove all just ground of complaint ; to make cease all religious differences, as they may be affected by politics ; and then with a clear conscience the government may resort to the severest measures to punish disturbers of the peace. It is too true, that where popular grievances exist, and are cultivated by party spirit, while they oppress the larger part of the population to please a worthless minority, so long disturbances will continue, and the attempts to suppress them be regarded as wholly incompatible with reason and justice. The fact is, that the desire of retaining what does not belong to the minority in its disturbing hands, must necessarily cause animosities. To do right and disregard consequences, not to do wrong and

punish those who object to the injustice, is the duty of a just government.

In alluding to the mode in which force has contributed by injustice to establish a feeling of bitter enmity between the two so-named "Christian faiths"—for how far either agrees with what the Bishop of Llandaff called "The Book," it is not at all difficult to discover by comparison—in a letter upon the subject to Lord John Russell, speaking of Ireland, my friend said: "Well has this worse than pagan enmity been described by the kindling words of the great orator of the unhappy land—where such scenes have not yet ceased to occur—who, speaking of sectarians and their creeds, emphatically says: 'When sectarians are set adrift from heaven, they tear up the very foundations of their faith, and pelt each other with the fragments!'"

The attempt to force a Church upon a population averse to its reception, after a series of centuries, has only evinced its impossibility. It is as unjust as it is absurd—or scarcely less so than the attempt of the governor of Barataria, so inimit-

ably described by Cervantes, where the chivalric knight of La Mancha expresses to his squire his fears of not meeting with a favourable answer from the mistress of his heart, his Dulcinea, to whom he was about to send a note.

“Give me the letter,” says Sancho. “I’ll contrive to make her send you a favourable answer.”

“How will you accomplish it?” inquired the knight.

“How! Why, by kicking and cuffing her.”

A happy illustration of the treatment of Ireland, and the popular religion, by a mere sect, in comparison—a dominant sect, from which detach the loaves and fishes, and very little disturbance would arise: she should have the most lamblike peace.

He compared the “mist of misrule” there as obscuring and disquising the best features of the Irish, while it magnified their faults, like the inhabitants of Patagonia when first observed by Admiral Byron, who, seen through a fog, were magnified by it into gigantic proportions.

This excellent clergyman indulged the hope of seeing a better time for the sister islands; but he

had miscalculated the obstinacy of the ecclesiastical animal, half-mule, half-hog, that will neither be led nor driven while in a state of vitality. The reverend gentleman judged correctly enough of his own time; but in our future we have lived so far to see the defeat of his hopes. Let Ireland have justice, and no true ground of discontent, and she may be kept down with a high hand; but until then, every act of coereion where she can justly plead her own rectitude and England's wrongfulness, being under the eternal, unchangeable nature of truth, she will continue to show it to England by her disquiet.

The reverend gentleman retired altogether from the Church. He asserted that he was in no way instigated by disappointment; for, had advancement in the clerical profession been his object, he could have obtained more in Ireland from the Dukes of Richmond or Bedford. He had pecuniary means of his own, and therefore he had no reason to repent his choice of leaving it on the account of emolument; nor did he feel a moment's regret at the step when he considered the unsettled state

of the country. He only alluded to it as he had done, to draw the attention of the public to a land for which he felt the deepest interest, and therefore reluctantly treated of it as he had done in the way of a duty, for he could truly say,—

“ Unwilling I my lips unclose,
Leave me, leave me to repose ! ”

LORD HOLLAND.

OF this distinguished nobleman—while I feel indebted to one of those for whom nature had done so much in bestowing upon him an excellent heart, abilities of no small weight, and the kindest temper in the world—I knew much less than I might have expected, from the fact that I was situated at a great distance away from his residence nearly as soon as I had made his acquaintance, though indebted to him for several good offices. An opportunity for directly observing his character was out of the question for several years afterwards, though I had a correspondence with him. In a mode

wholly unexpected, he commended me to a brother peer. It was at a great distance from town. He spoke of me so handsomely, that I should be most ungrateful to his memory if I passed him over. A great many years—more than half a century—have elapsed since Lord Holland was first good enough to commend my humble efforts, not by any intermediate recommendations or introductions, but by an approval of my sentiments expressed in print upon the law of libel—of the notorious abuse of which by the crown, few at the present day could be got to credit the details. Those abuses, most tyrannical in character, and astounding if considered in relation to the boasted freedom of the English rule under a constitutional government, had grown to such a height under ministers who had no respect whatever for the liberty of the subject, or any other kind of liberty that did not aid their selfishness, that it became a matter of serious consideration as to whether the instruments of the law, whom a ministry might find most subservient to its ends, should oppress individuals who might chance to be obnoxious to

them, or to be of opposite opinions. At the time to which I am alluding, I was only in London at short intervals. His lordship, although suffering from the gout too frequently, was still lively and full of that amenity which marked his character to the last hour. He had much of the manner of his uncle, Charles Fox, and of that happy benevolent cast of features which had marked that distinguished statesman, whom I had reached town only to see attain the summit of power for a comparative moment, and then expire. I saw his funeral, and the thousands of weeping eyes that witnessed it. His was the funeral of "the man of the people." Pitt's that of a venal aristocracy, with military gnarls, princes, pomp, and pedantry; while the people looked on unmoved, talked, laughed, and here and there hissed. None of the same "cautious" pomp was displayed at Fox's funeral,—not one of royal blood attended his remains to their last home, as they attended his rival's remains; but the sorrows—ay, literally the tears of thousands, visibly displayed, marked that popular affection which he had won from his great goodness

of heart, and could have won from that alone. It was that amenity of manner, that honest-heartedness, of which Lord Holland bore the impress. His lordship was not placed in the same political circumstances as a leader, which marked the career of his uncle; I therefore mention the uncle to elucidate manner, rather than for any other purpose.

Of the first Lord Holland's history which I possessed—published, I imagine, in his own day—I saw nothing more marked than the exceeding parental good-nature of the family as to private character, and an excessive indulgence of the son, “The man of the people,” as he was styled, in which title he gloried. I saw the late Lord Holland on his return from, or embarkation for, Spain, at Falmouth—I forget which. I had read his translations from the Spanish, particularly his life of Lopez di Vega, but I had no idea I should ever be personally known to him,—an event which did not occur until 1811. It was in that year, if I recollect rightly, that he brought forward his motion regarding libel, on which I had addressed

a printed letter to him, which he at once handsomely acknowledged. Soon after that, (for when I addressed him upon the subject, I was two hundred miles from town,) I was gratified by a verbal message from him, as well as by his written acknowledgment, through an individual resident in the part of the country where I happened to be at the time, conveying to me his satisfaction with what I had stated upon the abuse to which he had called the attention of the legislature. There was in the manner of giving his opinion an approval expressed in the kindest and most gratifying manner.

Several years elapsed before I again became a resident in London, and had the pleasure of knowing something more of his lordship—in other words, of one of the kindest of men, with a great deal of his uncle's wit and goodness of heart. His career had been, and so continued to the last, marked by the advocacy of the principles of “the greatest debater the world ever saw,” to use the expression of Burke regarding Fox. As with the uncle, so with the nephew to the last, in the days

of the power of men, with the exception of Pitt, the most contemptible for abilities that ever guided the vessel of any state. Both uncle and nephew advocated those advanced principles which have proved how ill the people of England were ruled in their days, and how this great country, after struggling out of the slough into which it had been brought by the bitter foes of political and religious freedom throughout the world, at length has attained a flourishing position, only by reversing the old mode of action, and by advancing step and step in an opposite direction to that which the party followed, on principles—if principles they had at all—supported by Percival, Liverpool, and Castlereagh. Moreover, the surviving advocates of those principles have now shrunk from their old views in policy, or turned round, and, eating their past avowals, have become, to a great extent, supporters of the political doctrines which they declared but a little time ago would be the utter ruin of the country! It is no small pleasure to have lived long enough to see those principles advancing in the world which the despots of Europe

and their ministerial allies in England, had steeped its fair fields in blood to oppose in vain. It was not a small triumph for an honest mind that combated the principles tending to destroy human freedom in behalf of barbarian feudalism for so long a time, to observe them become at last admitted among every free people, and to have seen the restored despots of Europe cast down and humbled a second time, and to feel the delightful sensation arising from having cherished correct political views under the sneers and obloquy of men who were incapable of seeing into consequences, of regarding sound principles, or of caring for anything but their own hold of power and the sustenance of the so-called “Holy Alliance.”

Lord Holland never intrigued with any party ; he announced his principles boldly, and stood by them. He placed himself by his uncle's side on all occasions. It is a source of pride for all who did so, though but few or none can now be left who divided with Fox in the House of Commons against Pitt's extravagance, subservience to arbitrary rule, and the still greater extravagances and

inveterate imbecility of his successors, endeavouring to uphold rotten governments, and to sustain the plenitude of despotism, of which a sagacious spirit must have perceived that the end was come through the enlightenment of the age and the advance of the public mind. Of the smaller party numerically, Fox and his nephew never faltered, and when the former was no more, Lord Holland remained alone, sustained by his own clear-sightedness. He combated unshakenly the desertion of his friends and the taunts of his opponents, whom he repaid with sarcasm and arguments, only answered by counting heads in the House of Incurables, as they were denominated by a member of their own body.

There was about Lord Holland a *bonhomie* few ever possessed in a greater degree, except perhaps his uncle. The nobleman with whom, through Lord Holland's means, I had become acquainted, did me the honour of calling upon me for the purpose of bearing the message, that I had acted with judgment in not being too violent on the subject, because exacerbation would, in the temper of the minister, only increase the evil, or at all events

prevent any alteration of the law. This was flattering to my young vanity. The press, then, on every side, had much more of effect upon all party questions than it has at present, when it has ceased to support any fixed principle, except that of pecuniary profit.

His Lordship had an excellent mode of answering some of those of his ministerial opponents who would not venture to argue with him. He had a vein of dry humour, which was certain when he dealt it out to tell well upon an opponent. In my observations upon Mr Canning's oratory, in the first volume of the first series of the present work, I have shown how he exposed Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, to the derision of the House of Commons, before that lawyer ratted into the Upper House. Yet Lyndhurst was thick-skinned enough to bear anything. When he got into the Lords' he was met there in the same derisive manner by Lord Holland, or in a mode very similar to that of Canning's treatment of him. When with his undaunted front he boasted of the bills he had thrown out of the House during the session, Lord

Holland likened the boast to that of a drunken American, who, when his visitors were gone, threw open a cupboard door in his dining-room, which displayed the large pile of empty bottles, and hiccuped, "That's our after-dinner work!"

All the world knows how unfortunate Lord Holland was in his marriage. Hospitable receptions at Holland House were darkened by her ladyship's shadow. It was not difficult to obtain her civilities by a species of attention which every well-bred man knows how to pay. But she gave herself great airs at times notwithstanding. The drawing-room there now, so long desolate, where the kindness, the urbanity, and the real goodness of heart of Lord Holland alone made some of his guests endure what they never would else have endured,—that room, who can forget! Yet there were some individuals who at last declined the hospitable invitations of his lordship. Foscolo, with his impatient temper and ordinary person, especially when excited, which a few words, even from a lady, would sometimes do—Foscolo felt Lady Holland's conduct towards him so marked,

that he kept away. Nothing would at last make him even call there, while he openly acknowledged Lord Holland's great goodness to him.

"I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland. I would go to hell with Lord Holland!"

Her ladyship would render young men particularly uncomfortable, by some line of conduct hardly of moment in itself, but such as was easily interpreted in the mind of sensitive youth to be so. Once I remember being told that one of Lord Holland's guests—a young man and a stranger—having some sort of perfume in his pocket-handkerchief, her ladyship desired the bell to be rung, and on the servant's appearance, gave an order for one of her own handkerchiefs to be brought and presented to him, begging he would exchange it, as she could not endure the odour.

Campbell at last left off going to Holland House, she being offended with him because he had the audacity to question the pronunciation she gave to some word—I forget what it was at this distance of time. On saying I should call there, the poet shook his head, nor do I think he ever went after-

wards. It was not a pleasant place to visit upon that account, and yet his lordship never wanted distinguished visitors to partake of his hospitalities, and to witness his regard for genius and men of mind.

Lord Holland's life of Lopez de Vega, published in 1808, I read early after its publication ; but some comedies he translated a little subsequently in point of time, I do not remember ever seeing. Nor do I remember when it was that I saw him after his return to, or voyage from, Spain—it must have been at Falmouth during the peace of 1802—little thinking I should ever know him personally. I was then, of course, a mere stripling.

Holland House, with the drawback of the lady, who never seemed to have the character or reputation of his lordship before her, was not an attractive place. Those who knew her character, with a little tact might pass unscathed from her society ; but there is a *Je ne sais quoi* with some individuals of both sexes, which as to taste or distaste is never to be subdued.

Like Mr Fox, Lord Holland was all heart. He

had none of the wildnesses of his uncle, but all his amenity. I was never more surprised, when at a great distance from the capital, as before stated, than at the message I received of his lordship's gratification at the receipt of what I had written, and the more, because at that moment I had never seen Lord Holland under his political character. I cannot in words describe the impression produced by his carriage in my mind the first time I did see him, except that besides something of the same kind of character I had seen in others, there was a native candour and sweetness I never saw about any other person. It was that, perhaps, which was once remarked about Mr Fox, by one who had known him well, and went to school with him, in a communication still in my possession. It described the nephew as well, even to the letter, as it did Mr Fox :—

“Mon cher monsieur, je vous prie m'excuser. Pour cesser de vous ennuyer, je finerai au vous disant qu'avec de si grand talents, M. Fox est l'être le plus *naturel* qui existe. Il fait des amis, non pas par intérêt, comme la plupart du monde,

mais par la bonté de son âme fortement exprimée dans son physiognomie."

These words could not be more applicable to the uncle than to the nephew. The first trait that struck the stranger in Lord Holland was his remarkable *bonhomie*. He seemed to be a man with whom you felt it utterly impossible to quarrel, meriting what a charming Frenchwoman remarked to one of his conntrymen, Mr Fox having just gone away,—it was at the Marquis of Kildare's,—“Ah, pourquoи vous autres Anglais n'êtes vous pas tous aussi amiable que M.[°] Fox ?”*

Few in the House of Lords commanded greater attention. Towards the conclusion of his life his

* In a similar case the old schoolfellow of Fox's, before alluded to, wrote,—I have the letter,—“Je n'ai qu'un souvenir confus et melancholique de ces scènes,” (speaking of early days with Fox,) “si regrettée et si éloignées. Je me ressouviens pourtant que M. Fox, pour ne pas parler de ses études, se rendait remarquable par une douceur de caractère extraordinaire. Je présume qu'il sentait, même alors, intérieurement, sa supériorité, mais aucun de ses camarades ne la sentait. Il était alors ce qu'il est maintenant,—vrai, simple, sans la plus moindre prétention. Tous ceux qui étaient élevées près de lui ne pouvaient se représenter les charmes de sa société sans la plus tendre émotion.”

infirmities increased, and he was not able to vindicate, as before, his virtue and rare patriotism. There was no measure in advance of his time which he did not support, while the senseless Percivals, Addingtons, and Castlereaghs were labouring, as so many animated drags, to keep back freedom, and retard the forward movement of the age and everything that could contribute to the benefit of the country, and the elevation of human character, aiding excesses of extravagance, war, and carnage, to uphold that which the more enlightened spirit of the time was endeavouring to introduce for the benefit of the common family of nations, and the more advanced comforts of the people. Verily they now have their reward, and their political history will operate, it is to be hoped, as a warning for the future, when the existing generation is gathered to its fathers. For my own part, having a perfect recollection of those times,—for I had more than once to journalise them, times for which England has paid so dearly in blood, treasure, and crime, the fruit of which will be such a burthen to

posterity,—it is impossible not to feel convinced that the view taken at that period by Mr Fox, and after his decease supported by his nephew, was that which would have worked out best for England and the world at large. The fallacies uttered by the party which reigned so long were proofs of intellectual mediocrity, and, though contemptible, were horrible in their consequences to humanity, burthensome to posterity, and destructive to political morality.

The last communication I received from Lord Holland was in 1830, in return for a volume I printed, that was never published to the world. At that time, though his bodily infirmities pressed him severely, and the gout was rapidly wearing him out, he exhibited the same placid humour and the same powerful talent under bodily disadvantages. I never saw his lordship after 1831. He survived for nine years, if I recollect rightly. During that period the changes in men and things were remarkable. He lived to see Lord Grey's triumph in parliamentary reform, and many of the beneficial changes which were its results.

Lord Holland ailed much after his accession to an office which was little more than nominal. I was absent from London seven years, or nearly, out of the time when the Reform Bill passed until he ceased to live. His life of Fox I did not see until he was no more of the living. He was abused by that party in polities, the censure of which had long been a recommendation to honest men in public life. Too many years had passed, and a disordered state of body had existed too long, for Lord Holland to fill any post in active life. His hospitalities remained to the last, his unvaried kindness, and, like his uncle, that undaunted support of those greater principles, upon which the happiness of nations can alone repose.

Though more than half a century has elapsed since his kindness broke like light upon my obscurity, and encouraged my continuance in the same political views with which I first set out in life, I bear, in the full freshness of memory, the effect of the encouragement his notice of my petty exertions had, in a time when we think more of a little encouragement than we ever think of it again.

The most consistent man of his day, and the most undaunted in the pursuit of political good for his country, we are tempted, in this most venal of ages, to reflect upon with pleasure, as well as with those of any party in politics, that neither were nor are moved by the most execrable of stimulants and lowest of objects in public characters. Pitt has only that now to support his fame, and so far he merits justice should be done him; but the same cannot be said of too many of his successors. Lord Holland was never accused, even by his enemies, of that low vice venality in men who aspire to public honour. It was something to pass as he did, from youth to age amid the common lot of his kind, without a stain upon his character, without one inconsistency as a public man. Independently of all that, speaking personally, I cannot forget him for his kindness in my early life.

The dissenters were indebted to Lord Holland, I remember, for the exposure of Lord Sidmouth's plan to hamper them, to which he had been urged by the clergy of the Church. Sidmouth, under the false pretence of amending the tolera-

tion act, had planned insidiously to render it more difficult to obtain a licence to preach. Lord Holland exposed and defeated him.

Here I cannot help copying myself in an article, or part of an article, I wrote soon after Lord Holland's death, now above twenty years ago,— “He had more heartiness and more moral courage than any other member of the House of Peers. He never skulked behind paltry reservations. He always commanded the ear of the House in an eminent degree, and never dreaded the most formidable opponent. He grounded his arguments upon justice alone,—a solid basis, not to be shaken by the glozing sophistry of the mere orator, or by the Pitt rule of justification, the law of policy before justice, and of expediency before reason, the rocks on which Pitt foundered. In an assembly where reason carried little sway in his time, Lord Holland, though he electrified and convinced, could not prevail over predetermined majorities. His addresses, therefore, told out of the House with the more beneficial effect. He made plain and honest truths trample upon the proudest aristocrat

in his waking dreams of right divine, and his rule of wrong being right, and showed to the accidents of an accident in his day, that their pretensions must be founded upon a more steadfast basis. He gave the government and Castlereagh a well-merited reprobation for their despotic treatment of the weaker European States, in conjunction with their Holy Alliance friends ; and now they have passed to the land of shadows, through well-founded contempt—and support, or the reverse, is of no moment—many, once their friends, find fault with them. Posterity has already painted some of them in colours unhappily too truthful. Addington, Liverpool, and Castlereagh, who misgoverned by the close borough corruption to which they owed their places,—how is the record of the ability and actions of their day coloured by the existing prevalence of the truth ! ”

In respect to his lordship, further, I may be permitted to quote myself. After remarking upon his moral courage and scorn of all pitiful reservations, he grounded his arguments, like his uncle, upon “justice” alone. Pitt disregarded everything but the “policy” of the hour : expediency, the rule of

the politically unprincipled, guiding in place of reason. His lordship, though he might convince, could not govern predetermined divisions. Still he trampled in the dust the flimsy texture that clothed the skeleton limbs of the misshapen imagery of his opponents, and bared their nakedness. We hear him now in that library, where so many men of learning and genius had met his hospitality, and under that antique roof, where dwelt one of the brightest ornaments of the peerage in his person, we even see him still in imagination. We were welcomed, without the slightest forgetfulness of a correspondence long years before, with “Charley’s honest face” repeated, to quote the popular description of his uncle’s swarthy countenance, only much more animated and yet equally beneficent.

Lord Holland was an infant when his father expired. Of his grandfather an anecdote was related somewhat amusing. A bill had been brought into the House of Lords much mutilated, and the mutilations marked with red ink. One of the peers found fault with the measure, and spoke of it again and again as “the noble lord’s bill.” Lord Holland

contended that the bill could not in common fairness be called “his bill.” Pointing to one of the scarlet mutilations, and looking towards those lords who had made them, he convulsed the House with laughter, by exclaiming—

“Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through !
See what a rent the envious Casca made !
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed !”

Lord Holland said he believed this anecdote of his predecessor was correct, and the effect droll. If so, it proved that the peculiar humour of the late lord was somewhat of a family inheritance, for he often raised a smile in the House when the tongue of an angel could never move it an inch towards an honest conviction.

I last heard from him, as I have said, under the date of 1830, from Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, acknowledging a particular book, or rather its receipt. I fancied, as his person grew older, he must still more resemble his uncle, yet only as to person, and only as a general likeness. Both were stoutly made, heavy of frame, and wonderfully

good-humoured. I often think what an enormous cost had been spared to England in crime and blood, to say nothing of the burthen cast upon posterity, if Pitt had resisted his love of power, and forced George III. to abandon his wars in behalf of French and German despots—if, in short, like his father regarding America, he had suffered despotism to take its merited exit from France, and the wretchedness of the people to right itself. It is impossible not to see how vain has been the struggle of feudalism against reason, religion, and right, and not to acknowledge that the principles advocated by Fox and his nephew are those which are triumphing in the world, and will triumph further, until in every civilised land on the globe the monstrous principle of the many being made for one is utterly extinguished. Are the past great advocates of this principle, through good or evil report, not to be honestly estimated?

Lord Holland followed his uncle in having a perfect confidence in the good sense of the people of England. He was not of the ragged and worn-

out class of the feudality, inheriting the self-sufficiency of the race that ruled in times of serfage, and many ideas belonging to which are still extant in a demented class. Towards the close of his life he seldom spoke in the House of Peers. When he did speak, with his ample flow of humour and language, he continually supported the cause of freedom and of popular right with unstudied ease, ever natural as he was himself. Never deaf to applications from the oppressed, open and candid, his bitterest opponents honoured his sincerity.

With such qualities, and a life directed to just ends of straightforward action, it is perhaps to be lamented that his lordship was never in some position where he could more actively employ himself for the public good. But he was constitutionally wanting in active bodily power. There is a degree of corporeal strength and activity united which are absolutely necessary for public life. Lord Holland in the House of Lords, and in the midst of official cares, seemed to me in fields of action so dissimilar, he would hardly have been equal to such onerous

public duties; his frame being more fitted for passive than active labours. And in this I was borne out by his “sudden” decease at his house in Kensington in 1840, at the age of sixty-seven.

UGO FOSCOLO.

IT was some time in the year 1818 that I became acquainted with Ugo Foscolo. Señor Biagioli, a very agreeable and accomplished man, now no more, but then professor of Italian in the College of Louis le Grand, to whom I had become known in Paris, asked me if I should have any objection to take over to the celebrated Ugo Foscolo, then an Italian refugee in England, whither he had come in 1816, a remarkable MS. copy of Dante. I was naturally anxious to be acquainted with a man of no mean European fame, and I willingly obliged Señor Biagioli. On reaching London, I

found that Foscolo lived at Moulsey, and that when he came to town he went to a lodging in Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, where I found him one morning just arrived, and under the barber's hands. I fulfilled my commission, and thus our acquaintance commenced. I found him intimate with Lord Holland, Roscoe, Rogers, Campbell, and the whole circle of literati at Murray's.

The high character which Foscolo bore as a writer throughout the entire continent, I had heard in Paris. His "*Ultimere Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*" was then well known among literary men, though it was not calculated in the best translations to make him a reputation in England, where it reminded people too much of Goethe's exceptionable story of "*Werter*." The beauty of the language, and the peculiar feeling of a writer of the warm south, were of course lost in a foreign tongue and climate. This was an additional reason why the work did not attract more attention here. It was still less likely his earliest work, and a remarkable work it was, written at Florence at nineteen years of age, the tragedy of "*Tieste*," should become

notorious in England. He had been bred at Padua, commencing his studies there, but he was a native of Zante, though accused of the desire of having it credited that he was by birth a Venetian. Indeed, his father is said to have been a physician or surgeon in the Venetian marine. He appears to have had no inheritance besides his genius, but that was an inheritance beyond commonplace nobility. His education Italian, his works are in that language, and they will give his name a higher title to honour, and a greater longevity than any Venetian senator possessed.

It was at Padua that Foscolo broke forth with a literary splendour that surprised the learned of that city. His translations from Homer and Ossian were remarkable for condensation and energy of style. This excellency is lost to the foreigner, and in English appears dry and unimaginative. Cesaretti was his teacher, and foretold the future greatness of his pupil. Alfieri, too, read and prophesied the celebrity his writings would confer upon the author. In his beautiful "Sepulchres" he alludes to Alfieri in strains worthy of his subject:—

“ Near these marbles oft
Alfieri linger'd in the trance of thought ;
Indignant with his country's gods, he paced
The desert wastes of Arno, and look'd round
In mute request upon the field and sky ;
And, when the face of nature had no smile
To soothe his cares, his stern brow rested here,
Bearing the wanless with the hope of death ! ” *

There is not a poem of its nature and subject more beautiful than the “ Sepolchri.”

Foscolo had a high regard for Alfieri, at least he professed as much to myself during an unbroken intercourse of some years, which time we resided for the most part next door to one another. His extremely irritable temperament, soured by some private disappointments, separated us only a year or two before his death. That his excellencies as a writer should not be felt in England was not surprising, during the years that the mulish despotism

* “ E a queste marmi
Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispirarsi
Strato à patrici nami errava muto
Ove Arno è piu' deserto, campi e il cielo
Desioso mirando ; e poi che nullo
Vivente aspetto gli molcea la cura,
Qui possava l'austero ; e avea sul volto
Il color della morte, e la speranza.”

of Austria had excluded him from where his native tongue was understood in the works of one of its best writers, as all Italians of judgment and character admitted him to be.

With the peculiar pathos, if it may be called so, which runs through the "Sepolchri," that alone speaks the ability of its author. In the original it is a perfect gem of the finest Italian. Parts of it have been often quoted and praised here. It is doubtful whether, of its class, any poem on a like subject can compete with it; certainly none I ever read, even in translation, appeared superior. That is a fine passage where the old visionary hosts are supposed to be seen on the Grecian shores by vessels sailing near. It has been quoted with high eulogy. It is not only finely imaginative but truly sublime :—

"They who sail
Since by Eubœa, have beheld the sparks
Of armour-smiting brands emblaze the shores
Far through the dusky midnight; seen the pyres
Vomit their crimson vapours; the gray gleam
Of spectre warriors striding to the fight;
And hearken'd in the silence to the chafing
And tumult of the phalanx, and the blasts

Of answering trumpets, and the brazen tread
Of charging horse upon the fallen helms,
Wailings, and hymns, and chantings of the Parcae!"

But the object here is not to criticise or note the beauties of one of the first poets, if not the very first, of modern Italy.

I found that a story, among other falsehoods circulated by his enemies regarding him, was that he was concerned in a conspiracy at Venice in 1798. He resided there some time about that period, it is true, and was sent with Battaglia to Bonaparte to preserve if possible the independence of the Venetian republic; but he did not remain there while the French had possession of it, much less while it was under the ferocious yoke of Austria. He preferred to sojourn in the Cisalpine Republic. In 1809, he obtained the rank of captain in the army of Italy. On the fall of Venice it was that he wrote the Letters of Ortis. I have said that the plan seemed to be derived from Goethe; he had in view to depict in it the melancholy state of Italy. The love scenes are in some degree imitated both from Goethe and Rousseau, but these scenes

are secondary to his patriotic object. The imaginative faculty was not remarkably conspicuous in Foscolo; not at all approaching in equality with the glorious character, and chaste even splendour of his style, while still remarkably concise. The pathos exhibited is of the most affecting nature, and the entire work inculcates the virtue of patriotism in the most decided way. In this respect his work is one of the finest efforts to a particular end, speaking of it only in the original tongue, the English translation conveying no idea of its real merits. The touches of mental anguish which the work depicts are masterpieces of effect. It revealed Foscolo to his countrymen in a new style of writing, and it met with merited success through the south. Every Italian proclaimed that the literary laurels of Foscolo were honourably won, and this will be the opinion of his countrymen as long as their language and literature endure. There is a tone of earnestness, a power of mind admirably sustained throughout, and a depth and solidity of thought and feeling in his early works which must be coeval with an enduring fame. He frequently

lamented in conversation that in a foreign country he was debarred from being understood in the mode he most desired, and that his latest verse, though not his bones, would at some future time be the sojourner in his birthplace. He expressed the same sentiment in one of his beautiful sonnets,* as if prophetic of his early doom.

Foscolo was shut up in Genoa in 1799 after the French had met with reverses. The city was garrisoned by them ; and that people, when living under pressure, always endeavour to make calamity as light as possible. They got up patriotic clubs, and among those who formed them Foscolo was not the least active by exciting the garrison to resist the detested Austrians, the bitter foes of freedom and knowledge wherever their grasp extended. According to his own statement, the hopes indulged at that time in favour of liberal rule afterwards became damped under subsequent experiences. "My ideas," he one day said to me, "now I am in a

* From the Italian—

"Thine are my songs, my mother earth ! but not
My bones : these ever from thy bosom cast,
Fate hath decreed an unwept sepulchre!"

land of freedom, are much changed as to the practicability of its full enjoyment in the south. I begin to think the world there is not as ripe for it as I once thought it to be. You have intestine troubles even here!" But to continue: while he was in Genoa he harangued the people in praise of liberty with the utmost exuberance of feeling, actually setting up a tree of liberty, dancing round it with his companions, declaring it must soon cast its genial shadow over the people of every land. "I really believed," he observed, "that mankind were to be free and happy in the new era opening upon us."

It was during the siege, shut up in Genoa in 1799, that he displayed his gallantry in two odes to a lady of that city who had accidentally fallen from her horse, named Luigia Pallavicini. These odes are admitted to be the finest compositions of a similar nature extant in the Italian language. It was in Genoa, too, that he wrote his celebrated letter to Napoleon I., then General Bonaparte, in which he advised him not to sully the splendour of his victories by giving the full rein to his ambition.

Even in those troublous times he was envied by some of his countrymen, and charged with delivering a discourse at the congress of Lyons, while he was actually resident in the Cisalpine Republic. Yet it was from thence that he addressed an oration to the First Consul of France, filled with noble sentiments in favour of Italian freedom, and charging the local government with excesses.

He entered, or was drafted, afterwards into the army of France destined to invade England. "I began," he said, "in consequence to study the English language, by translating Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' to fill up my military leisure." He succeeded in commencing a task by no means easy, which he afterwards completed.

The army of England marched back to meet its continental foes, and he returned, in 1804, to the south, and in Italy translated an ode of Callimachus, with profuse satirical comments. Being born a Greek, and jealous perhaps of the attempts of Pesidemonte and Monti in relation to Homer, he determined himself to try and render into Italian the works of old Maeonides. Some part of this

labour was continued in England, which he showed to me at South Bank. How much of it he left completed before his decease I am not aware. I regret we had ceased to meet, as I have stated, some time before his death ; but that never lessened my respect for the great talents of the man. It only created a regret for an irritability of temper, which I once told him I feared arose from his mode of living. I had known him subsist, under the idea of keeping his faculties clearer for mental labour, full two days upon a little coffee and a bit of toast, while his work was singularly exhausting. I had found him once before, when in lodgings in Wigmore Street, writing an article for the *Quarterly Review*. It was upon the Æolic Digamma. He laboured by candle-light on a summer's day, having shut himself up from the morning of the day before, and not gone to bed at all. His frame was not calculated for that kind of exhaustive labour ; he was naturally sensitive, and his fibres delicate and irritable.

It was in Wigmore Street that he invited to breakfast Roscoe of Liverpool, Campbell, Rogers,

Hallam, if I recollect rightly, and one or two more; I think Count Porro of Milan was of the party. All were to be punctual at ten o'clock, but Rogers did not appear. The truth was the hour was too early for the author of the "Pleasures of Memory." He kept us all waiting. We then stormed the Italian's table, while Foscero was in warm discussion with Mr Roscoe on some point of Italian history or literature, I know not exactly what the question was. Rogers, who seldom rose until eleven o'clock, never made his appearance for the day.

In Italy Foscero had assisted in getting out under the auspices of the French Government a very superior edition of the military works of Monte-euuli, (dedicated to the French commander, Caffarelli,) to which he added important notes. He had no copy of the work with him in England that I could ever discover. It was about the same time that he became involved in a duel with a Dane named Wolf. The cause is said to have arisen from Wolf having jokingly observed that he looked like an orang-outang. The lower part of his face was

ordinary enough. I once saw him lathered by a barber in an arm-chair, and he was not at that moment to be mistaken from Adonis. But if the lower part of his face was ordinary, the upper compensated. His eyes were of a fine gray colour, large, and at times very animated. His forehead was exceedingly fine, and indicated great capacity. Sometimes he would jest upon his own plainness of person. The unlucky Dane paid for his jest by a shot in the knee. Perhaps, from the cause of the affront, Foscolo would never make any allusion to the duel, nor tell the real cause when questioned.

Foscolo was nominated Professor of Eloquence in the University of Pavia, vacated by Monti, in 1809. He filled the chair with great applause, his oration being "*Dell' Origine a dell' Ufficio della Litteratura.*" This oration was said not to have been before equalled upon such an occasion in Italy. In his discourse he was too high-minded to flatter Napoleon, as he was solicited to do by the authorities, because he ever feared Napoleon's views were opposed to public liberty. His professorship was suppressed for this contumacy.

It was at Pavia, in 1812, that he produced his Tragedy of "Ajace," which was performed only once at the Theatre della Scala, at Milan, in which city he was raised to the rank of major in the army by the regency. The "Ajace" is written in the severest Italian style. Foscolo had early adopted the rigid rules and dry, terse language of the most scrupulous writers among the later ancients of his own land, which was perhaps the cause why the piece did not succeed on the stage. Some have said the true reason was that the play contained, or that there were attributed to it, certain political allusions, which it was feared might involve the government in trouble. The author, upon the other hand, always denied that such an idea had been in his mind when he wrote it.

During his subsequent residence near Florence, he at length completed his translation of Sterne, with its curious additions. He then began his poem of the "Graces," a satire, in which the three attributes of a lovely woman are made to depict his country, the beautiful Italy; in order to do which he combined the whole metaphorically, in the three cities

of Bologna the lively, Florence the beautiful, and Milan the fair. The principal aim of his attack in this “Didymi Clerici”—it was so called—was Count Paradiso, of the Senate of Milan, and a host of literary sycophants who had persecuted him. This satire was printed at Zurich. Returning subsequently to Milan, he began the composition of his Tragedy of “Ricciarda,” which did not produce much effect upon the public mind. On himself the labour appeared to have conferred plenary satisfaction. He always spoke to me of it with pride. It abounds in fine and noble language, but the style was, and is, too pure, too severe, for the corrupted taste of the present age. The select few alone taste its excellences. It was afterwards printed in London, where it could not be expected, refined and highly-finished as it was, that it could be read in a language little understood—a misfortune Foscolo lamented, without considering both the difference of language and the obliquity of the present taste in every walk of “high” literature and art.

In 1814 the change of political affairs subjected Italy once more to the tramp of the savage Croat and

Pandours of Austria. These barbarians trod anew upon the necks of the unfortunate Italians, under the auspices of the “Holy Alliance.” Vain hopes had been cherished that some little measure of freedom would have been conceded to Italy; and the people of Milan expressed their expectation to that effect in a deputation to the allies—of which deputation Foscolo was one. Some hopes, too, had been entertained by them, through the interposition in their behalf of the excellent Lord William Bentinck, whom they solicited to aid them. A solemn treaty had given him possession of Genoa. But what cared the allies for Milan or Genoa, or any treaty, when they had the reins in their own hands? The French yoke was freedom itself to their senseless despotism. Lord Castlereagh paid no more attention to Lord William Bentinck than the allies paid to the petitioners of Milan. The finest part of Italy was handed over to the Croats and slavery under the worst of all the European governments. Lord William complained at home in vain of his country being dishonoured by a breach of the treaty he concluded at Genoa. Foscolo now too clearly

seeing that an Austrian dungeon, with only the consolation of an emperor for his jailer, would most certainly be his lot, and the Holy Alliance partitioning his unfortunate and betrayed country, he got away into Switzerland. From thence he proceeded to England. Here he was received with kindness and consideration by a number of distinguished individuals. He was secure from the dungeons of Speilberg, with Francis the emperor for a jailer, an office entrusted to menials in other countries. Thus too he escaped the fate of Silvio Pellico, the tutor in the family of the friend of both Foscolo and myself, Count Porro of Milan.

To the names of Parini, of Alfieri, Monti, and Pindemonte, and of Canova, that of Foscolo has already been added. His dramatic pieces, novels, orations, and essays can only be truly estimated in the Italian tongue by those who know its severest dialect. Full of powerful contrasts, strong in light and shade, true in outline, they do not seem to leave enough for ornament, nor for the fancy to colour. This is more than ever felt as a deficiency at the present age, when everything is superficial

and sketchy. The power, the *vis vivida* in Foscolo's writings is impressive enough, but the lively southern imagination, not the coarse fancies of the north, so limited to common and customary objects, must be possessed for the full enjoyment of the southern muse.

The northerns must be led even in their enjoyments. They must be amused with simile, and enlightened with familiar illustration, even in their stage entertainments. Set speeches of flowery texture, even in detailing misfortune, must adorn the tragedy of the north. The images must be dressed by the milliner, move after the posture of the dancing-master, and whine in the most sentimental tones, or else falling into low and grovelling language, detail buffoonery to suit the existing taste. The shadowy and imaginative in the south clothes the stage characters. All is there as if under some impending awe, and pain and passion are grand, often too much so for words; to follow the poet—

“Little griefs are spoken—great ones stupefy.”*

The tale of suffering is told, forcibly told, in the

* “Parvæ dolores loquuntur—ingentes stupent.”

garb of the passion that should with propriety cover it, in accordance with the haste natural to the suddenness and strangeness of the incident. The narrator, amid his own supposed suffering, is without leisure to adorn his tale with the flowers of rhetoric. He disappears suddenly when his story is told, and leaves the active southern imagination to supply what is wanting, by that feeling which is allied to what we may denominate the terrible apprehension of the promulgated evil from its antecedents. The shadow of horror is thus deepened, and the warm, active imagination of the south calls up vivid images that impart a similar awe to that felt in the vicinity of some great catastrophe. Association is awakened by the slightest touch, and the sensibility of the southern does the rest. Hence the dry, arid style as it appears to the "cold in clime and cold in blood," still supplies the poetical charm from being quickened by association in the lively southern mind with the airy images that mind generates. We shall find that some of our old writers come much nearer the school to which both Alfieri and Foscolo belonged, than many are

aware ; the secret of which is that they either borrowed from, or imitated, the Italian authors, or that there was of old a certain mode of thinking in both countries in some way similar.

The “Tieste” of Foscolo should be read first of his works. It is not equal to his “Ricciarda,” which is a model of classical dramatic excellence. Rich in flashes of poetical beauty, and more in the style of Alfieri than that of any other poet ; while Alfieri himself, so arid and severe, is much excelled in the execution by the richness of Foscolo’s style. Foscolo shines most when delineating the passionate parts of his work—in painting native character, and in modes of expression. There is none of the sentiment which is poured out so profusely in the way of sauce over some modern productions. It is worth while to read the “Ricciarda,” if only to learn what is real simplicity of plot, and what the nature of a masterly execution, devoid of those arts to which recourse has been continually had upon the later stage in the north. I say “later,” because at present we have no drama worth a line of criticism.

It would be idle to translate the “Ricciarda” here

in the present day. If more just ideas of a worthy stage were in vogue, it might not even then answer, being too severely classical for the north ; but if the drama were restored to its better purposes, such a translation might be useful for comparison. Truth and purity of feeling upon the stage in the present day never appear in their former garb. When drawn out of its well in a real representation of low life, some Tom Thumb, or refined ticket-of-leave villain, justly represented, it descends to a very low level, and can neither amend the morals, amuse legitimately, or gain a worthy credit for any stage.

I never heard Foscolo quote a French author, yet he did not express any dislike to the people of that country; but he was indignant at Bonaparte for betraying Italy as he did so needlessly. A volume on Petrarch, in 1823, entitled "Essays," inscribed to Lady Daere, was one of his works published in England. He wrote it in English as it stands. It was divided into four heads: "An Essay on the Love of Petrarch ;" "On his Poetry ;" "On his Character ;" and "A parallel between that Poet and Dante." He also added an appendix under seven

heads, exceedingly interesting to the scholar and the curious reader, but “caviar to the general.” The present mass of English readers, if their attention be drawn to it, will, in ignorance I too much fear, exclaim to their informant, like Dr Parr’s father when he set his son to make up a medicine, on the son finding fault with the Latinity, “Damn the Latin, Sam, give me the prescription.”

While Foscolo was composing this work, so creditable to his talents, under the disadvantage of a foreign tongue, there was scarcely a day passed in which I did not see him. Sometimes he would come to me to know whether he had turned a line of poetry into pure English, and if it would bear printing as he had written it, for he was exceedingly fastidious. Often when I thought I had produced a conviction that his lines would pass the critics, he would again alter them. Whenever it could be done, he adopted existing translations. I turned a passage for him twice, and he rejected it after all, because I had used the word “much.” “Mucho,” said he, “that cursed Spanish.” I changed it, but he got so out of love with the word

substituted, that he omitted the passage altogether. I said that I supposed some words in our language were barbarous to his ear. He replied there were a few so, but we had many very sweet words to his seeming; and to my surprise he quoted "indeed" as one of them. This volume was not likely to be popular in the booksellers' sense. It was only adapted for readers of education and taste—for the few, not for the *polloi*. It is well worth the study of the scholar. I lent him Howard's translation of Dante, which he had never seen before, yet it was published by Murray very early in the century. Nathaniel Howard had been a pupil of the well-known Dr Bidlake, who encouraged him to undertake the task—no easy one, though he was a good Italian scholar. I wished to have Foscolo's opinion of it, as I had known Howard. The former quoted it in his Essays, and told me it was very good; the most literal he had seen in English—perhaps, on the whole, the best. It was published in 1807. It was in blank verse. That it was not reprinted may be readily accounted for by the diminution of the demand for the higher and more recondite works of

literature, it being a question whether those who relish them have not since diminished in number rather than increased. The parallel between Dante and Petrarch from such an authority as Foscolo is on every account valuable to the scholar. This volume contains copies of the original letters of Petrarch, in possession of the late Lord Holland. Foscolo also wrote for the *Quarterly Review* and for the *New Monthly*. In the former case he published in one article a learned dissertation upon the Æolie Digamma. Among his articles for the *New Monthly*, he wrote one or two in English; but seeing his difficulty, I persuaded him to write them in easy Italian, and Colburn, the proprietor of the work, got them translated. Sometimes Foscolo would fancy the translation was not what he intended it should be, and he would get into a rage with the translator, and with Colburn himself. I had difficulty to appease him. In the *New Monthly* he wrote an article called "Learned Ladies," his first essay. This was followed by the "Revolution in Naples." Foscolo then lodged in Bond Street, and wrote papers there on the poetry of M. Angelo,

of Guido Cavalcante, Pietro della Vigne, Frederick II., and numerous others. He resided subsequently in a cottage on South Bank. I took the place of him when he left it to enter another the next door, which he got built for himself. This cottage he had called Digamma Cottage, and affixed that name to it. He took away the name when he quitted it for his new residence, and placed it upon the new door. The word puzzled the tradesmen's boys who came for orders. Some said that Digamma meant "die game;" but all knew that an odd foreign gentleman, whose name began with an F., lived there. It was after he left Digamma Cottage, about a year and a little more before his decease, that he published his "*Discorso sulla Testa di Dante.*" I have no means of enumerating all the works of this celebrated man; but they will never be forgotten in his native land, and well merit to be remembered there, and wherever the pure Italian is studied. If genius were free from faults, it would soar too high above the region of mortality: Foscolo had his share, but they were for the most part constitutional.

He edited several works for that meritorious and classical publisher, Mr Pickering of Piccadilly, to whom the learned, if not the “nominally” literary world, is deeply indebted for the preservation and reprint of so many valuable original works known far and near. Foseolo, among his latest labours, superintended the publication, by Pickering, of an edition of Boccaccio, one of Dante, and was proceeding with his Homer before spoken of, when he was arrested by death at the comparatively early age of fifty-two ; or, as the inscription on his stone reads, in Chiswick Churchyard, “Obiit xiv. de Septembris, A.D. 1827 : $\ddot{\text{A}}$ Etatis 52,” which inscription I copied on a pilgrimage to the spot on foot. We had been estranged before his decease ; yet who, when a truly great man has left the world, whose powers had excited admiration, whatever may have been the cause of estrangement, can permit the shadow of it to dim for another moment the picture which is thus by death restored to its original clearness. In this sense, death is a purifier, like the fabled character given by the ancients to the

ocean. I told the poet Campbell where I had been, and he replied in his way, "I will go too; you will go once more? Go with me—we can only now remember his good qualities and his genius." The march was never taken, for a straw turned the bard of Hope out of his path. He had once urged me to walk to Dulwich with him, and dine with the brethren at the College. After one postponement we set off, and under the Quadrant in Regent Street met Sir James Mackintosh, who announced the death of Lawrence the painter, on the preceding evening. All was over; the journey on foot was set aside; Campbell was prostrated. We all three slowly took our way back up Regent Street. The poet the day before knowing the illness of the artist, need not have been so much surprised. Only a year or two after that, I read the inscription on the tombstone of Mackintosh himself in Hampstead Churchyard, now much dilapidated.

Near Hogarth's grave, and that of a clever surgeon, Carpue, whom too I once knew, reposes the great poet—one name of modern Italy destined to

survive as long as the language in which he wrote is spoken in that beautiful southern land, thank God, now free. His talents and power were unknown and unfelt by the "many" here ; they could not feel them. His writings never can be duly estimated by the foreigner to the full extent of their merit. "Poor Ugo!" another victim cut off in the prime of existence, the image of his country in soul, and one of the most promising men I ever knew. "Poor Ugo ! nobody in England will comprehend him!" said a native of Italy.

It was not in the severe and lofty alone, nor in depicting the affections, that Foscolo was prominent. His taste was of the purest character, amounting almost to fastidiousness. "Redding all that is to live in literature must be the result of care and toil. Do not repeat that genius will build up imperishable monuments in literature without labour. It is not the judicious shape of the pyramid alone that makes it eternal, it is the labour bestowed in raising the masses that compose it ; so it is with literary labour that is to exist be-

yond the moment—no other existence is worth the toil.”

He was a master of pathos. Some of its touches in Jacopo Ortis are inimitably fine, if the whole be not pleasing nor adapted to the northern taste. In one of his sonnets to his brother he shows touchingly too his desire or hope to return to his native land :—

“ Thy lot in life, thy sorrow and thy toil,
I share the same ; and tempest-worn and lonely
In the same port would furl my batter’d sail ;
Of so much hope, this is the remnant only—
To lay my bones in their maternal soil.”*

Poor Foscolo was not destined to lay his “bones” in his native land, but in a country where his works could not be comprehended, but his failings be trumpeted forth by the slanderous pens of those to whom he had never given a shadow of offence. The multitude does not love the light that heaven sometimes permits in mercy to shine upon its dulness for its own good, unless it bear the hue of their own selfish, grovelling ideas. The show of things must be accommodated to the de-

* From the original Italian.

sires of the mind with them, as well as with minds of nobler aspiration; but their desires never take a flight above the weeds and garbage scattered beneath their feet. What, therefore, is not comprehended, is not deemed of value. Foscolo was slandered basely after his death—not by Englishmen, who may share a similar vice in some degree at times, but by one of his own degraded and envious expatriated countrymen, to which I will presently advert more particularly.

I have said I took the cottage in which Foscolo had lived on South Bank. The rent was fifty pounds; and it was next door to the more noted Digamma Cottage which Foscolo, in the ardour of his desire to have a residence of his own, and in the hope of being able to meet the expenses he incurred, got the man who was building others around to erect for him. I doubt whether the superficial feet it contained were many more in number than that which he had quitted, and much of it was taken up with a lobby. There were only two floors, and the upper contained but four rooms.* Two

* It has been much enlarged and altered since Foscolo

were of a good size, and two used as bedrooms were inconveniently small. He added but little to the furniture he took out of the house I had from him, and it was of the simplest character. It is wholly false that there was anything unnecessary or extraneous about it. Not a day passed that I did not see him, and generally within the dwelling, the extravagance of which was so shamefully exaggerated as to cost and furniture. I know, too, that most of the furniture he previously possessed was all there, because it was removed from the house which I took from him.

In his new house he kept but one servant, until that servant introduced her sister to aid in her labour. No other servants, male or female, were in his service. With one of these, an amanuensis—the second I had recommended to him, for he found the first utterly inefficient, the second was detected in an intrigue—Foscolo was angry, and a challenge was the consequence, which ended harmlessly enough. Mr Wallace, of the Temple, was the second of Foscolo. quitted it, and therefore a judgment cannot be formed from its present state.

If I recollect aright, a worthy Irishman who became a judge in one of the county courts in the Green Island, was the second of Graham. Such was the origin of the charges against poor Foscolo of keeping a harem, and what not, and rushing into the most prodigal expenses in houses, gardens, and women.

True it is, that a sanguine disposition led him to believe he should be able to meet the expenses he incurred on his cottage. He was no calculator ; he lived very frugally, and imagined he could achieve more than he was able to do. To meet extraordinary demands, he announced a series of lectures upon Italian literature, which were well patronised ; but I have reason to believe he was disappointed in receiving the proceeds, as more of them were retained towards money owing in another quarter than he had calculated upon. Of this, however, I can say nothing certain, because we had become estranged, not from any act of mine, except that I feared I might not always keep my temper. His great fault, perhaps constitutional, but aggravated by his mode of living, was extreme irritability,

amounting sometimes to fury. I had often visited him in company with friends, when it was ten to one but he got into some violent dispute, and high words ensued. His fiery frame had preyed upon itself, the evil being aggravated by his position. Campbell would walk away; the Chevalier Pecchio would remonstrate with great vehemence; but his anger soon cooled. He had been obliged to quit his cottage on South Bank. He was in debt to no great amount; and for some time before he had been accustomed to gusts of passion upon the least offence—perhaps that consideration aggravating his irritability. One morning in his South Bank abode he used language towards a lady whom I knew, which I could not pass over without speaking pretty plainly my opinion. Count Porro of Milan, then an exile, so made by the Austrians, of whose son Silvio Pellico had been tutor, had informed me that a countryman of his own had seen one of Foscolo's servants act very improperly in her conduct to some young men she passed in Oxford Street. That countryman had visited Foscolo, and, as well as Porro, knew the girl well. The same girl had not

been unobserved in her conduct by some of her own sex. She was rather a woman than a girl ; for she was nearly, if not quite, thirty years of age. Her fellow-servant, her sister, was some years younger. Foscolo, whose passion would sometimes get the better of his reason, so that when playing chess with me, if he made a false move he would pull off a handful of his hair by the roots, at once flew out against the lady complainant. I replied coolly that he must not talk to me who knew him so well in that angry manner. He only became more violent in consequence, and I spoke to him roughly ; for his passion seemed too violent to be passed over. As in strength of arm he was no match for me, I stood my ground, and asked if such a burst of fury was commendable ; that I had said nothing I was not fully justified in saying by his conduct. His rage still continuing, I quietly took my hat. He then said something still more aggravating, and I told him he was a Greek of the Lower Empire, and left the room. He had always appeared to profess great friendship for me, and I have no doubt he was sincere, but he could not control his temper, of

which his low living increased the irritation. Poor Foscolo ! we met again but once in an extraordinary place in Marylebone Street, before a magistrate. An officer came to me in Upper Berkley Street, at breakfast hour the next day, and told me he had a summons for me from a wild, strange-looking foreigner, who had charged me with intending a breach of the peace towards him. I found it was at Foscolo's application ; yet I had used no threat towards him. God knows I had never dreamed of anything but kindness in his regard. At the time appointed I called upon Campbell, and told him the story. We set off together, and were in conversation with Mr Rawlinson, the magistrate, when Foscolo appeared. He wanted to tell a story from beginning to end about the matter ; but thinking the name of a lady wholly innocent of all blame might be made public in the case, I interrupted the tale by asking what I was wanted for ; that I supposed it was to keep the peace, which I never had an intention of breaking. I offered security for not doing what I had never dreamed of doing. Mr Rawlinson assented, and neither of us, Campbell nor my-

self, ever met poor Foscolo again that I remember. If Campbell had, I think he would have told me. I never met him even by accident; for not a great while afterwards he left his cottage, and I had quitted the vicinity previously, so that I knew nothing farther of him until I heard of his death.*

Many who were happy to see him at all times feared his outbursts of temper, which a little thing would cause to break forth. In person he was well made, compact, of the middle stature, and more formed for activity than strength. His conversation upon literary subjects was always highly instructive. He was somewhat given to exaggeration, and possessed a certain share of harmless vanity. He was temperate in eating and drinking, even to abstemiousness. He had many noble qualities, with gifts by nature of so high a value, that he has the most just claim to the forgetfulness of any errors of temperament. These in no small degree, it may be presumed, were those of a tem-

* See some incidents relative to this intercourse in the author's "Fifty Years' Recollections," vol. ii. See there also a Sonnet descriptive of his person by himself.

perament he was unable to keep in subjection, increased no doubt by the feeling of his exile and great abstemiousness. His independence of spirit, his love of freedom, his great acquirements, and his aspirations after glory, throw his errors, the failings of a common mortality, into the shade. His position—far from his home, in a northern land, where the associations of all, except well-educated persons, were strange to him—was a trying one. He felt he was not appreciated in anything like a proportionate scale to his merit. The peculiar characteristics of his literary style were not, could not be, recognised by the public here. His honest ambition was thwarted; restlessness and unsettled feelings ever accompanied him. His very sincerity was misinterpreted. His ideas, always ingenious, rich in illustration, and often profound, were wasted apart from his native land. Mere dry fact may suit any community in the way of social interchange, but the imagery, the style, the peculiar “lexis,” as Dr Parr would call it, which marks the literary language of one writer of a country from another, are never so wholly obliterated.

ated as to suit a new language. We only half appreciate the ancient poets, doing our best. In the conversation of Foscolo, too, there was much novelty, and he often startled by illustrations which the hearer wondered he had never heard used before.

There was much of that selfishness, if we may call it so, about Foscolo that was exhibited in Byron. This, it is true, was preferable to the wonderful prodigality of words about nothing which mark some men of notoriety of the present hour, as it did the Lake school. Ortis has too much about self and self-adventure; but Foscolo at the same time made his description subservient to the expression of his political opinions. His language is rigidly severe in his best works. He was constrained to mourn over his native land and its sufferings, as it were under a veil. His public discourses, all which are as sealed books to the English public, and will probably remain so for ever, exhibit a wonderful command and purity of language, with an unflagging spirit: so say the best judges among his countrymen. His life had been a struggle in Italy, and it was destined to be

so to the end here, though of another nature. His earlier works were those of a native of Italy only, and as such they must be tested, and in that character can never die.

His dramatic writings, it will perhaps be contended, stand foremost of his works in ability. He is more natural and more simple than many who have gone before him in the south, and yet he never fails when he has to display the more terrible passions, to refer again to his "Ricciarda," the plot of which is of the simplest nature. But the disciples of liberty, the poet, rhetorician, and soldier in one, are here only recalled to be again passed by, from the circumstance that all the writings upon which he lays claim to a lasting reputation are in a tongue foreign to English readers. How clearly these lines may apply to himself; they are from the "Sepolehri,"—

" He that leaves nothing in surviving hearts
Hath darkness in his own ; and though there be
A life beyond, his spirit shall be one
Whose cry is piteous in the surge-like wail
That echoes through the Halls of Acheron.
He creeps, it may be, under the great wings

Of God's forgiveness ; but the unhonoured sod
Profits the weed-beds of the desert soil :
There woman prays not with her tears of love,
Nor hears the solitary passenger
The sigh that nature wafts us from the tomb."

To the last this great man exhibited an unchanged character, and paid no attention to the signs, too evident, of the affection of his body from the action of his mind. He seemed to oppose to the utmost the attacks of the dropsical symptoms which heralded the stroke of death, and his fortitude was to the last unshaken, meeting his doom with perfect resignation.

For myself I never had one ungenerous sentiment towards him. We had spent much agreeable time together, and I profited by his enlightened ideas. With Count Porro of Milan, Santa Rosa, who had been War Minister in Piedmont, with the Chevalier Peechio, General Pepe, his aid-de-camp Colonel Pisa, who died the other day governor of Attica, and with the Neapolitan counsellor Bozzelli, Foscolo, the leader of the conversation, and sometimes with three or four of my own countrymen in addition, many pleasant interviews took place. They were

the better men of their respective countries, exiled because they were the more capable of doing service to their fellows. The best proof of their judgment and good intentions is, that time has effected already no small measure of the benefits they advocated in their day for the advantage of freedom, and ultimately of human happiness.

After what I have stated above it is with pain I turn to the infamous slanders of the English press, in co-partnership with men who must surely be the dregs of Italian society. As I know nothing personally of such men, so I can only be actuated by an indignant feeling at the misuse of the press, in libels of an English publication in one case regarding Foscolo, which came in my way by accident. In the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review*, and in the *Westminster* of a more recent origin, I had been accustomed to read works which were edited by men of recognised talent, each under its own political standard. At the time to which I refer, a Whig writer in the *Edinburgh Review* would have thought he had little claim to the respect of his party if he wrote in the *Quarterly*, and *vice versa*.

Avowed principle had some social weight, something like honour in those days. Croker would not have written a review for Jeffrey, nor Macaulay have prayed Gifford's forbearance by getting him to insert one of his articles in the opposition Review. In the meantime, little men like myself used to read the *Quarterly* for the excellence of its classical articles, not agreeing with its politics, and the *Edinburgh* for its statistics and economics. In politics every man adhered to principle, nor promulgated what he did not believe. No man who felt the value of a principle could write in works of a tendency directly opposite to each other, for his so doing was a tolerable criterion of the small value of his noonday professions, and of his honesty of principle. He would have been bitterly censured, and not unjustly.

The same thing applies without reservation to every review that openly starts in support of a certain line of principle, and under that pretence with the public, undertakes to review new works, having in addition the pledge of a well-

founded reputation and co-extensive literary knowledge. Without this knowledge the editor is not fit for the duty he has undertaken. He is not only supposed to know what he himself may publish, but the sentiments and opinions his periodical has before advocated. The *Westminster and Foreign Review* contained an article which was an atrocious libel on the memory of Foscolo. It was evident that the editor knew nothing at all of the character of Foscolo while in England, either literary or social. If he did not he was unfit for his duty, for Foscolo was well known throughout Europe. He was not adequate to his post if he were not able to discern the nature of the paper offered to him for publication, as far at least as its truth or falsehood in connexion with the facts were concerned. His knowledge must have been circumscribed indeed when he admitted his notice of Gemelli's book, with the flagitious remarks, probably from some Italian renegade. Italy has produced great men; she has also produced no small number of those whom she may well blush

to own, if the author of the degraded article to which I allude were in reality an Italian.

Six or seven years had elapsed after the number of the *Westminster Review* appeared which contained the article in question before I saw it. I was not in London at the time it came out, besides that my seeing it at all depended upon accident. Having thus overlooked the number of the *Westminster and Foreign Review* at the time, for had I seen it I should at once have remonstrated with the editor about the publication of the article, it was not until 1858 that I knew of its existence. Calling for some paper in which to wrap a small parcel, a newspaper was brought to me, one of the lowest in character in London, because it thrives principally upon police reports and accidents, true or false, and made, and still makes them the staple in its puffs regarding its own merits, perhaps gets some of them up in the way of the Irish editor who burned a child to death in Kilkenny to make up his columns. The miscreant Orsini and his brother assassins, in 1858, had just attempted to take the life of Napoleon III.

Orsini, whose age I do not remember, but who must have been a mere child, if born, at the death of Foscolo in 1827, had, no doubt, heard of or read Foscolo's writings, so long current over Europe, in favour of Italian freedom. He could have known of Foscolo no other way. Orsini, then, before his execution, expressed a wish to lie near Foscolo, or near some such a champion of freedom as Foscolo had ever shown himself to be. The assassin could intend no more than this in his sanguinary patriotism. The opportunity was not to be lost by the "well-qualified" editor of the paper, whoever he was. He displayed his own ignorance: and perhaps that might be excused if he imagined he quoted from the authoritative character of a "Review" *par excellence*, and had only quoted. He did more than this: by a species of logic adapted to his extract, he made use of the name of the villain Orsini as the excuse to show what a base character was poor Ugo Foscolo, who had been so long in his grave! He then, with malicious care, quoted the lying article in the

Westminster, to show how even the assassin had degraded himself by invoking a name which is an honour to Italy, the country of high genius for so many ages. So much for the conduct of a weekly paper, which no doubt lives upon libels of the same kind.

The proverb, “*De mortuis nil nisi verum*,” is, I agree, much more to the purpose than “*bonum*,” though the latter be more charitable. In the Review in question, wanton malice, deep and deadly, appears in every line, with an utter want of feeling or any knowledge of Foseolo’s merits as a writer, or his actions as a man. Falsehood is heaped upon falsehood to blacken one who, no doubt, with great powers and virtues, had his failings. The good Italian, like the good New Englander in America, is reckoned one of the very best of his countrymen, north or south; the worst as the very worst. It is as one of the latter I rank the anonymous author of those slanders upon the memory of a great name. I attribute the article to some Italian-Austrian advocate or spy, who, as in the case of one of

Prince Metternich's agents the other day, wrote so false a statement against Byron to the master in whose pay he had enlisted to play the knave in a mode worthy of such an employer. General Pepe complained to the present writer, while he was in England, that letters, generally attributed to Austrian agency, were written to some persons in the higher stations of life here to get them to mistrust any of those noble-minded men who might have sought a refuge from Austrian tyranny in this country. The notorious Archduke Constantine of Russia once endeavoured by his agents to entrap an individual and get him out of this country into his own hands.

The article to which I allude is a pretended review of a work entitled, "Gemelli Carlo, della Vita e delli Opere di Ugo Foscolo; libre tre. Con un Appendice contenente trentatre Lettere di U. Foscolo, e un Frammento della Storia di Napoli. Firenza, 1849, 12mo." It is contained in a number of the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, published in 1851, in the month of April. The article introducing the

review or the extract, after alluding to Orsini's invoking the name of Foscolo, of whom he could have known nothing but from his literary works, a noble legacy to his country, and then alluding to the assassin, says, "The worshipper may be known by his idol; and Orsini, looking up to Ugo Foscolo, the vain spendthrift and the cruel father, makes his own figure mean. Of Foscolo's character the *Westminster Review* gave a fair, a *candid* analysis some seven years ago—an analysis of which we shall beg leave to submit the chief points to our readers." Such are the observations of this newspaper scribe, founded on the disgraceful reviewer's labour, on the memory of a great name of modern Italy dead twenty or thirty years before, of which name neither the vile assassin who invoked it, nor the person who made him the excuse for libelling Foscolo could, it is probable, have known anything, if born at the time—Orsini, from his age, and the writer in the newspaper from his deplorable ignorance of the man he superfluously slandered. As to the reviewer, I know of no

language too strong to reprobate the spirit or stamp the falsehood of most of the charges made against a countryman, as it would seem, although the article is anonymous. It was hardly possible for most of the things stated to be true without my knowledge, except as to what might have occurred during the time that we became estranged. That a servant of his might have borne a child would not have surprised me, for more than one hint was given about the conduct of the girl in his service. That the child charged upon him by this writer was his own I do not believe. It remains to be proved. His name cannot be injured by the slanders dealt out upon him, or the calumnies that any malice, thickened with Austrian or Italian venom and English venality, could concoct.

That his irritability was excessive, arising partly from his constitutional bias, and his very spare habit, I have said before: it is admitted. His older friends, some of them men of rank and high reputation, he, towards the last, managed to offend. Fancying his low circum-

stances, in a country where the masses regard only external appearance, and the show even where there is not the reality of wealth, must be regarded with contempt, he determined to oppose to that view of things a haughty tone of defiance. His anger and pride were volcanic, rarely under the influence of cool reason. He refused kind offers; he even repelled those of his early friend Lord Holland, for one. As he drew nearer to the grave, and disguised to strangers the fatal illness under which he was labouring, he preserved that intractable nature to the last, that spirit which abortively struggled against consolation and aid from the efforts of friendship. We do not form ourselves, nor, possessing reason, do we make it our guide, much less permit it to rule us. Some wayward passion misguides us, and we go aside, as if to exhibit after all how little in reality our good sense and resolutions avail against the earthly part of our common nature.

In another work I have given some anecdotes in relation to this distinguished man which I

need not repeat here. Like his old friend Alfieri, in some degree making allowance for the different circumstances in life in which he was placed, Foscolo exhibited a striking example of great talents, united to an irritable frame of body, exaggerating passions which at times bore too little subjection to reason. As to his works they will last as long as the venerable name of Italy endures among the nations, for he was prominently Italian with his labours. His writings, I have said, were strictly classical. I cannot forbear closing with another extract from the "Sepulchres." The poet addresses his friend Hippolytus Pindemonte :—

" Oh best Hippolytus exploring wide
The empire of the mind in thy green years,
If e'er the helmsman piloted thy sail
By the *Æ*gean islands, thou hast heard
The glorious shores of Hellespont declare
The deeds of old, and the tide bellow with
Its sacred burthen, toward the Rhœtian strand,
Rolling the Achillean armour to the bones
Of injured Ajax. With the noble soul,
Death is the just dispenser of renown :
Nor depth of craft, nor the award of kings,
Secured Ulysses the contended spoils,
When Heaven forbade, and on the wandering bark

From the infernal gods the tempests drove.
On me, whom fate and glory's thirst have driven
To sojourn in strange lands, and mourn for mine—
On me, the Muses call to chant the lays
That rouse up heroes in our hearts by them ;
Sweet strains are waken'd, and high thoughts are breathed ;
They sit among and guard the sepulchres ;
And though hoar Time hover with icy wings
Above the spoils and ruins of the world,
The nine make glad the desert with their singing,
And the loud waves of their wild harmony
Heave back the wrecks of mute uncounted years ! ”

If this be not poetry, high poetry, though out of this day's order, there is no enduring verse in the world. The beauty is lost in the translation to a great extent, but still it is poetry of the first order, and as such is esteemed in the land so renowned for poetical excellence. The allusion to himself is sufficiently touching. The “Sepolchri” is a poem worthy of the all-glorious Italy, so long eclipsed, but now, to repeat it, I trust revived by the wreck of priestcraft, and the reappearance of its long-buried freedom.

In some memoranda I find minutes of a conversation between Mr Roscoe of Liverpool, and M. Foscolo, quite in character. It took place at

the breakfast given by Foscolo in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, where he once lodged.

I give them not perhaps verbatim. There was about Mr Roscoe a peculiar dignity of carriage, and a remarkable equanimity. A discussion arose in relation to the Medicis family, and an embroilment it had with the Pazzi in the fifteenth century, the merits of which I cannot recall. The extensive reading of Roscoe upon a subject on which he had written so largely, naturally made him its master. The contest began about which of the Medicis fell, the elder or the younger.

Foscolo said it was Laurens. Mr Roscoe said he thought Foscolo was mistaken; it might be easily settled by a reference to the history of the time. Foscolo said he had no Italian history for reference, but he was right.

“ You are not a Tuscan, M. Foscolo ? ”

“ No ; but I have read Italian history often enough, and know that you are mistaken.”

“ It is not worth an argument, M. Foscolo.”

“ But your countrymen, Mr Roscoe, always tell

me I am in the wrong about my own land, about Italy. I know it best."

"Without doubt. I will concede the point."

"No, no, I want the right to be said; I know I am right."

The venerable Englishman would not prolong the argument, for he saw that Foscolo seemed to lose his temper. The latter perceiving that his warmth was the reason, said he could not help his vehemence; it was the way of the people of the south.

Calm and unruffled, Mr Roscoe said, smiling, "If I had not known it, M. Foscolo, you would have taught it me. You are my master in Italian."

Mr Roscoe was gentlemanly and frank in conversation. In reply to some observation I forgot, he spoke of the pleasure derived from literary studies, and his early inclination for them. There was a great pleasure, too, in following higher and better pursuits than those which employed the mass of mankind. Contemplating the past and future, as Johnson has observed, they elevated

us in the scale of intellectual being. That for himself literary composition, if it was intended to include its plainest meaning, led us into other times and localities that were always interesting; and he had endeavoured to picture the time when Italy exhibited a revival after the Gothic inundation, and that age which followed. These topics were to himself intensely interesting.

I asked whether the character of Leo was not too highly coloured by the Italians?—if his religious profession did not suffer deservedly? He thought that was a point that would not bear too nice a scrutiny, so much of what was styled “religion” everywhere, meaning verbal assent and no more. A pope was really a temporal sovereign with a religious cloak, and Leo was not to be judged according to our strict idea of saintship, but by his predecessors, and those who followed him, who were not perhaps as honest as he was.

No one it appeared had more deserved respect than this venerable man, from those whose respect

was enviable. Foscolo spoke of him with enthusiasm. It was only twice or thrice that I ever met him. He was indulgent to the errors of others, and acknowledged his own. His illness was short, and he met his end with his wonted serenity, thanking Heaven that, though he had sustained trials during his life, he had lived longer than most men, and enjoyed many blessings. He died in perfect possession of his faculties. His life, too, had been eminently useful to his kind. If not altogether in the sense the world estimates as the chief advantage of human existence, the possession of a large pecuniary accumulation. Here he was not fortunate; but the world's opinion upon that point of human ambition is not the opinion of a higher authority to minds accustomed to measure aright its praises or censures. He numbered among his personal friends good men of every rank in life, and left an enduring monument of his name in his now classical works.

In the contest regarding the merits of Pope as a poet, he preserved the most philosophical

temper. As much in the merit of his arguments above the friend of Mr Bowles, as he was above that gentleman in his literary attainments and mildness in discussion. He spoke with so much temper, and appealed so much to plain sense, that it was impossible not to admit he was on the right side. He had not a particle of the bigotry of his opponent, but was guided by fact and sound reasoning, nor did any want of amenity, as with his antagonists, at all appear. His name will live as long as our native literature endures, when Bowles' splenetic attack is forgotten, and even his lifeless poetry. Bowles' friends asserted the excellence of his intentions to justify his intemperance: the same apology was made for our Queen Mary when she burned the Protestants, and for our "high and mighty prince, James I," when he burned Unitarians. There was not the slightest excuse for the violence of Bowles.

Roscoe's name is highly honoured out of England, particularly in the United States of America. The Italians, too, have paid him high compli-

ments as an impartial historian. The tomb is a cruel robber of our more gifted men. We bend only from necessity to the great condition of our existence, and stand by the graves of our distinguished fellows in a labyrinth of thought, from which there is no extrication, except in the acknowledgment of our own blindness, and the too narrow bound of our momentary existence.

It was at the breakfast, given by Foscolo, that for the last time I saw the venerable and much-respected Roscoe. His later controversy with Bowles was in consequence of the edition of Pope published in 1824. Upon his part it was conducted with his wonted feelings and perfect equanimity, but the intemperance of the polemical disputant did him very little credit with the public. Mr Roscoe died in 1831. I always fancied him in personal appearance the representation of a fine old Roman of the time of the commonwealth. He was one of those whose views regarding the war made by George III. upon France for the support of the absolute power of kings, was in unison with that of

Fox and his friends. It is remarkable since that day how all who held his opinions have seen those opinions continue to rise in public estimation as society has become more enlightened, while their opponents' sentiments have continued to sink in value in proportion to the elevation of the intellectual advance in the great body of the people.

REV. R. POLWHELE.

THE name of Polwhele was one of those prominently attached to the country of the ancient Damnonii, or, to be plainer and more exact, to the ancient Cornish, after the old county adage,—

“By Tre, Poll, and Pen,
You will know the Cornish men.”

Both as a man of literature and one of a kindly nature, this gentleman is yet extensively remembered. His classical taste is honourably acknowledged in his translations of “The Idyllia, Epigrams, and Fragments of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, with the Elegies of Tyrtaeus,” to which

dissertations and notes were attached. These bespeak the author's good scholarship. He was also eminent among those local gentlemen who, in 1792, contributed to publish a collection of poems in the west, printed at Bath, in two volumes. Several of the writers only gave their initials, but Polwhele gave his full name, and contributed largely himself. The Rev. John Whitaker the learned historian, Dr Downman of Exeter, and Mr Hole, were among the contributors, but most of them were anonymous. Mr Polwhele's collections for histories both of Devon and Cornwall are well known. It is singular that of the former county, beautiful and large and varied as it is, no history of moment has ever yet appeared; while of its sister on the west, with which it was once united as a duchy or principality, the histories are numerous.

I had the pleasure of Polwhele's acquaintance, but it was for too short a time. I had quitted the county as a residence before it commenced. His family was an ancient one; and the Castle of Polwhele is said to have been situated about two miles east of Truro, in a parish called St Clement, in a

part of which the borough of Truro has its boundary. Polwhele was educated at Truro Grammar School, having been born in that town in 1760. While at school he wrote several poetical essays, which gained him much local applause. Among those who aided and urged him forward in his studies, being at that time resident in the west, was Dr Wolcot, (Peter Pindar,) who was ever ready with his kind aid to help genius everywhere when it was in his power, no matter for the station in life of the object in whom he observed an inclination for literature or art. He encouraged Polwhele, and prompted him in his studies when a boy. Polwhele repaid him by the gentlemanly acknowledgment of it; but it is to be feared that the doctor was not quite so gratefully treated by certain artists he had raised from obscurity, as by the gentleman to whom he had thus tendered his disinterested advice. Foote the comedian, a native of Truro, was born there forty years before Polwhele, and was educated at the same grammar school. He was well remembered there by old persons, and considered a very unamiable character.

Wolcot was always generous and considerate in correcting the Latin lessons of young Polwhele. He would look them over critically, and urge him to be less epithetic when he wrote verse. "You will conquer; only get rid of your damned epithets," he told him one day. Wolcot cherished everything like genius that he met with; and young Polwhele having written some verses called "The Fate of Llewellyn," to encourage him the doctor sent them himself with a letter to a local paper, and gratified his young friend by causing their appearance in print—a proud thing for a young author in a country town in those days.

Polwhele matriculated at Oxford, entering a commoner at Christ Church just seven years before I was born. He remembered well when Wolcot quitted the county for London, and how the people had a sort of dread, mingled with wonder, at his carriage and talents, especially when he published his "affecting" Epistle to the Literary Colossuses, the Reviewers. Polwhele at that time became ill, and owed his recovery to Wolcot. The latter soon after left the west, and his school and college friends,

Polwhele addressed some of his earlier verses to the birthplace of Arthur, the renowned Tintagel Castle. Gloomy, rugged, frowning, yet impressive in its ruins, it required a different muse from Polwhele's to do justice to the wild scene, noted as it is in tales by "fairy fiction drest." I remember, on visiting that awfully-grand coast, how it struck me that it required a poet of a more powerful genius to do it justice—a second Dante. The rugged cliffs, the terrific rocks, and the thundering sea, are seen there in all their combined sublimity. I never felt so much at the sight of any ruin. Perhaps this was from its association with King Arthur, and yet the name of the renowned warrior scarcely entered my mind while on the spot. At the Château Galliard, on the Continent, a frowning ruin too, but precipitous only over a noble river, I was struck with the circumstance of the lady whom one of the French kings had built there into a wall; I lingered about in the ruins as if I fancied I could ascertain the spot in the building. It was just the reverse at Tintagel. Arthur's fame was too obscure from time for my sympathy. I

remember the poem of Polwhele began as follows:—

“High o'er Tintagel's echoing towers
Flies the dark genius of the blast;
Around the scene the tempest lowers,
And roars along the spectred waste.”

Then followed meteors and thunder and all sorts of accessories, but it would not do. The present laureate has touched upon King Arthur too; but where is there a scintillation of grandeur of thought or of description in his verses to rival a solitary glance at that fine yet awful scene?

One of the first churches Polwhele served was Lamorran, near Truro, a most delightful retirement from the care and bustle of the world. A church of the humblest character, a ruined mansion, farms, sweet woods and peeps at glassy water, with simple people moving about far apart from the turmoil of the world. I know not such another spot. It was familiar to me in the days when life flatters youthfulness with those prospective pleasures which continually retire as we advance towards maturer life, until the deception, no longer required in our history as a bait

to enable us to combat its obstacles, ceases any longer to delude us.

At Kenton, near Powderham, in Devonshire, while holding the curacy of that place, Polwhele lived for some years, and executed all he ever matured towards the "History of Devonshire." There were not wanting in his ideas the strange fancy that the west of England was peopled from the east, a thing nearly as absurd as an Irish notion of a very similar character. His "History of Devon" was arrested in mid career, in consequence of his retiring into Cornwall. This step caused many of his subscribers to withdraw their names, and only a small part of the work was ever printed .

Mr Polwhele published about this time a mock heroic address to Mr Pitt from the Rev. W. Mason, petitioning for the vacant laureateship. It was not unworthy some of those gentry who have been pilloried by fame as seconds to the royal cockerower put an end to by George I. or II., I forget which. The cockerower heralded or accompanied the laureate, crowing like a cock in the royal presence.

The Hanoverian king thought it was mocking his dignity. I remember four or five of the lines to Mr Pitt:—

“Tell, then, thy sovereign, (should his will incline
To bid a laureate’s luxury be mine,
Assured, with Horace, that no bard should lack
The sweet enjoyment of a butt of sack.)
Tell him, that if I soar not like a Pindar,
May lightning blast my pinions to a cinder,” &c.

But enough—it recalls those candidates for the Lethcean post who have triumphed, and who now

“Sleep among the dull of ancient days,”

anointed with the court opium which infects with slumber all those who take it, however brilliant in fancy before. To quote Shakespeare, the writer finds

“His motions weaken, or his discernings
Are lethargied.”

In the New Annual Register for 1786, Mr Polwhele’s translations from Theocritus were noticed with praise.

I remember his poem of “Local Attachment,” was much read in the west. But Mr Polwhele forgot, on returning into his native county, that,

while it contained its share of the old dissenters of the three denominations, the sect founded by Westley had sprung up, and outnumbered almost all the others put together. Cornwall was overflowing with Westleians, at that time a very ignorant race, and by no means equal in intelligence to what they have since become. Of the good effected by Westley upon a large scale there can be no doubt. His people propagated a great religious reform, through a species of enthusiasm, which, if not marked by very clear principles in regard to consistency of doctrine, amended, in a surprising degree, the morals of the part of the population which bore the worst character. Ignorance may be tamed if it can be impressed with undefined notions that will act upon its fears. The work thus effected, still a good, may lead to a further advance. Polwhele attacked the Methodists and their principles. He got into an impolitic warfare not likely to profit him much even by conquest. He had to combat the uneducated, who, if it were possible to show them they were vanquished by the most intelligible arguments, would have denied it. The

truth was, that the classes whose barbarisms Westley subdued could only have been elevated by those of their own order, as Westley did elevate them to a point very far above their previous position. Conviction was to be produced only by their own mode of argument, quickened by a due portion of enthusiasm; but a great good was attained. Polwhele took little by his movement. He judged too much by his own mental state and class in life. I remember I caricatured both parties on a large sheet of paper, and narrowly escaped punishment for it.

With many distinguished characters Polwhele carried on an epistolary intercourse. Mrs Macaulay, and that strangely-overrated woman, Miss Seward, of Lichfield, were of the number. Bathurst, that truly excellent prelate, and late Bishop of Norwich, was one of his friends. Polwhele thought higher of Mason than almost any one else I ever knew.

Polwhele was not so grateful to Wolcot as he should have been, for many favours received at his hands. Both the obligation and the return, it is true, are

now of little moment. The late Mr J. Penwarne of the old Exchequer office remarked this to me. Some one in correspondence accused Woleot of swearing. Mr P. said justly that whatever Woleot might be accused of, he was not in the vulgar habit of swearing. He had known him for forty years, and scarcely ever heard him swear, though swearing was common enough in those days among all ranks. He would at times affect a jocular vulgarity among friends, but with strangers, or in company with those before whom he would not unbend, no one possessed more polished manners. To this I can myself bear witness. He no doubt flattered Pole-whel's poetry at times more than it merited, out of sheer good-nature ; though the merit is freely admitted, but it was not of the highest class of poetry. At thirty-four years of age, this learned, laborious, and strictly moral clergyman got no more church preferment than the remote vicarage of Menacean, in Cornwall, worth only eighty pounds per annum ; I say remote, because it lay far out of the way of society, and was not in a sphere for effecting much good. The vicarage house was a mere cottage.

This he rebuilt, when many with large church incomes at that moment kept curates in the country, and revelled out their days in London pleasures! Such was and is among our church abuses, while the worthy men are neglected.

I well remember Polwheel's second attack on Dr Hawker of Plymouth, charging the doctor with irregularities as a minister of the Church. Here, again, though I was not quite twenty-one years of age, I could not help caricaturing both sides, for which I was declared a great reprobate. I remember that Hawker lay under the charges of Methodism and enthusiasm. I sketched a church, and made it like the doctor's. I then placed a large piece of artillery, on which was written "orthodoxy," near whieh Polwheel stood, match in hand, saying, "This is my 'doxy," and a flag on the church tower with the doctor's head on the staff, and the motto, "This is my 'doxy," while the churchwardens shout, "Between one 'doxy and the other, we shall go to pot."

At Menacean Polwheel worked hard. The spot where he resided was well situated for observing the

singularities of a remarkable mineralogical district, and there he was visited by the venerable Swiss mineralogist and naturalist, De Luc, whom he hospitably entertained. He was not free of vanity. His sphere in the world had been very confined, which accounts for his often making much of a little to others, because it was important in his confined circle. He was in fact as well as profession a country clergyman, confined by his duties the whole of his life to a particular district. His ideas and pursuits partook of the same character, and were amiable and ingenious, but no more. In 1789 he lost two children, who were buried in the same grave. He thus addressed an infant that came later into existence :—

“ TO MY INFANT MARIA.

“ Ah, my dear babe! thou smilest on the tear
That hangs upon thy mother’s fading cheek,
Eager, as thou were wont, her voice to hear ;
But her heart swells with grief too full to speak.
'Tis for thy brothers in the same cold bed
She weeps. O'er one the wintry storm hath pass'd,
And there another rests his little head,
Fresh pillow'd, feeling not the cutting blast !
O'er their sad turf the whistling winds may sweep—
Unconscious of the tempest, they repose ;

There, undisturb'd, sweet innocents, they sleep,
From human passions free, and human woes.
Yes, dear Maria, they, my babe, are free
From ills that wait, perhaps, in store for thee!"

There is praise due to the amiable as well as to the more exalted in poetry. As the language of the heart, it must be of every degree of merit as well as of feeling, from its relation to the imagination rather than to the reason. Its language, therefore, is no deception if it be illusive, and while we enjoy, we know that our enjoyment is not a fraud. We participate in the treasure of which we dream, although it is not tangible, because our pleasure is not founded on a falsification, since, while we are gratified, we recognise the insubstantiality, even while within the sphere of human action. Our sympathies once awakened, we do not regard the elevation or the lowness of the subject which aroused them. Hence every degree of merit in poetry is welcomed with much more of charity than that in many other of the more refined pursuits in the region of taste.

The various works of this writer, as his "Old English Gentleman," his "Unsexed Females," and

others, it is not the purpose to notice here, for they have been long before the world; as well as his "Grecian Prospects," in which he makes his native country the theme, and alludes to the civil war, with the worn-out sympathy of the Tory part of the last century for the beheaded Stuart. The death of a parishioner by the hand of an assassin gave an occasion for the following epitaph:—

"Doom'd by a neighbour's erring hand to die,
For him my spirit breathes from heaven the sigh!
Oh, while repentant prayers the deed atone,
Be mine to waft them to the eternal throne!"

This is truly Christian, if somewhat heterodox in spirit. At all events, it has none of the old merciless feeling towards such offenders.

A jest Polwhele circulated regarding the justices, who met in crowds on an occasion when a disturbance was feared, at a moment they were overflowing with those professions of loyalty which country gentlemen so often mistook in those times for patriotism, was not bad. "Don't talk of a popular insurrection. I am only afraid of an insurrection and mischief from the justices, they flock into the

town in such numbers—bind *them* to keep the peace!"

Polwhele numbered Hayley, the namby-pamby, among his friends, and also Dr Darwin. He entered at one time into the discussion regarding the statement, made without the shadow of proof, that Cornwall had been a bishopric of itself. This notion had been for some time cherished among a few of the black-letter men of the county; it has no foundation in fact. The cathedral of Cornwall is a fiction. From this notion no doubt originated the recent idea of a renewal of the obsolete bishopric, and the stimulus put upon a member in the House of Commons, who represents a Cornish borough, to propose it. Many reasons exist against such a measure.

It was in the parish of Menaccan, of which Polwhele was the incumbent, that the mineral called Menaccanite was recently discovered. It is one of the semi-metals consisting largely of iron. The mild character of the country near Menaccan parsonage may be judged from its containing wood-embosomed cottages, with orchards and

gardens ever green with myrtle. A sinuous creek not far away, fringed with luxuriant coppice, from whence old ocean is seen of a deep blue colour, crags, meads, and here and there tinkling rills, adorn a peaceful spot far enough away from the busy world.

Polwhele thought too highly of Mason, who did not do even his friend Gray justice. In the opening of the “Elegy in a Country Church-yard” he neglected the punctuation. Mason is become obsolete already. He “affected” to see nothing worthy his notice in Cornwall, not even in the beauties of Lord Camelford’s seat.*

Polwhele accused Rogers of borrowing some of his descriptive passages in the “Epistle to a Friend” from Philips’s to the Earl of Dorset. The thoughts are here and there similar; but I do not think the resemblance to be more than might have arisen from two poetical minds directed to the same class of objects.

In polities Polwhele was a Tory. To understand this appellation a man must have lived in

* Boconnoc.

those times. The fury of politics, as well as the ignorance and want of reasoning power in the high-flown party of that day, would promote a laugh now in the most bitter of the opponents of popular influence. In those days the *Gentleman's Magazine* was considered the only orthodox work of the kind. The *European* existed, but it was not rampant enough. The *Monthly*, belonging to Phillips the bookseller, was considered only not quite so atrocious as Paine's "Rights of Man." Hence the *Gentleman's* was the depository of the stray rhymes of all the loyal poets, who deemed George III. only second to Solomon in wisdom and good works, till it became disloyal to doubt it. Polwhele contributed to the *European*, as well as to the *Gentleman's*. A great man with both then was a Dr Watkins, who worked for the booksellers of that day, but left no labour of note. He wrote the articles signed W. in the *European*; his signature in the *Gentleman's* I never knew.

There was much complimenting of each other in the country literati of that time; and when they now and then laid hold of a peer, they made

the most of him. What was a country author to do in those dark days?—dark, I mean, in comparison with the light shed by the later literature of every species over the whole community.

One of Polwhele's acquaintance was Ashburton Gifford, once connected with the turf as well as Latin translations.

When the “British Anthology” was published, like all British poetry except Chatterton's, and that was forged, not one good poem appeared in the volume except “St Michael's Mount,” a piece so named, written by an assistant of Dr Beddoes, the son of a carpenter at Penzance. This assistant became the renowned Sir Humphry Davy, so honoured, and deservedly honoured, afterwards in the world.

Polwhele had a son in the navy. One of his sons was educated at Truro School, where, if memory does not fail me, as all the boys had names, he was known, wherefore I cannot now tell, by the sobriquet of Saily Orange. He was a dull, well-conditioned lad. I think it was the same who was in the battle of Trafalgar, and only

reached home after I had quitted the county for London. The intelligence and despatches had been landed before from the vessel sent home with them only half a dozen miles from where I then lived, I think it was in the pioneer schooner. About the time I left for London, young Polwhele reached Portsmouth after the battle, in which he was stationed with twenty men and an officer to stopper the rigging, but in ten minutes after the action began the rigging was past all stoppering. Four men fell and six were wounded out of the twenty-three, including officers on the forecastle, and no less than eighty-seven shot passed through the foresail just over their heads. I believe this same lad died in two or three years afterwards at Portsmouth of fever, leaving a worthy character behind him from his superiors.

Polwhele did not come into the curacy of Kenwyn—where I had long resided, and in which he subsequently officiated at my father's interment, to whose memory in his Cornish history he has paid a most friendly tribute—until I had left the vicinity. It was after that he rebuilt the

church, a step absolutely necessary. It was opened in 1820. At this time the disturbances in England, under the ministry of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, became alarming to their friends; and the stanchness of their people was to be tested by addresses, which, as Dr Parr would have described them, were "too rampant in loyalty, too orthodox in religion, and too furious in polities." Addresses to the throne were rife in praise of ministers and all they did, and every new-made justice of the "right sort," of which right sort all were certain to be, shook from crown to heel at that time with the afflatus created by exclusive and excessive loyalty.

Sir Walter Scott and Croker were among the correspondents of the Menacean vicar. Polwhele had some good stories, I remember, in relation to his country people. Parsons and clerks in the old time were as one person. "I have seen the ungodly flourish like a green bay tree." "How *can* that be, maister?" said a clerk to his superior. Another of his stories was of a parish-clerk at St Agnes formerly, when the clerk read the first

lesson, and cried out, “At the mouth of the burning viery vurnis: Shadrac, Mashee, and Abednego, come vorth, come hither!”

I never saw Mr Polwhele after 1812. I took leave of him at the door of Kenwyn Church in May that year. Nine years afterwards he obtained the vicarage of Newlyn, which one of his own family had held a hundred and fifty years before. He addressed from thence an epistle to Archdeacon Hare, of which I never saw a copy. In 1825 he said he had lived thirteen years beyond the age of his father; but he survived until 1838, when he expired at the age of seventy-nine. He had his faults, and much of the vanity of country authorship; but as a man in the narrow circle in which he lived he was unblemished, and merited to be remembered among the worthies of his native county.

I have seen a likeness of Polwhele—one of the earlier of Opie’s portraits. It did not do the worthy clergyman anything like justice neither as to the subject nor to Opie’s talent. The artist painted it before he left Cornwall, when he pos-

sessed no merit but in colouring. Thus it was done in his early days, in the county of his birth. Even then his management of colour was wonderful, approaching to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He could not draw correctly, and at that time wanted both taste and tact. His heads were coarse transcripts of what he saw before him. His colouring was even then magical, and that was his great, indeed main, merit as an artist.

It was singular that a man of learning and a scholar should, with a temperament not at all indisposed to receive a little flattery, have buried himself all his life in the country, while he was not without a strong ambition after literary fame. He was the correspondent of most of the more notorious literary people of his day. He was intimate with Miss Seward of Lichfield, and that momentary lion, Hayley, and their correspondence partook of the character of their literary labour. There was nothing sterling in it—no life. Gifford, who so mingled Newmarket betting with translations of “Juvenal,” also for a time editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was one of their correspond-

ents. But one much more gifted and worthy was Dr Bathurst, who died Bishop of Norwich at an advanced age, a most worthy prelate of the Church of England.

Polwhele made no attempt to leave his native county, nor did he labour to amend his condition of a country clergyman. He was attached to the picturesque scenery of his native place; he loved its rocks and wild glens, its noble ocean views and the simple manners of the people, particularly near the Lizard and about Menaccan. He must, on the whole, be considered a respectable clergyman, who was not without taste and a certain species of ambition in literature; but it was satisfied with circumscribed limits. He officiated at the funeral of my father, which in one of his historical notices he has recorded as a remarkable scene, from the great concourse of persons that attended and the impressive solemnity that attached to the memory of one whom he designated as a “revered character.”

There is something singular in an individual seeking literary fame out of the great world.

However meritorious his writings may be, when he is not mistaken in the estimate of his own talents, he cannot hope for success unless he appear in the locality where the conveniences of traffic are found. The venality of trade must be called into action in various ways to attract that attention to those works, let their merit be what it may, that are to be drawn forth to public notice, and eulogised after the art of the publisher, who acts as master of the ceremonies for the occasion. No error is more painful than that of writers who are credulous enough to imagine, let their merits be high as they may, that the public will find them out, and by such merits, if their own vanity do not prompt them wrong in regard to their value. If they are sterling, they will no more be valued than as if they were of baser metal. The value reposes not upon the skill of the musician, but upon the loudness of the notes trumpeted by the more powerful lungs.

GENERAL MILLER.

THIS distinguished officer, a Kentish man, who was not the least meritorious character of his county, died in October 1861, on board the British frigate *Naiad*, in the Pacific, aged sixty-six. He had gone on a cruise, sailing from Lima, for the recovery of his health, fearfully shattered by wounds in the most daring military services. He was born at Wingham, Kent, December 2, 1795, and served four years in Spain, or until 1815, and next in North America. He had been obliged to leave Peru by one of those revolutions common in countries that have become suddenly free out of a state

of rigid despotism. Inexperienced, and full of the idea that genuine freedom, in place of perfect obedience to the laws enacted by the people, intends no law but their own wild wills, Peru had broken into factions, and forgotten what it owed to those who had obtained freedom for the state at the expense of labour and blood. This conduct had forced the good men and true, Miller among them, to fly from the country—another among the many proofs in history of popular ingratitude for the noblest efforts. In consequence of this ungrateful conduct on the part of the Peruvians, General Miller accepted the post of consul-general for England in the Pacific, his residence being commonly in the Sandwich Islands, to which he was appointed in 1843. I had known him previously in England, which he visited after his services in South America had terminated, or about the year 1828, together with an old friend of his own, and of mine as well, Captain Joseph Andrews, whose “South American Travels” were published by Murray in 1827. Both had visited me in Upper Berkley Street. We often met in friendly intercourse else-

where—on my part with an increasing admiration for the manly bearing and kindly feeling of a truly noble spirit, the friend of Bolivar and Suere, and highly esteemed by both. To those who remember the achievements of those great men, as well as their personal characters, Miller could not want any higher recommendation than their friendship. At the time of the general's decease, he bore the nearly empty honours of a grand marshal of Peru. He was a general in the army of Chili. Dying covered with honours and medals, and deeply regretted, he was buried with military honours at Callao. The gift of four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land on the banks of the Bermeja river, in the delightful province of Salta, by the Argentine Republic, was secured to Miller for his services, being a territory six leagues long by four broad. He had appointed Señor Zuviria as his agent. The country and climate are fine, but rather too remote from the sea for European colonisation.

Miller, who had served England in Spain and America prior to the peace of 1815, not wishing to

be idle embarked for South America, and first entered the service in the army commanded by General San Martin. The details of his career will be found in his memoirs, published by his brother in 1828. In order to comprehend his services and labours, the vast extent of the territory in which his public duties were carried on must be taken into consideration—an extent perhaps thirty times larger than the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal together. The climate in which the operations were conducted was either the extreme of torrid heat on plains, or on heights cold with eternal snow. Here, too, in deep valleys, between the highest mountains in the world, and there upon burning sandy levels, destitute of life or vegetation ; now embarked upon the ocean in maritime warfare ; at sea with Lord Cochrane, and then at the head of the finest horsemen in America, charging the Spaniards, and completing the destruction of the cruel oppressors of that fine country—oppressors that as men degraded human nature, and exhibited how far the cruelties of despotism could be extended among an amiable and long-suffering people. In this hideous perversion

of all that is worthy in government, how deeply the Church was concerned against freedom and humanity the memoir will show. That which was designed, and in its original principles is the reverse of oppression and immorality, was made, as had often been the case in the Old World, the pretence for both becoming, through flagitious administrators and the tricks of priestcraft, a curse instead of a blessing to the nations of the New. No ambition is so lawless and unforgiving as that of a priesthood—none so wary in action—none so fraudulent and deceptive in pretension. These truths were never more clearly shown than in the history of South America, adding, of course, Mexico in the North. From the time of Pizarro to the late revolution, the history of religion in the New World is one of revolting crime, in which the Established Church was the principal instrument and instigator.

At the time of Miller's return to England I was in the habit of holding friendly meetings with a few friends, principally contributors to the *New Monthly* with which, from 1820 to 1830, I was so intimately

connected. In those days a few literary men, nearly all of whom are now no more, used to meet at my rooms over coffee for the sake of conversation, and, in some degree, for the purpose of keeping together the circle of literary friends who contributed to the periodical—individuals of some mark in the literature of the day, upon the liberal side. Some of them were more distinguished in the walks of public life than, perhaps, had been ever the case before with contributors. Andrews, to whom I was indebted, as I have observed, for an introduction to Miller, had also introduced me to General Hardwick, so well remembered in the world of science. The *Travels* of Andrews were published by Murray; they were edited by myself.

The services of Miller will be found detailed minutely in his memoirs, put together by his brother, who, I believe, is now no more. The vast superficies of the country over which he operated, and the destructive character of the climate—his hairbreadth escapes and sufferings from wounds, the latter no one expecting he could ever survive, are worthy attentive consideration, and need not be further alluded to

here, except to remark that he led the cavalry in brilliant and decisive battles until the Spaniards were routed, and an end put for ever to their despotic American rule. The regiment called the Usares de Junin, by a desperate charge, with Miller at its head, at a very critical moment, upon a victorious division of the Spaniards, broke it, turned the scale of fortune, completed the capture of the enemy's artillery, and decided the victory.

Miller was a handsome man, well made, above the middle height, and with a very agreeable expression of countenance, but not without marks of the severe hardships and sufferings he had undergone. He possessed a considerable degree of taste, and a knowledge much more extensive upon many topics than would have been expected from his extreme modesty of bearing. We had a great deal of conversation regarding the mental powers of the gauchos or natives of South America of Spanish descent. He observed that they had been kept in the grossest ignorance designedly by the jealous authorities of old Spain, for the sake of ruling them more easily. He spoke well of their talents,

but asked what could be expected of men intentionally bound under the arm of despotism. He then handed to me several pieces of poetry, the composition of South Americans, and referred me to a volume called "*La Victoria de Junin*," by a South American. He also presented me with some shorter compositions, which he had brought from South America in the original tongue. The principal of these was the poem "*La Victoria de Junin*." Miller having fought there under Bolivar, and in that poem, the early product of an emancipated South American named Olmeda, the general was conspicuously noticed. This work was probably the first which issued from the press of Peru, not only after its emancipation, but before the Spaniards were expelled, because the press before that event had been solely devoted to the great object of supporting despotism by those means which, even in countries where only moderate freedom is enjoyed, can alone be used in a limited degree, as a man in irons can only move his limbs in the full direction his fetters will permit.

That the true daughter of liberty, the poetic muse,

should have awoke at the emancipation of Peru from the “barbarian” Spanish yoke, was not wonderful. The subject, the freedom of South America just obtained, was a tempting and worthy theme. The harp of Peru at once echoed from the recesses of the mighty Andes, between those mountain pillars which seem to support the heavens. A new Parnassus arose, elevated by the fires of freedom, and its songs resounded from the place where just before nothing was heard but the cant of superstition that ruled by degrading the intellect, amid the groans of slavery, and the clanking of the chains of the Aborigines, as they sought out the precious metals in the bowels of the earth. The wild music that had once cheered the native Incas had been long unheard, for, like the captive Jews, the natives had hung their harps upon the willows.

The poem, from its connexion with Miller, and not having been written when his memoirs were sent to the press, may be the more worthy of notice here, as the active scenes in which the general was present, professionally, will be found already described in them. The poem to which I allude was

composed upon the banks of the river Guayaquil, and the author was the intimate friend of the illustrious Bolivar, under whom, at Junin, Miller led the cavalry as chief, the commander of that arm being disabled. The author seems to have made the Italian his model, or else to have had in view the classic Herrera; while in one place he appears to imitate Quintana, in his "Ode on Trafalgar," though, after all, the resemblance may be only imaginary.

The reference to Miller reads:—

Now his Peruvian youth, bold Miller leading,
Restores the unequal contest. Their proud steeds,
Ardent, firm, resolute to win, or die
If fortune faithless prove—onward they sweep
Headlong upon the foe, with breasts undaunted,
By glorious deeds to gain fresh fame determined.*

* As our translation may be feeble, we subjoin the original lines. Bolivar gave the name of the Usares de Junin to the regiment Miller commanded:—

“ Ya el intrépido Miller aparece
Y el desigual combate restablece.
Bajo su mando ufana
Marchar se vé lor juventud peruana
Ardiente, firme, á perecer resuelta,
Si aeaso el hado infiel veneer le niega.
En el árduo conflicto opone ciega
A los adversos dardos firmes pechos
Y otro nombra conquista con sus hechos.”

Bolivar passing along the lines encouraging the men, his helmet of silver dazzling the eyes of the soldiers in the brilliant sunshine, the poet made it an incident to embellish his verse. The liberator stood by the magnificent lake of Reyes, the source of the mighty river Amazon, amid the sublimest scenery, just where the enormous ramifications of the gigantic Andes stretch far away towards the Brazils, the mountain summits hidden by the clouds. There Bolivar reviewed the troops, twelve thousand feet above the sea, previous to the battle. Canterac commanded the Spaniards. Miller was repulsed on his first charge, but he rallied his Usares, (Hussars,) and, supported by a fresh body of troops, routed and drove the Spaniards back upon the bayonets of their own infantry. The poet describes the scene in language worthy of his theme, and not easy to render with justice :—

Unheard-of marvel!—

Columbia's lovely name graved on the helm
Of freedom's chieftain, sheds such vivid light
That the fulgence dazzling the faint Spaniard,
Strikes him with fear ; his voice is lost, he trembles,
And has no power of motion save for flight—
He drops his weapon ! Thus some wretch at night,

Lifting his sword to murder, lets it fall
If the red lightning flash across his path—
Chillness supplants his fury, falteringly
He retrogrades, pallid from apprehension.*

Some of the passages of the noble language of an ignoble people, in which the poem is written, are eminently beautiful. The Spanish has been called the language of the gods, and it appeared from the general's statement that it is not so much changed or corrupted in the American colonies of Spain as it might be expected would be the case. Strange that the language of a nation so debased as Spain should be so noble. It serves as a foil to set off the degraded government,—I will not say, people;

* “O portento inaudito!—
Que el bello nombre de Colombia escrito
Sobre su frente en torno despedía
Rayos de luz tan viva y resplandeciente
Que deslumbrado el Español desmaya,
Tiembla, pierde la voz, et movimiento ;
Solo para la fuga tiene aliento.
Así cuando en la noche algún malvado
Vá á descagar el brazo levantado ;
Si de improviso lanza un rayo el cielo,
Se pasma y el puñal tembloroso suelta :
Yelo mortal á su furor sucede ;
Tiembla, y horrorizado retrocede !”

for they are much the same everywhere. It is the nature of the government that decides national character.

The poet's apostrophe to the European Spaniard is noble, and not the worse for bearing the seal of truth. In the original, the address may be styled sublime. In English, the following will, perhaps, give the true sense, but not the indignant beauty of this noble remonstrance :—

“ War with the usurper ! Do we owe him ought,
Of knowledge, or of manners, creed, or law,
When all were faithless, savage, superstitious ?—
Of faith ? not that of Jesus ? Vile blasphemers !
Blood and the bullet, and the clanking chain,—
These were the holy sacraments you brought us !
Not with more waste of blood Medina's lord
His creed extended. Sacred comforter,
Pure fount, and undefiled, of charity,
Religion, man's consoler, how abased,
How vast the evil practised in thy name !
What love owe we our foes—what single rite
Of hospitality have they e'er paid us !—
Yes, chains for friendship, tortures for gratitude,
Were all the kindnesses obtained save one,
A martyr for our love, the bless'd La Casas ;
The apostle true of faith and charity—
Another country should have given him birth !”

It would thus appear that the character of the

virtuous Las Casas is still held in high repute throughout South America. The war, and the repulse of the old Spaniards, made no change in the feeling of the South Americans in that respect. The lustre of virtue is not that of priestcraft nor of manslaying, darkened the more as the wheels of time revolve; on the contrary, it brightens by time, and is blessed the more as the ages come and pass away.

The part taken by General Miller in this severe contest for freedom, in the front of which he became so distinguished, did not abate his kindly feeling towards the more peaceful pursuits of life. Exclusive of the two or three poems of South American authorship, which he gave me from other writers, there was a passage I must add further from the work of "Olmedo,"—it apostrophises the Andes. Still lamenting that most of the beauty is lost in the translation, I subjoin it:—

"The mighty pyramids by human art
Toward heaven upraised to speak to future time—
The temples, obelisks, and columns reared

By men in chains to deify their tyrants,—
These are the sport of time, whose lightest wing
Brushes their pride away to dusty darkness—
The passing breeze destroys their vain inscriptions,
And black oblivion takes their proudest ruins.
Offspring of vanity and impotence,
Priest, temple, god, alike annihilated !
But those are everlasting monuments,
Towering sublimely to the ethereal regions ;
That mock at time from their proud elevation—
That see red lightnings flash, and thunders roll
Around their bases—the majestic Andes,
Piled upon beds of gold, to keep the earth
In equilibrium—such are our monuments—
They scorn the tyrant, and the tyranny,
The envy and the waywardness of time,
The rage of man, and all his small ambitions,
Heralds of freedom and of victory,
Till earth's unshaken base itself be stubble ! ”

The emancipation of that fine continent from the abhorrent rule of Spain was a subject of deep mortification to the bigots of Europe. What but an abhorrent rule can that be which employed centuries in making people miserable, and extending the cruelties of despotism over man, nearer the image of his Maker in his natural state than his haughty and bigoted oppressors. The acknowledgment of the South American States by Canning was little welcomed by that

party in this country which hated the advance even of foreign freedom, and the early failure of the Holy Alliance, as much as it disliked the minister who in England called the New World into existence, and first endeavoured to elevate the moral and political character of his country in consonance with the spirit of the age. It was not generally known, but the Foreign Enlistment Bill of 1819 was passed by the ministry of Great Britain, at the express desire of the notorious King of Spain, in order to prevent aid to the South Americans, the constitutional right to bind a British subject this way being doubtful if the state to be served were at peace with England.

Miller suffered dreadfully from his wounds while at Potosi in 1825. The success of the South Americans having been firmly established, he left that place about the end of the year upon his return to London. He parted from the country with deep regret; nor was that of the emancipated South Americans less sincere. He reached Rio Janeiro, and from thence proceeded to Falmouth, where he arrived a little

after midsummer 1826, having been absent between eight and nine years, the larger part of which was passed in arduous, active service, covering him with honourable wounds. It was soon after his arrival that I had the honour of his acquaintance.

He appeared to be one of those few men who, in the affairs of life, are above all guile—open, bold, and determined in regard to action, but in regard to themselves singularly modest and unassuming. He was, I should say, one of the most pure-minded men I ever knew. Courteous, fixed in regard to the line of duty, and of unsullied probity. He was the more valuable to the patriot cause, inasmuch as that the heads of the people, become free, were wholly without experience in affairs of government, Spain having kept away from South America designedly every source from whence either the theory or practice of any kind of knowledge or mode of government was to be acquired. When the country became free, men could not be found to fulfil even inferior public duties. Señor

Goristiza, a well-known Spanish literate, who had escaped from the power of Ferdinand VII., whom England restored as a favoured ally, was appointed to negotiate treaties with France and England for Mexico; that country had not a citizen existing capable of the task!

Miller, though he worked his way up by merit, in the course of his advance sustained the severest hardships, and survived wounds which few could have got over. His countenance, handsome as it still was, bore too evident marks of the truth of his deep suffering. Some of his wounds were uncommonly severe. Thus at Piseo a musket ball struck his right arm; a second rendered his left hand useless; a third entered his chest, broke a rib, and passed out at his back. The medical men pronounced that he would not survive, but they were mistaken. A fortnight had elapsed, when his recovery began to be thought possible. In two or three months he was once more able to attend to his duties. Though in a weak state, he, not long after, was one of the foremost in command at the daring attack and capture of Valdivia with Lord

Cochrane. This success was scarcely attained before, in an attack on Chiloe, he was again wounded, and, besides those wounded, twenty men out of sixty he had in company with him were killed. Here a grape-shot passed through one thigh, and his right instep was crushed by a cannon ball. He also got a flesh wound upon the same occasion. He was again laid up for a considerable time, but now he was carefully nursed by the ladies of Chili, who treated him like a brother. There among the most charming of their sex, so many of which were burned to death the other day by the ridiculous baubles got up to exhibit a kind of mountebank show like that many English clergymen are panting to perform here—a sort of clerical pantomime.

In 1825 the South American struggle may be said to have terminated, and it was at the end of the following year that I had the pleasure of making Miller's acquaintance. He spoke of his return to England as having been a painful necessity, and represented the South Americans, or many of them, as very warm-hearted friends. It was not a little singular that the general and Captain Andrews

should have again met in London. They had met the last time in an unexpected manner at Potosi, of which celebrated district I have said General Miller was the governor.

With a perfect knowledge of the South Americans, and of the great virtues some of them possessed, he thought it would be a considerable time before they understood their real interests, and merged their individual views in that of the whole body of the state. But this was only a natural result of the abject slavery in which they had been held. He seemed to think higher of the Chilians than of most of the enfranchised states. He imagined, as is the case in most states where the ruling power is in the hands of the people, that unworthy jealousies of each other would arise, and parties be formed, the interest of which, sought by each in turn, would lead to confusion.

He seemed to prefer Tucuman and Salta, as having the finest natural advantages for colonisation. The situation would also admit of the selection of almost any temperature, while the country was everywhere beautiful. He offered me as much

land as I liked, if I would undertake to cultivate it. He acknowledged that the difficulty of access was the principal obstacle to be overcome by the colonist, though the climate and richness of the land were so advantageous for his purpose.

I confess, that when I heard the general had attained his sixty-sixth year at his decease, shattered as he was, I placed the incident in my register among some remarkable occurrences. I wondered that his life was so long protracted, and not without reason. A more brave and worthy soldier could not die, and he had the cheering consolation to the last that he had not drawn his sword or gained his renown in supporting European despotisms. He had fought for humanity and freedom, not for thankless crowns, no matter however unjustly styled "dying for your country," and ever concluding with "Te Deum," in return for some unjustifiable butchery. Miller drew his sword for human freedom, and witnessed its success over the most ignorant and besotted people in Europe, whom nothing—not even advancing civilisation—will convince to this hour how rapidly by their conduct

they are spreading the snare for their own destruction, as well as that of those principles for which, during ages, they have thrown dust in the eyes of mankind. The noble territory of Spain, speaking geographically, is, in the map of Europe, as respects influence and power only, not wholly contemptible. Rome itself is but second in the most deplorable of superstitions within the pale of civilisation.

I subjoin in the note some lines of an amatory character, the production of the South American muse, by a different author from the preceding verses. They are in the true vein of the warm South, and may afford the reader versed in Spanish an amusement in rendering them into English. The Southern constitution in Europe, not that of the Northern zone, is evidently prolonged in that of the South in the New World.

“The cold in clime are cold in blood;
Their love is nothing but a name;”

so wrote Byron.*

* The following is Americo-Spanish verse;—very original and characteristic:—

“ Yo vivo triste
Por una tirana
Que es ingrata,

Esquiba y severa
Y el adorarla
Es mi triunfo mayor!

The following verses were written by a victim to Spanish vengeance, a youthful poet named Melgar :—

“At length the tyrant passion’s slave,
And love so fervent still to brave,
With so much weariness ;
And in your bosom not to gain
The place I sought, but sought in vain,

| | |
|---------------------------|--|
| “ La amo de veras | Que quien y no puedo |
| Y lograr no puedo, | De te lado huir. |
| Siquiera un favor, | |
| Mas no pudiendo, | “ Ay desgracia mia ! |
| Rendir á esta ingrata, | O penar sin fin |
| Surita conmigo | No agites mi pecho |
| Sequera un dolor. | Duelete de mi ! |
| “ Si ella supiera, | “ Lo esperanza ha muerto |
| La dura cadena, | Ay triste de mi ! |
| Con que me apreso, | Ay, ay, ay, ay—triste de mi ! |
| No fuera tanta, | · · · · · |
| La dura esquibes | Soy fisico, retorico, poetico, |
| De mi pudiera, | Astronomo, geografico, hydraulico, |
| Tener compacion ! | Si llegalia dominante. |
| “ Ya para mi se acabaroa | “ De tus tindos pechos, |
| Los gustos, las glorias ; | Del blanco marfil, |
| Yà todo se me acabo ; | En color, de cera |
| Venge la muerte, | Transmuterli vi ! |
| Y acuba conmigo | |
| Que nada siente | “ Ay desgracia mia |
| Quien ya fallacio. | Me atrero á guardar el mismo circulo |
| “ Tuyo ojos me incitan | Y á dirijir los glorias Aristotelicos |
| Tanto el sentir | Y hallar aquella piedra que ni Nauticos ni terres hallaran !” |

And left without redress—
You intimate, how cruelly!—
If proof against my misery—
 Oh! what is life to me?
When, too, the law is so severe,
That soon must end my being here!—
When I am gone will not one tear
Fall on my sad untimely bier?
Will you not weep the spirit fled?
 Vengeance may still uphold the dead,
The spirit gone may have the power
To avenge its wrong in life's brief hour,
And justify amid the skies
The heart o'er which you tyrannise.

“I'd fain forget! I'll dying bear
 My great misfortune—then my shade
In horrors clad will soon appear,
 Haunting thy fancy, cruel maid!
When my sad dust from life set free
 Will gratify thy cruelty!”

Melgar was called the Moore of Peru; those lines were composed a few hours before he was led out as a victim of Spanish butchery. He was not above twenty years of age.

His request was urgent that these his last verses should be given to the lady to whom they were addressed. It was surprising they were communicated at all. He was a Peruvian,

born in Arequipa. He had joined his countrymen in endeavouring to shake off the Spanish yoke. He now suffered from the pure love of his native land. While awaiting his execution, the sole idea that occupied his mind was his affection for the lady of whom he was so distractingly fond, but met no return. In his miserable prison, exposed to taunts and insults, he was so absorbed in the idea, that he thought only of his beloved one. Paper and ink were not to be had, or were not allowed him, for the Spaniards carried out the same cruelties in the New World for which they were noticed in the history of the Old Country. Melgar, so anxious was he to leave his last composition behind him, had no choice but to write his lines upon a drum-head, that very drum which beat the dead march as they conducted him to the gallows!

Some one of his enemies probably pitied his fate for the sake of his songs, known far and wide in Peru.

The effect of the foregoing verses upon her to whom they were addressed was such that she

was seized with a species of distraction on the recollection of her coldness to a heart so faithful. She made a vow that her love should never be given to another, and that she would cherish in her heart's core the memory of one so devoted. At length she was attacked with a species of melancholy. Her guitar then became her sole companion, her only comforter. In her settled melancholy she touched the instrument as it had never been touched before, in accordance with feelings such as perhaps she alone ever experienced so acutely. At times she was seen drenched in tears, singing the lines of Melgar with the most moving cadence, and an appearance of sadness to a degree rarely seen depicted in circumstances of the extremest sorrow. She said that her guitar and that song were the only things that comforted her miserable existence. These verses, in consequence, became a favourite "concion," or song, in Upper Peru.

I made several attempts to render the foregoing lines into English, but was unable to satisfy myself with them. They are too affecting, and

under all the circumstances, as the general described them, more worthy of some one capable of throwing into a translation the deep pathetic of the original. In verse so marked it is difficult to impart words of consonant associations, because words in poetry have significations peculiar to the language which a foreigner cannot give.

I possess several short amatory pieces of South American poetry in MS., and one very fine upon the ocean, which I may some day endeavour to render into English more successfully than the version I have made of the above pathetic lines.

Miller was a great lover of the songs of the natives of South America generally, but it required a considerable knowledge of the people and language to comprehend, and still more to feel them. There are so many words with mere "shades" of meaning, if I may so express myself, that are only in a few cases to be discriminated without a long habit and close scrutiny among the people who use them, even the mode of pronunciation making great differences in the sense or the impression intended to be produced.

The most gallant exploit of Miller's life was the charge he made in the battle of Ayachucho, at the head of the "Hussars of Junin," supported by the "Granaderos à Cavallo." He also led for Lord Cochrane in the attack and capture of Valdivia. This was one of the most extraordinary and daring attempts, crowned with success, that was ever made, considering the odds against them. His memoirs are well worth perusal.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands made some inquiries in England the other day regarding the general's representatives. Miller's residence as consul-general was principally in the Sandwich Islands in the British service. It would seem from this that his brother John was no more. Sir John Bowring stated nearly the same thing to myself last year, (1866,) he having, I presume, some official cause for endeavouring to discover Miller's relatives. His property in South America must in time be of great value, it being 450,000 acres of rich land in Salta, and in a fine climate. However it be, I imagine few more worthy and

gallant men ever adorned the profession by which he rendered the cause of freedom and the world such eminent services.

I am inclined to think that as a people, among all the countries of South America, as at present divided, the Chilians are those whose society and habits are most agreeable to the people of England. Their climate is a very fine one, and both General Miller and Captain Andrews agreed upon that point as well as about the hospitality of the people.

Miller, who was at one time governor of Potosi, had not a very high opinion of adventures in Peruvian mines; and many subsequently paid dear for their credulity. Not that the mines were unproductive, but on account of the instability of the governments, which were so apt upon unforeseen occasions to quarrel with each other; and also from the factions, that ruled in some states by turns, through unforeseen intrigues upturning one and setting up another. Neither trade nor mining can flourish where governments

are continually in a state of agitation. Of these agitations in Peru the general himself became a victim, to a certain extent, not long before his decease.

HENRY MATTHEWS.

ALL who have read the memoirs of Byron must recollect the friendship the poet had for a Mr Matthews, the son of Celonel Matthews of Belmont, Hereford. The name of this young man was Charles Skinner Matthews; Byron had become intimate with him, if I recollect rightly, about 1809 or 1810. He was a college wit—an eccentric, in fact. He appears to have possessed a species of humour which, in his wilder days, was much valued by his companions. Byron seemed pleased to leave on record some of his jokes and oddities. His jests, somewhat contrary to the dignity and

decorum of the orthodox, it is stated, used to alarm his friends. Byron, in his letters, spoke of their friendship, and of their youthful doings together, in consequence of an application made to him regarding Charles, on behalf of his brother Henry. Byron wrote in October 1820: "I know Henry Matthews.; he is the image—to the very voice—of his brother Charles, only darker, his laugh in particular. The first time I ever met him was in Serope Davies's rooms, after his brother's (Charles Skinner's) death, and I nearly dropped, thinking that it was his ghost. I have dined with him in the rooms of King's College. Hobhouse once purposed a similar memoir, but I am afraid that the latter of Charles's correspondence with me (which are at Whitton with other papers) would hardly do for the public. Our lives were not over strict, and our letters lax upon most subjects."

Of Henry Matthews, Byron knew little. My acquaintance with him was briefer than perhaps it would have been, but that in 1821 he was appointed advocate-fiscal of Ceylon. In 1817 he had suffered from a bad state of health. Con-

sumption was feared, and he paid a visit to the South of Europe to endeavour at its improvement. He was at that time about twenty-eight years of age. In 1819, after his return, he published his "Diary of an Invalid," which was well received, and considered a work of utility as well as of interest. This induced him to become a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which was so remodelled at the commencement of the year 1821, as to start quite a new publication, if considered with reference to its changes, typographical, editorial, and political; while Matthews remained in England he became a regular contributor. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to recall his contributions, but I know that of verse, he only contributed a single short specimen. It was "A Familiar Translation of Horace and Lydia." It is so short that, as it stands alone, it may not be deemed superfluous here, as it is not known to be by him :—

"*H.*—Lydia, while thou wert only mine,
Nor any younger favourite eull,
Toyed with that soft white neck of thine,
I envied not the great Mogul !

“ *L.*—Ere Chloe had thy heart estranged,
And Lydia held thee all her own,
She would not bliss like this have changed,
To mount the Queen of Sheba’s throne !

“ *H.*—To Chloe, now my bosom’s queen,
My life—nay, e’en my death I vow,
The dearer life from harm to screen,
Would fate the substitute allow.

“ *L.*—Young Calais wooes me, nothing loth
To share in all his amorous joy ;
Had I two lives I’d give them both,
Would fate but spare my darling boy !

“ *H.*—What, if his folly just worn out,
I’d buckle on my ancient chain !
Turn Chloe to the right about,
And beckon Lydia back again ?

“ *L.*—Though he were fair as any star,
Then rough and fickle as the sea ;
Yet be it still my constant prayer,
To live, and love, and die with thee ! ”

There is not much of the *vis vivida* here, but as it is the only poetry not known by survivors to be written by Matthews, I publish it ; the title of “familiar,” or “homely,” most assuredly met the Italian author’s design in the composition. Matthews’s prose articles were not numerous ; one was entitled “Jonathan Kentucky’s Journal,” written in the character of a traveller from the United States,

but it wanted more of the peculiar character of the American, both in language and "notions." His principal work was his "Diary of an Invalid." He ranks, as I have said, as one of the early contributors to the *New Monthly*, from which labour he was called away to his appointment in Ceylon. After following out the duties of advocate-fiscal he was raised to the judicial bench, succeeding Sir Hardinge Giffard in that post in October 1827. The short period in which he fulfilled his duties as a judge, as well as the office of fiscal, for six years and upwards, fully realised the expectations that had been entertained of his abilities as a lawyer. He was a stanch supporter of the true principles of political and religious freedom, and upheld the cause of truth and justice upon all occasions most strictly. From his earliest years he had been noted for supporting those principles in a very remarkable manner. In consequence of that love of freedom, and the impartiality generated in his mind, he was peculiarly well adapted for the administration of the law in a country where the native as well as the European was capable of

appreciating the value of such a dispenser of justice. He may be said to have been equally respected and beloved both by the Europeans and Cingalese, who regarded his death as a public calamity. Few were ever more capable of attracting attachment by a characteristic manner, and a sincerity that impressed the stranger favourably upon the first introduction. His mind was one of that order which is found to expand with the occasion, and it is probable, had he been spared, he would have shone in the list of the eminent legal characters that have conferred honour upon his native land. He possessed great strength of mind, a very quick perception, and a judgment that merited reliance. His manner and advocacy were tempered with a genial warmth of feeling, and the same characteristics influenced every action of his life. He discovered great ardour and perseverance in the exercise of his public duties; no degree of suffering, while his mind could be bent upon his duties, much less the fatigue arising from continued and very protracted exertion, could damp him in his career. His attainments were considerable in

all that can contribute to the character of the profession and the bearing of a gentleman in the true sense of the appellation. His administration of the laws was admirably adapted to the ends of justice.

In private life, in the bosom of his family, his career presented the most endearing qualities. He was a husband and father in the fullest sense of his duties, and in that meaning of the term which attaches the heart. Liberal and capacious in mind, as well as accessible to the most generous impressions, he was also highly imaginative; and in society the efforts of his fancy often furnished an entertainment to his friends which cannot be easily forgotten.

He reprehended the notion of reforming or instructing by severity of punishment,—the great ground of much of our old legislation, founded on tyranny and the ignorance of our common nature in place of reason and Christianity. He opposed in an equal degree the old monkish plan of flogging Greek and Latin into schoolboys. “The persevering in a system of flogging has been melancholy

enough. It is only a short time ago that a scholar of Westminster, belonging to the highest class, cut his throat out of shame at being subjected to so ignominious a humiliation ; and though the act of suicide was incomplete, it was quite sufficient to show the effect produced by the punishment upon the mind of the sufferer. There has since been a more fatal catastrophe at the same seminary, though it is not equally certain that this was connected with a similar cause. Nothing shows more strongly the difficulty of changing long-established customs among ecclesiastics, even if of monkish origin, than the continuance of such a system of scholastic discipline to the present time. As long ago as the reign of Charles II., the eloquent South, in a sermon composed expressly to be preached before the king, at a school-meeting in Westminster Abbey, poured out a torrent of reprobation on this subject, which, if preaching could ever effect any good, must long since have led to some reformation in this particular.” *

* After doubting whether there may not be some natures in which “austerity” must be used, South says, “But how to do

He continued, in reference to England, "There is no country where improvement wins its way with slower progress against the inveterate opposition of ignorance and prejudice. The Government is not yet convinced, in spite of the example of other nations, that the discipline of the army can be maintained without the constant flogging alive of a certain portion of the soldiers, *pour encourager les autres.*"

These were the sentiments of a man in advance of his time, forty or fifty years ago, and were he now living he would see a little, and but a little advance

this discreetly, and to the benefit of him who is so unhappy as to need it, requires, in my poor opinion, a greater skill, judgment, and experience, than the world generally imagines, and than, I am sure, most masters of schools can pretend to be masters of—I mean those *Plagosi Orbiliū*—those executioners rather than instructors of youth; persons fitter to lay about them in a coach or cart, or to discipline boys before a Spartan altar, or rather upon it, than to have anything to do with a Christian school. I should give such pedagogical Jehus the same advice which the poet says Phœbus gave to his son Phaëton —*parcere stimulis*. Stripes and blows are the last and basest remedy, and scarce ever fitted to be used but upon such as have their brain in their backs, and have souls so dull and stupid, as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction." South continues further to the same effect.

in the removal of old predispositions and prejudices. The soldier is still treated like a machine, whatever be his ability and good conduct—the officer, perhaps equally ignorant, an aristocrat in dealing with him.

His thoughts were sometimes of a very serious and contemplative cast; thus, speaking of the pleasure of sailing down a river, he said on one occasion, that “it perhaps arose from the obvious analogy which it presents with human life, which may well be compared to a stream whose employ is to travel from its source to the ocean. The obstructions that impede its course answer to the daily vexations we have to endure, at which some of us, like brawling brooks, utter a murmuring complaint at the first encounter, and so pass by, while the deeper currents flow on and say nothing, till both are lost in the boundless ocean of time. Thus, too, the fame both of the river and the man depends more upon the accidents of time, place, and person, than upon any intrinsic merit in either; for even the Tiber itself would have run its course to the sea with no more noise than its own stream, had it not happened to take Rome in its way. In pur-

suing our own way along the meandering circuits of the Thames, we are forcibly reminded how much of our own lives has been lavished away in the windings and wanderings, the turnings and tergiversations of youth. Well will it be for us if we take our example from the Thames, 'To make straight the path for our feet,' and redeem the past by amending the future."

" You know how to point a moral, Matthews."

" I do not pretend to moralise. I only put into language the thoughts which suggest themselves upon particular occasions. Mine are apt to be sombre often without my being sensible of the cause of the tendency. It is constitutional, I believe."

The obstinacy of churchmen in the conceit of their own unchangeableness in rites and ceremonies framed out of the Jewish and heathen worship, and not found in the Christian book of faith, but disreputant with it, instituted in dark times, he could not help censuring. The principles of the faith alone, as laid down in the New Testament, are, and must be, those of Christianity and

unchangeable, but human rites and ceremonies since based upon them, mostly those of semi-heathenism, are held to be infallible, because every Church calls itself so. This is the source of growing disputation and increasing injury to the religious body that affects to be perfect, when everything collateral to those principles afterwards added, in the way of ceremony or usage, is dark in proportion to its remoteness from the existing hour. "The Roman Catholic Church," he said, "is an example of this," for by its literal adherence to the practices of dark times, it has done much to shock the good sense of mankind, and to expose religion to the shafts of ridicule. Other Churches should take warning by the example. All Churches, however differing, tell us received opinions are not to be questioned, their own being one of the registered as "received."

He went to see the coronation, but was exceedingly displeased, and even disgusted with the foolish playgame of the champion, and some of the senselessness of a ceremony unsuitable to the times, regretting his three guinea ticket to the show. He spoke, too, of the unseemliness of many of the

nobles of England, in their condescending to make claims to perform menial offices for the sake of the cast-off clothes or old plate that became their perquisites ; some even scrambling for the fragments of the feast ! He deeply regretted that the chair and stone of Sccone were not kept in sight as more worthy of it than the tawdry glitter of the covering—that old worm-eaten chair, so truly poetical and striking—what taste to conceal it by a covering of gold embroidery thrown over it, on which the sovereign was seated ! The king, when in that time-worn seat, surrounded by the tombs of his ancestors, would have imparted a lesson to those around him of the fleeting nature of our humanity and of the feebleness of the boasted differences of station in the world, and caused the reflection that there was but a step between himself and death. Even the dissipated George IV. might have received a silent lesson from passing through a ceremony, if it told that there is no enduring distinction not founded in virtue.

Soon afterwards a judge himself, he could not help censuring, and with great justice, the judges

of the land making such grotesque figures of themselves with their vile wigs, after the fashion of the time of Louis XIV.; retained because of the impression it was pretended they make upon the public! "The fact is," he said, "that nobody is any longer gulled by such mummery, and the vulgar are quite as knowing as their betters. Some difference of dress may be necessary to preserve the distinctions of rank and office; but then these distinctions should be in unison with reason and nature. Look at the gray hairs of the bishops of Ireland, or at the black locks of the reigning pontiff at Rome, and see whether a wig is necessary to confer a character of venerableness. Were Sir Matthew Hale, or the judges in the wigless time of Sir Thomas More, or the bishops in the days of Cranmer and Ridley less respected than they are at present? Of the two, however, I must say I find less to laugh at in the wig of the judge than in that of the bishop. This last is the *ne plus ultra* of unbecoming quizzicality; and when it happens to surmount a rosy face, with dark eyes, and black, bushy eyebrows, it presents the most ludicrous of

contrasts." He then proceeds by quoting Addison, who, among a people pretending to be the most philosophical in the world, could but laugh at the absurdity of the Catholic priesthood, because a bishop seven or eight hundred years before introduced a garment of a particular cut, still adheres to the pattern. Nor did he spare other and similar gross absurdities, and that innate regard for the tinsel of the aristocracy rather than the honest garb of the people, which was so marked a feature in the reigns of George III. and IV., and is still to a certain extent so visible. Burdett was about to receive sentence for a libel, and the big-wigs, with their usual pomposity in those days, whether condemning a man to death or to Ellenborough's favourite divertisement of the pillory, or to a month's imprisonment, assumed the same cant about the enormity of the offence. In the case of Burdett for libel, the enormity of the offence being worked up to the usual pitch, the anti-climax was glorious. The baronet with £30,000 per annum was to pay a fine of £2000, and be imprisoned in the Marshalsea, where he could entertain his friends very comfort-

ably for three months! That noble-minded and gifted man, Gilbert Wakefield, was imprisoned for no libel at all for several years in a distant gaol as far away as Dorchester, to exhibit the spite of the ministry. Others were sent to distant gaols, as far from their friends as possible, under the pretence that as all gaols were the king's a man sentenced in Cornwall might be sent up into Westmoreland. Burdett was one of the aristocracy in station, and so he was treated with a due consideration of that circumstance, and comfortably entertained by the marshal of the Marshalsea in his house for three months. After that, said Matthews, Macheath might well sing—

“ If laws were made for every degree,
I 'm surprised we 've not better company
Upon Tyburn tree ! ”

Thank God, the times in which he alluded to these things, and the times themselves, have passed away, while the actors in them are justly branded for a warning to posterity.

He used to remark, with great justice, that in England the punishment, not the prevention of

crime was the main object, and almost the exclusive aim of the laws.* It was as if crime were encouraged in order that it might be punished. Since his time amendments in this respect have taken place. It marked, however, the soundness of his judgment, and the right bent of his predilections.

His conversation was extremely agreeable and improving, not unmixed with humour at times, though it was rare. He was of a family remarkable for talent in the circle in which it moved. It would appear too that his father had published one or two poetical essays.

Mr Matthews died at his own house at Mutwal, Ceylon, and was buried in St Peter's Church, Colombo. The funeral was attended by the chief justice, the members of the council, and those of the different public services in the island. The European inhabitants generally, the second Modeliar and native chiefs, and a number of the natives followed him to his final resting-place. His last hours were worthy of his life and sentiments—the bed of

* This, thanks to wiser days, is now changed.

sickness did not in the least change his disposition.

Upon the much-vexed Catholic question it need scarcely be added that he was of the tolerant side. He censured severely the bigots of all religions, the opponents of which work as hard, though not as effectually, in the present day as they did in his time. He combated boldly in behalf of Sir Samuel Romilly's efforts to ameliorate the criminal law, and lamented the opposition experienced.

In short, he was a man who justified by great hopes those public services which the law of our mortality too often renders nugatory. I was sorry our intercourse was cut short by his departure for the East. His constitution was not strong, and it is probable that a torrid climate hastened an event which, had he remained in Europe, would have been more protracted. But such conjectures are vain in our contemplation of human destinies. We cannot erase the entry when what is writ is writ.

MADAME DUFOUR.

MADAME GAÇON DUFOUR, so well known in France, lived in Paris nearly thirty years ago. She wrote works of long experience upon rural affairs, having been educated in the country, to which she was much attached. She was also anthoress of several novels, some of which had but a limited circulation, yet made her extensively known. Her maiden name was Humière. I was introduced to her in 1817 at her residence in the French capital. She had been twice married, and died in 1835. Her second husband had been a judge, who was set aside, I believe, by the Bourbons. Madame Dufour

was herself so far a politician that she had, in common with nine-tenths of France, no great affection for a family replaced by foreign bayonets. She was in sentiment a Bonapartist, as were all those who were not republicans, or did not belong to the old dynasty, while, as most of the supporters of Napoleon did, she admitted his unbounded ambition.

In many conversations with this lady at her own house, I took opportunities of questioning her about the scenes of the Revolution, most of which she had witnessed in the prime of her womanhood. Twice she was taken before the revolutionary tribunal, and as often preserved by the interference of the leaders of the section in which she resided. As I called upon her without ceremony, so I ventured to put to her any questions that I fancied would satisfy my curiosity about that eventful and terrible period, even then become matter of history. She was turned sixty years of age, full of interesting anecdotes of the past, and of the scenes she had witnessed. That she was not a violent partisan on any side was perceptible, but that she was opposed to the conduct of the reigning family at the Revolu-

tion was sufficiently evident. France could not go on longer, she said, after the rule of Louis XIV. and XV.—the people were reduced by the bad government to incalculable distress, which Louis XVI., a mere imbecile, as a ruler, though a good-natured man, was wholly powerless to amend, and through the influence of the queen over him, who continually made him violate his public promises, mainly brought on that ruin which breaches of faith in sovereigns are certain to cause in times of suffering among the people. A sovereign is bound by his duties as fully as a subject. The catastrophe, too, was hurried on by the aid of the princes, of whom madame could never speak but in terms of bitter reprobation. “Could it be supposed,” she said, “that my countrymen would submit to be parcelled out in payment to German princes as the price of restoring a monarch whom we had declared should no longer rule us.” The enemies of France compelled every good Frenchman to resistance, all except the emigrants. These never knew what the word country meant, but only the court, to which, in place of France and the millions of their

countrymen, they wholly devoted themselves. I made particular inquiries about the queen. She said that great slanders were spoken of her. That it was too true that she gave ground for them by her thoughtless conduct, and a defiance of public opinion; but that she was a mere child when married, from a court where everything was ruled by the royal will, into one where she was to rule herself. She was made the queen of France at fourteen or fifteen years of age, in the gayest and most dissipated court in Europe, where her wishes became a sort of law to those around her. A number of extravagant things were originated by her when the people were starving; but of the people, who were always something in France, however ill-treated, she thought as they did in Germany, that they were not worthy of a moment's consideration.

Was it true, I inquired, that when the flight of the king was planned that the queen appeared insensible to the hazard of the moment, and while those in the secret trod on thorns with anxiety, she delayed starting, although it was almost a matter of

life or death, because she wanted to purchase a variety of baubles to take with her, in expectation she might not soon return to procure if she wanted them ?

Madam said it was a likely thing from her character. She had been bred up at home in an absolute court, and became too young the object of slavish deference at the court of France. No one was near enough, or honest enough, to speak the truth to her. How should she act otherwise than as she had been accustomed to act? In regard to the stories of her thoughtlessness, hauteur to the people, and its influence over the weak mind of the king, all that was said was true enough, but as to the charge of dishonouring the king, and her criminality that way, it was, she believed, untrue. She did mischief enough by her want of experience, the effects of her bad education, her thoughtlessness, and arbitrary ideas, without charging upon her acts which in no one case were substantiated.

The foregoing had been much my own idea of the real state of affairs at the French court after the Revolution broke out, from what I had both

heard and read. One day, speaking of the letters of the royal family found in the Tuilleries in a concealed cabinet when the people broke in, I expressed my wonder they had not been published at the time. She replied she did not know why it was they were not. There was no secret made of the correspondence. She had herself copies of the most striking, (made most probably through the aid of her husband, who, it is presumed, must have had access when in office to all public documents.) She added, she had not got them then in the house; for on the Bourbons being replaced, and the police knowing she was no friend to the dynasty, she feared to keep the copies at home with some other documents, particularly letters from friends known not to be friendly to the new government. A domiciliary visit, at an unsuspected moment, and the discovery of such papers, would place her in jeopardy, or, at all events, under the surveillance of the secret police. She had lodged them all with a trusty friend, who would never be suspected of their possession.

Some time afterwards, expressing a wish to see the papers, she fixed a time when she would, for

two or three hours, obtain them to show me. When the time appointed came, it happened that the police had made several searches and arrests the day before, and she feared, at such a moment, to venture them in her own house. A week after that I quitted Paris, and saw her no more. It may be judged from this incident how guarded it is necessary to be, when hired detectives look into every avenue of public and private life, and note the most trifling incidents, which, if a man be charged for any offence, are secretly put forth in aggravation, whether the offence be political or otherwise.

In recurring to the Revolution, it was striking with what horror she spoke of Fouquier Tinville, the sanguinary prosecutor under Robespierre.

“ Were you not afraid when brought before a tribunal so bloodstained ? ”

“ No, because as all did who were taken there, my mind was made up to meet the worst. This was the case with all. I had given no ground for them to charge me with any objectionable act. I was too fearful, and kept at home. Who the person was that caused my arrest I know not at this hour.

I stood well with my neighbours, and a number of them appearing in my behalf I was acquitted. No fact was deposed against me; but that was not needful, if there had been the slightest ground for inculpating me. Tinville himself perished no long time afterwards."

This lady, who disliked the Bourbons thoroughly, as every French person did, leaving the merit or demerit of the race out of the question, could never tolerate the idea of her country being forced to accept an abject and deposed race of imbeciles from off the heads of the Cossack lances, and a second time from the bayonets of Wellington.

"We have a right to choose our own rulers as well as you English people, and the time will come yet* when, depend upon it, France will vindicate itself. There is the king—a very excellent king of the table—you forced back upon us; a king of good cheer, I grant. Ortolans and truffles go off well at court: never so well as now. You sent him back to us, no welcome gift. Even as an exile, what did

* She spoke almost in the spirit of prophecy. It was in 1817-18.

he do, that Louis Stanislaus Xavier de Bourbon, the pretender, while in your country, to the throne of France ? Compare your Prince Edward the pretender with our Louis, calling himself *le Désirée*. Let the comparison of one with the other be set out plainly. In the one case we see, in 1745, Prince Edward, brave and determined, venturing his person with a few brave associates into Scotland, going on board a ship of only eighteen guns, a mere privateer, in fact, with a small supply of arms, and forty or fifty thousand francs only in money. His little vessel was convoyed by a French ship of sixty-four guns.* The vessels were attacked by an English ship of war. The vessel which Prince Edward was on board escaped. Did he resile ? No ! he proceeded to Scotland ; he dared all obstacles personally. He roused his partizans ; he told them he would cultivate their sterile land with them till they had pro-

* Madame D. made a curious and novel remark here, which I give nearly in her own words—"C'était alors l'usage que le ministre de la marine prenait des vaisseaux de guerre aux armateurs et aux négocians, qui payaient une somme au roi, et qui entretenaient l'équipage à leurs dépens pendant le temps de la course, le ministre de la marine, et le roi de France lui-même, ignorant à quoi le vaisseau devoit servir."

cured arms. He roused his old adherents, and overcame obstacles of all kinds. He obtained succours from France and Spain. He rallied a number of brave mountaineers in the face of his enemies, declared himself James III., and increased his partizans, while thirty thousand pounds were offered for his person. He routed the English at Prestonpans ; he boldly advanced, and success followed him until he was defeated at Culloden by the Duke of Cumberland. He then went through a succession of hardships, ultimately escaped his insular enemies, and finally found a shelter in France, after the most hazardous adventures. His followers in Scotland and England were persecuted and punished, and numbers suffered death in his behalf. They were brave men, and died for the cause of a prince who did not fear to lead them personally in a contest which was his own, and in which they made a sacrifice of their property and their blood.

There was another prince in our time, a pretender to the throne named above. How can we draw a parallel without injustice to one, and dishonour to

him to whom we in the second place allude. Here I must go a little fuller into the subject. It was from the moment that some reason began to enlighten the French people that they perceived they possessed none of their old rights. Richelieu had destroyed them ; of this the late Revolution is clear evidence. Even Charlemagne proposed his laws to the assemblies of the people. Feudality abrogated that principle, and the time of lord and slave, or serf, succeeded ; for though “ slave ” is commonly applied to men procured by purchase, the serf was no less a born slave to the lords of fiefs. The nobles were not much wiser than the serfs—the Church, with its knowledge scanty in reality, by inculcating superstitions, maintained the superiority over the other classes for its own purposes, ruling all consciences—the barbarism was universal. At length our monarchs of the third race adopted the plan of diminishing the power of the nobles. They were supported by the people whom they enfranchised. Richelieu demolished the remnant of the feudal power in the reign of Louis XIV. ; but the king went further—the existence of the

national assemblies were thus forgotten, and the parliaments suppressed—in fact, all which might recall a trace of the past. Louis XIV. thus absorbed personally all the power, dignity, and glory of the kingdom! From that moment there was no counterpoise to the crown but the power of public opinion, feeble in appearance, but powerful in reality. Things were in this state, and manners and opinions, on the part of the people, were all of their order that governed down to the time of the death of Louis XV. The forms of things alone remained, and little besides. In such a state of affairs the principles of liberty, as understood in England, were examined and discussed by the learned. The superstition that goes arm in arm with despotism was attacked and ridiculed. The Greek authors were eagerly studied as models, and the well-known French writers of that period commenced war upon despotism, civil and religious. The very toilets of the ladies were loaded with the fashionable literature. Those who in the social body assumed the title of “grandees,” or the “great folk,” showed the utmost disdain for the men of genius; and in place of regulating or balancing the

new with the old, and watching over the security of the monarchical institutions, they abandoned them to be the prey of the novel ideas which they disdained, but which were still far too potent for their weak intellectual power to overcome.

Thus were sown the seeds of a revolution which was inevitable, which changed the face of Europe, and gave an astonishing impulse to all the civilised world. France was burthened with taxation beyond relief, and there were strugglings in consequence on the part of the people. The assemblage of the notables, and the determination of such as then directed affairs openly or furtively, are matter of history. It suffices that Louis Stanislaus Xavier was one of those who supported the double representation of the *tiers état*, which most persons think was the cause of the great events which followed. The nobility and clergy thought to remedy the evil of a double representation, in deciding by order, and not by person; but it is not necessary now to follow the events of the Revolution. On the attack of the mob upon Versailles, Louis came to Paris by way of Voigerard.

He had been absent. He probably reasoned from that day that “the better part of valour was discretion.” According to Madame D., he was no Prince Edward of Scotland, but, like the rest of his family, quite ready to fly and leave the poor king for whatever chance might befall him. He lingered a little longer, it was true, than his other relatives —they who had set out to induce foreign armies to enter their country, and replace him in plenitude of power, with a slice or two of French territory as a reward. Louis waited a little longer, and then left France prudently by a different road from that the ill-advised king took to make his escape. He travelled without any danger, for nobody cared about him, though he described his journey as if of great hazard, not in the matter of escape so much as in the matter of eating. He describes what he devoured at every stage most carefully, so that Talleyrand remarked that his journal was “a description of his eatings before his fears—of his fears and his eatings.” But whither did he go? To assemble troops—to invade France at the head

of a body of adherents, and combat for his family's crown—for his brother's restoration or his own, like James III. of England? Not at all, he went to "dine" out of France, in the place of in it. That he signed letters in conjunction with his relatives, the Prince de Condé, and the prime *roué* of that day, the Comte d'Artois, to obtain the assistance of foreign armies, and to deluge France in blood, was true enough; but was he at the head of the royalists, like Prince Edward in Scotland? Not even Louis *le Désiré*, so self-styled? No, he was one who, with his relatives, solicited the Germans on the part of Louis XVI., by signing a *mémoire*, in which he was made to complain "de sa captivité, des outrages faits à sa famille, des atteints portés à son pouvoir, et de l'illégalité des decrets qu'il avoit été forcé de sanctionner." Can it be wondered that the poor King Louis XVI. fell the victim to such charges of duplicity as those to which his relatives had laid him open? Letters of Louis Xavier, the Comte d'Artois, and Prince de Condé to this effect were intercepted. Could it be

wondered that the French people were enraged that their king should act with such apparent duplicity. What a mockery to call Louis Xavier Louis *le Désirée* after that conduct ! Could there be a bitterer satire on kingship ? Could there be a greater crime than with emigrants and foreign spoliators to invade the land his family had misgoverned, and would have no doubt continued to rule by a like course of action but for this duplicity of the court ? In consequence, the king was to be restored by that which was only regarded as a mere march by the braggadocio Prussians and brutal Austrians. “Comme une promenade militaire” conceded to the petitions of the French people in order to promote their happiness, of which it was presumed the stolid Germans knew the nature much better than the French themselves ! In vain was the sovereign of Prussia, always eager as Prussia has shown herself to profit by the plunder of her neighbours, in vain was her sovereign Frederick William told boldly and truthfully by the French ambassador, General Bouflers, that such a step would compromise the life of Louis

XVI., whom he affected to be so desirous of saving —that “he would never be able to force the French to receive laws from strangers.”

Louis Stanislaus, in consequence of learning the foregoing remark of the ambassador, was much displeased. War—war upon his native land seemed to him and the other Bourbons the only thing that would restore the family to their old plenitude of misrule. He was mistaken; the first step adopted in France by the people was to proclaim the banishment of the emigrants without distinction of rank. The milder spirits at home disapproved of war, but the princes and emigrants abroad increased the danger of it by rumours, promising the foreign powers large recompenses in way of reward, and declaring to them it was a point of honour to reinstate the rights of royalty and the privileges of the nobility. The moderate party in France could but unite with the republicans against a foreign enemy. Louis Xavier was one of the foremost to oblige the loyal of the French people to perform that duty by his impolitic conduct. But where was Louis when France was invaded by the

Prussians? Like James III., naturally at the headquarters of the force of the foreigners, to whom he was about to offer a slice of his Scottish dominions as a reward for their assistance? Not at all; the modern James was not to be found there, but at a table of well-covered dishes and condiments. He was not found enduring the hardships of the field, and experiencing what it was to encounter the hazards of the battle to win back a crown. The Germans, in concert with Russia, had just been committing a fresh felony in Poland. There was no hypocrisy in them, none at all! Robbers with one hand, they were reading a lesson of righteousness to the French in a hypocritical proclamation from the other!

When hypocrisy casts aside its veil, and crime rules audaciously, violence takes the place of merit in every question, and power becomes necessarily the property of the basest.

It was a gross hypocrisy this threatened march into France to re-establish an absolute monarchy, a dominant religion, and feudal usages once more. The invasions of France, the defeat of her enemies,

and the complete discomfiture of the hopes of the princes and emigrants with all the dreadful outrages committed in a time of anarchy are now written in history. After the detail of the disgrace of the Prussians in the march upon Paris, France, distracted at home, nobly rallied to prevent her enemies from serving her as they had served Poland. Coalitions were formed to be beaten and dispersed ; anarchy made out a fearful list of atrocities under different factions in France, —but where was Louis *le Désirée* all that time ? What army saw him at its head ? He was comfortably lodged at Hatfield ; enjoying his potage and poulet in security. James of Scotland shared the fate of his men, and dared his own life to recover the position which he fancied was a lawful inheritance, and so paid for his mistake. Louis Xavier took it easier : eating is pleasanter than fighting.

“ Prussia and the allies were tempted by the emigrants, with Louis and the princes at their head—they were tempted to interfere by the promise of plunder. This is a fact well known in Paris, Mr Redding, that the very treason of

Louis Xavier and the French princees was imitated by Robespierre, and the miscreants who for a season ruled France through the confusion thus produced. Had Robespierre lived he would have had peace with Austria. He was annoyed by the war, and wanted to see what was in his power and that of his party consolidated without external anxieties, of which Austria was one great cause. As long as Pitt would supply money Austria could raise men. Half her subjects were barbarians, and cost little. Austria detached from the coalitions, peace was easily conquered. Robespierre feared his own downfall, sustained as he was by terror alone. He would have treated with any foreign power that would have insured him security. Terror was his law of rule ; 'when he ceased to frighten France he knew he should fall.'

"A curious fact on which you may depend is this, that Robespierre felt his dangerous position could not be long sustained ; he was ready to turn traitor for his own security, and would have done so had he not been taken off before things were matured. I know from an undoubted authority,

that while we are sitting here in the Rue St Andre, there exists in the cabinet of France an individual holding the rank he possessed before the Revolution, and who, by the opinions he professed at that time, had full access to the cabinets of the principal powers of the coalition. This individual, whom I dare not name, has stated to several persons, one of whom I know, that he himself saw in the cabinet of the Emperor of Austria, at the moment when the death of Robespierre and his accomplices was announced, that on hearing it the emperor placed both his hands to his head with an exclamation of deep regret, remaining in that position for several minutes. The individual to whom I allude was greatly surprised. This the emperor perceiving, said to him, 'M. le Marquis, you seem surprised at my chagrin ! Well, then, I will tell you that if Robespierre had survived, in six weeks I should have been in possession of Alsace and Lorraine.''*

* The words were,—“ Il existe dans le moment en France un individu que, par le rang qu'il possédait avant la révolution, et par les opinions qu'il avait professé, avait accès dans les cabinets des puissances coalisées. Cet individu a affirmé à nombre de personnes, qu'il le trouvait dans le cabinet de l'empereur

France was fully justified in deelaring that those abroad of her citizens who invited foreign nations to make war upon her people should be considered banished for life. She was right, too, in condemning them as traitors if taken. The princes of the house of Bourbon were eertainly not the princes to govern France in 1814, but no matter for that, the principles of George III. and the Holy Alliance were acted upon, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. was carried out very much in the way of a farce. It was a restoration effected as if the people of France were such fools as to take for gospel all the allied powers demanded they should credit.

In no case did the Louis *le Désirée* of the allied powers take steps to make himself popular. He was a good-natured *gourmand*, and nothing more.

d'Austriche à l'instant où l'on vient lui annoncer la mort de Robespierre et de ses complices, que le monarque, en apprenant cette nouvelle, pris sa tête entre ses deux mains avec une exclamation de douleur, et resta quelque minutes dans cette attitude. Cet individu étais dans l'ectase de la surprise. L'Empereur s'en apperceeavant, lui dit, ' Monsieur le Marquis, vous êtes surpris de mon chagrin ! Eh bien ! apprenez que si Robespierre eut vécut seulement encore six semaines, je durerois possesseur de Alsace et de la Lorraine.' ”

"The vegetable species die out, and must be renewed," I remarked one day; "after all, the royal house of Bourbon seems in a similar state?"

"Yes," she replied, "a stupid race such as you allude to cannot be renewed; the decay is past all remedying."

It would seem as if there had been something prophetic in that remark. The Bourbons are now nearly extinguished, and, what is more, they leave none to regret them—the fate of all races that will not move with the time.

On conversing regarding the revolutionary tribunal, Madame thought Fouquier Tinville apparently the most hardened miscreant of all, but still the most sincere. He had no ambition beyond the fulfilment of his post or its "duties," as he deemed them. He met death with such audacity that his executioners were struck with awe. Madame D. said there was nothing remarkably striking about his person—that is, indicative of his cruel nature. He sent men to death as a matter of business, much as the criminals at the Old Bailey used to say a certain recorder did there, as far as he might.

He was a man of no feeling, who looked upon condemning to death as a mere matter regarding the merit of which, if the forms of the law were gone through, was of no consequence. “Tumbling off human heads,” to adopt the French phraseology of the time, was with Tinville a matter of business. He had nothing to do but to wink his idea of the case to the jury, and the prisoner died forthwith. He cared not who was condemned. He worked for those who arrested Robespierre, his recent patron, and was as ready to send him to the scaffold as he had been to send the victims of that sanguinary tyrant before. He justified what he had done to the last, and even published his justification. He pretended to be asleep while the accuser summed up against him, and met his fate justifying his deeds as boldly as an English attorney-general under the house of Stuart would have done his “indispensable” acts in this country, though, perhaps, a little less extended in scope. A “man’s” trade or profession, however vile, becomes by usage unstained morality in his own eyes; so much a creature of usage is our existence here.

The massacres in the streets of Paris were perpetrated by a few comparatively. Madame always insisted it was the consternation and terror by which the city was stricken that suffered things to reach the pitch of violence they attained. No one dared to trust his neighbour. There could be no combination for arresting the sad devastation going forward. Two or three thousand resolute men among the citizens, acting in concert, might have stopped the course of cruelty and rapine, and brought the leaders of the crimes committed to the scaffold themselves. No one dared to begin. The mob of murderers that assassinated the people in the streets, and put to death many of those condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, consisted of no more than a few hundreds, the very scum—the “roughs” of Paris.

Madame D. related a singular incident that occurred during one of those daily assassinations of the victims of the tribunal when the terrible scenes enacting were at their height. A cart was employed to take away the bodies of the dead lying

in the street, and as they were carrying them off, one body, that of a priest, was begged or obtained for a fee of the banditti who were conveying it with others to be buried in some obscure hole. To her surprise she observed signs of life in the body, which she had obtained at some risk only to inter decently. She sent for a confidential surgeon, and the assistance rendered, with her care, recovered the unfortunate man, whom she then concealed, at a great hazard to herself, until the fall of Robespierre and his brother assassins, when he was restored to society.

Some of the incidents she related of that terrible season were worthy of note. They are now a tale of a past time, remote beyond personal remembrance. I was not aware until informed by Madame D. of the adventures and hazards run at that period by some noted personages. Beaumarchais, so well known by his "*Barbière de Seville*," and other works, survived the terrors of the Revolution. His "*Marriage of Figaro*" is to be heard of throughout the civilised world. His papers were seized, and his house plundered. Denunciations were repeated

against him. He had a wonderful escape. The scandal of the time was that Manuel had received thirty thousand francs to save him, but Madame did not credit it. Beaumarchais himself did not conclude the narrative he began of the part he sustained in having attracted the suspicions of the men who so cruelly misruled in Paris at that time. I learned from a pamphlet Madame D. lent me, that among the prisoners discharged from the “Maison” was Madame Beauharnais, who had been a great favourite with her fellow-sufferers during her imprisonment. She little dreamed at that eventful moment that, in a few years, she would be the empress of the country where she was then a prisoner. Her husband, less fortunate, had been guillotined, leaving for her a most affectionate letter, dated in the second year of the French republic. I had a copy, and as I have never seen it in English, I give it as I received it from my friend. It was printed in Paris in an account of the Revolution. It shows that Josephine Beauharnais, the sacrifice to the ambition of Napoleon I., was as amiable in adversity as in prosperity, if the

letter of her husband before his execution may be considered as evidence of the fact :—

“ The 4th Thermidor, and 2d year of the Republic.

“ Every appearance, from the species of interrogatory to which I have been subjected to-day, with a great number of others in custody, show that I am the victim of the wicked calumnies of several aristocrats—self-styled patriots—of this place. The presumption that this infernal machination will follow me to the Revolutionary Tribunal, gives me no hope to see thee, my dear, any more, nor to embrace my dear children. I need not repeat to you my regret; my fond affection towards them. The strong bond which binds me to thee can leave no doubt in regard to the sentiment with which I shall quit life under such circumstances. I regret equally to be separated from the country which I love, and for the good of which I should have been willing to lay down my life a thousand times over, and not only do I regret that I shall no longer be able to serve it, but the thought when I am seen to have left its bosom that I shall be supposed an

unworthy citizen ;—that distressing idea does not intend that thou shouldst not commend my memory. Labour to establish it by proving that a life entirely devoted to one's country, and to the triumph of freedom and equal rights, should in the popular sight repel odious calumnies, originating in suspected characters. This act may be delayed, because, in revolutionary tempests, when a great people have broken their chains, they may entertain a just distrust, and thus fear more to let a culpable person escape them than to strike down one who is innocent.

“ I shall die with the calmness which, while it permits me still to cherish the tenderest affections, shall be with the courage which characterises a free man, a conscience pure, and an honest spirit, the most ardent wishes of which are for the prosperity of the republic.

“ Adieu, my love ! Comfort thyself through my children ; console and enlighten them ; and, above all, teach them that it is by the strength of virtue and good citizenship alone that they will be enabled to efface the remembrance of my doom, and to

recall my services and my title to the national acknowledgment.

“Adieu ! Thou knowest those whom I love ; be their comforter, and prolong, by thy kind care, the memory of my existence in their hearts. Adieu ! It is thus I press thee and my dear children to my heart, for the last time in my life.

“ ALEXANDRE BEAUMARNAIS.”

I had never seen this letter in English. It was probably not published formerly, because all that in his lifetime could contribute to represent any of the family or connexions of Napoleon in a favourable light during war with France was scouted here as next door to treason. The Empress Josephine only became the most amiable lady in the world here when Napoleon divorced her. Such was the spirit of that time, animating all in authority and their dependents in this country, who in the natural course of “like menial, like master,” repeated, right or wrong, what was commanded or grateful, all that served the purpose of an ingratiating servility, as reckless of fact as of reason. The times

have altered for the better in this respect, as the most partial to the past will admit. Truth survives party spirit.

The forcing of Louis XVIII. upon France by the allied powers was a sore place with this lady, as it was with every French person who viewed his country with a right feeling. An expelled family justly despised, that had invited foreigners to invade France, was brought back by the open enemies of the country it was to misrule anew. A farcical constitution was got up by Louis XVIII. and his allies to cheat the people. "The entry of the Bourbon into Paris," said Madame D., "was more a day of secret mourning than of gladness. Yes," said she, "the notorious Comte d'Artois entered our capital as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Not having forgot when he played the traitor to his country, and entered it with foreign armies, after he had deserted France, and left the unfortunate king to his fate. He had no remorse for the mischief he caused. He had no desire but, by means of foreign armies, to reduce France to a worse position than that from which her own determination

preserved her. It is impossible the government of the Bourbon can last long."

Her prophesy thus made under the reign of Louis XVIII. time showed to be correct in its fulfilment, even if given more out of antipathy than from any clear view of future events drawn from profound views of the subject. It is true she knew her countrymen's feelings well. She had been a long observer of the changes that had occurred, from the Revolution to the day when I was made known to her personally. She was a shrewd woman, and by no means unobservant. Her principal indignation at the conduct of the Bourbon princes, was for their desertion of France, leaving the king and queen to their fate, and then leading foreign armies into the country to subjugate the nation, by which act they were the cause of the larger part of the evils that followed, and in fact of the death of their royal relatives.

She was a woman of a masculine mind. Nor was her husband, M. Dufour-de-St Pathus, as far as I could judge, at all less gifted with ability; but I never heard him express his opinions upon passing

events. He was a close man. His position was in all probability the reason. He was an advocate of the Royal Court, an ex-judge of the department of the Seine, and author of several works on jurisprudence. He had translated the Salic law, under fourscore heads, from the Latin and German into French, and attached to them explanatory notes. This publication, deemed both useful and curious, was followed by a translation attached to the Latin, of the earliest English laws, and of the laws of the twelve tables, taken from the Latin, with the lessons of Bouchard annexed; also an analysis of the twelve books of the laws of the Goths, of the Visigoths, and of the Inquisition, all given in French, to which the Edict of Theodoric, and to these an analysis of the Capitularies of Charlemagne, must be added. Nor were these all his publications. He printed instructions for, and additions to, the five Napoleon codes, with several other professional works.

He was a quiet, retiring man, and while his wife spoke out her opinions freely, he was not at all communicative on public affairs. I am ignorant

whether he survived his wife or not. They both lived more in the old French style than any persons I visited in Paris. Advanced in life, Madame, as in the old fashion, often received her friends in her dressing-room, and it was seldom I left her society without hearing something of her past experiences during the stormy times of the Revolution. Her personal appearance and her dress particularly recalled somewhat of the times before the Revolution, judging by what I had seen of the emigrants in bygone days, who had flocked to England for a refuge in my early years. Her manners were good, and her conversation full of intelligence.

LOUIS MATHIEU LANGLES.*

IT was in the year 1817 that I was introduced, in the Royal Library at Paris, to M. Langles, the celebrated orientalist, and member of the Legion of Honour, a man of singular learning and amenity of manners. He lived at the Royal Library, and it was at his apartments there that the introduction took place, through a countryman of my own from the west of England. At that time M. Langles was a member of the French Institute, one of the conservators of the Royal Library, and professor

* He died in 1824 at the age of 81, and was interred at Père la Chaise.

and administrator of the Royal School of Oriental Languages. He was also a member of the English Asiatic Society, and enrolled among the chevaliers of the order St Wladimir in Russia. A native of Peronne, in the department of the Somme, where he was born in 1763—he was designed for the army, but became a diplomatist instead. A more laborious scholar was not to be found in Europe. He was one of the most obliging, amiable, and pleasant literary men to whom I was ever introduced. His private library was always open to the stranger curious in oriental learning. It was from his library, after his decease, that Mr Beckford purchased the celebrated copy of the “Ayeen Akbury” for fifteen thousand francs. He said that he first looked toward the army as a profession, in the hope to get an appointment among the troops destined for India. This he sought only with a view to cover his design to study the languages and manners of the East, the history and costumes of which had taken his fancy, and in early life occupied all his thoughts. He dreamed, he said, of nothing but what related to the East. Finally, disappointed in his hope of pro-

ceeding to India, he gave himself up entirely to the study of oriental literature at home, and made a rapid progress.

“I could think of nothing else,” he said to me ; “when the mind, or a mind constituted like mine, is bent upon anything, it is certain to follow it out, or to waste itself in idleness.” He went through a course of Arabic and Persian in the College of France, and was introduced to an eminent professor, who undertook to direct him in his studies. He published the first alphabet, in the Mantchou tongue, ever printed with type. He soon ventured on a work that at once fixed attention,—the “Political and Military Institutions of Tamerlane,” as written by himself, in the Mogul, from the Persian of Abou Taleb al Hossein, with the life of that conqueror, notes, and tables, in 8vo. This appeared in 1787, and obtained for him one of the twelve pensions then given as rewards to literary merit. His subsequent labours are well known ; two of the more noted of which were his “Alphabet Tartare Mantchou,” and his dictionary, “Tartare Mantchou Français.” These were put together after the “Dic-

tionnaire Mantchou-Chinois" of Amiot. There was an edition of the "Institutions of Tamerlane," published at Oxford by Major Davy in 1783, with which he did not seem to be acquainted.

The friend who introduced me was as little fit to be with Langles one hour, in the Royal Library, where our first interview took place, as he would have been to officiate at the court of the Great Mogul. He was an attorney, and as honest a man as the profession ever admitted within its pale. He no doubt understood as well how to carry on an action, delay a suit, and make out a bill of costs as the most active member of a profession of conjectural virtue, but of literature of any kind he knew nothing. He had been ill-treated, if one of his profession could admit of receiving ill-treatment, without a return *per legem terrae*. A brother had persuaded him to lend whatever ready money he had, and he had scraped together by all those ingenious devices legalised in the profession for no other purpose than to prove that justice, like other commodities, must be bought,—this brother so came over the peerless simplicity of the legal man, that he

placed his all, no matter how got, in fraternal keeping. When men make a sufficiency of money to live upon, they are not content if they see a prospect of augmenting it yet more, and thus often lose all by the desire of increase to the last. My friend, in the present instance, as we walked along the Rue Richelieu, was exceedingly downcast, as he might well be in a matter next to his ruin. He had to begin life again. "What care I about Tartar, Mantchou, or Sanserit? Will their study give me back my money? Excuse me; I feel I can't introduce you to-day. Mr Langles will be pushing his outlandish MSS. under my nose. I am in no temper to see him or anybody. I am a ruined man—by a brother, too!" In this way we went towards the library, and had he not been an attorney I should have pitied him. And why not? He was a good fellow, but the imputation of the man's pursuit! Poor D——! he has long been where no quirks and quiddities can exist, nor dishonest brothers cheat their kind.

We entered the domain of M. Van Praet, the Panizzi of the Royal Library. I was introduced by

my friend, who, I feared, would that very day depart this life under the fratricidal wound his heart had sustained. I was wrong; he survived that day, but not the end of the year. To be serious. He was most cruelly abused, and he despaired of ever retrieving the injury he sustained. Of this, however, the learned Louis Mathieu Langles knew not a syllable. The utter indifference of my friend to the beauty of the MS. of the great Acbar was only that which in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred who were under obligations to the kindness of the learned orientalist he must have been led to expect.

M. Langles, at the time I speak of, was about fifty-five years of age. His head was not remarkable in the way of character, so that it did not exhibit those marks of talent which distinguish the imaginative or the ardent. His education had begun in the provinces, and nothing was farther from the natural character of the man, according to all accounts, than the tumult and violence of a soldier's life. I have stated why he sought it. His character was mild and pacific; his intellect of too high an order for the vulgar mechanism of war. He

might have made a foreign minister or a diplomatist, but then his natural probity must be shipwrecked at the first step. Otherwise he might have thought of proceeding to India in some similar capacity, as he once had thought to do. Happily for himself and the more honest pursuits he loved, he was enabled to go through a course of Arabic literature in the College of France, and even to become a profound master of the Persian and Arabic tongues. In 1785, he was attached to the Tribunal of the Marshals of France, at that time employed to suppress duelling.

He published his translation of the “History of the Mahrattas” in 1788, followed by several other works upon Eastern history or literature, among which translations and dictionaries of several Eastern dialects may be enumerated. He had influence enough in 1795 to get the erection of the special school of living Eastern languages attached to the National Library. He was named president, then administrator, and, at the same time, professor of Persian. Sylvestre de Sacy and Venture owed to him the posts they so well filled in the chairs of the

Turkish and Arabic tongues. When the National Library was reorganised he had the charge of the conservatories of all the oriental manuscripts, and soon after was elected a member of the Institute. He took a part in numerous works upon oriental topics, as well as translations, all tending to the illustration and study of the languages as well. He was accused of flattering too much the prepossessions of the friends of freedom in France, the only charge ever made against him. His translations from the English of Eastern works are numerous. That was, in fact, the only nation to which he could look for literary undertakings that would throw light upon his favourite studies. It was fortunate in this respect that the officers of the army of the East India Company were men well instructed in the language and manners of the people of India, a thing in which it is to be feared the army of the British crown will be found utterly deficient. The greatest disadvantage our increasing knowledge of the East can sustain will be in future the utter ignorance of the officers of our European armies of the language, manners, and customs of the people

among whom they are destined to serve. Every candidate for an army commission ought to know English and Hindostanee. Among a hundred millions of people, who are in every respect fellow-subjects, the power of conversing with, and exactly comprehending what they say from their own lips, is a necessity. No pursuit in life has more of that kind of leisure which renders such a deficiency so little excusable as that of the soldier.

Langles was not a member of the Asiatic Society of Paris. The founders of it were jealous of him, yet they acknowledged his eminent services to oriental literature. He collected an immense library, remarkable for its oriental works, and they were open to his friends at all times. I never imagined an individual in his circumstances could have done so much. He would lend his books for literary purposes readily, and open his apartments for the meetings of the friends of literature in a mode unknown elsewhere in the country. The catalogue of his library made a volume of nearly 700 pages! The "Ayeen Akbery," bought by Beckford for a large sum of money, is now, I presume, buried in the

“inapproachability” of Hamilton Palace in Scotland, out of M. Langles’ library, as before remarked. To occupy his time with examining his books, and questioning their owner, I felt, despite his great courtesy, unwilling to extend out of bounds. One thing I can never forget. He took me into a large room, in the centre of which, from end to end, extended a very long table. This was covered with sheets of works, more or less advanced in the printing. It was in the year 1816. They were, some of them, the finest specimens of topography ever seen, and well worthy comparison in that respect with Denon’s celebrated work upon Egypt. They were worthy of their great patron Napoleon. I never saw richer works of the kind, executed principally, I believe, by Didot. I found some were nearly finished, others only just begun. Upon asking M. Langles how they came there, they were all of them, I found, undertaken under the reign of Napoleon, and by his direction, that some were military, others historical. I cannot help saying that I secretly anathematised the whole stupid Bourbon race, and exalted Napoleon proportionably,

who, amidst his vast ambition in setting up new and pulling down rotten thrones, never lost sight of the arts, that are more durable than thrones, and did not seek to render his power stable by trampling upon science and intellect after the mode of Holy Alliances.

Some months elapsed after I had seen these splendid undertakings with their fine topography, when, on visiting M. Langles one morning in the Rue Richelieu, I was directed to the apartment in which I had seen the works I mention in progress ; they had all disappeared. I inquired what was done with them, and was informed that one or two nearly completed were stopped, and the sheets put aside ; others, less advanced, were cancelled. All the works had ceased to be continued, and some were thrown into closets, whence it was not likely they would ever reappear. I was not surprised, because, from the Bourbons and emigrants, nothing more could be expected. Many things which they hesitated to do on the restoration of the old monarchy in 1814, they had no difficulty in undertaking after the battle of Waterloo, which they

hoped would enable them to proceed farther in restoring the old Bourbon system.*

M. Langles made no comment upon the fact, perhaps he did not think it prudent; he only related it I thought somewhat dryly. It was at that time considered prudent not to comment on any act of the government. Though the returned emigrants could not have all their own way, those who thought with them, but had some little prudence, feared to go too far in the expression of a hope of that restoration of the ancient order of things in the end which they still ardently desired. Everything intellectual was looked upon with jealousy by men who were a full half century behind the rest of the world in liberality and information.

It was M. Langles who, when publishing "Tales, Fables, and Sentences," from the Arabic and Per-

* It was not until after the battle of Waterloo that the order was given to erase the N from all the works executed by Napoleon. I saw them chipping that letter out of the laurel wreaths over the piers of the Pont de Jena. An order was given too in many if not all the schools that the name of "Napoleon Bonaparte" was not to be read or introduced in any of the lessons, while the emperor's effigy and name were upon all the coins in circulation !

sian, first made known in France the existence of the "Royal Asiatic Society of Calcutta." He soon afterwards published a translation from the Persian of a work written by Abdoul-Rizac of Samarcand, and then his "History of the Mahrattas." He continued his wonted studies harder than ever. In 1790 he recommended the encouragement of the study of oriental literature to the Constituent Assembly. About the same time he published his "Contes et Fables Indiens," and his second volume of the dictionary of the Mantchon tongue. He was soon after named keeper of the oriental MSS. in the Royal Library, and in 1793 was one of the temporary commission of the fine arts, and a member of the committee of public instruction. Even in 1794, after the Revolution of July 27, 1794, he was employed to conserve the literary works in the Capuchin Couvent.

"But how, my dear sir, did you weather the Revolution—were you not endangered at that time, being before the public so much?"

He replied that he was no politician, but a student of things about which the revolutionists

little concerned themselves. They passed him over, believing, as was the truth, that they had nothing to lose or gain by meddling with him. He was known to be a scholar, and not a politician.

In 1795 he rendered his name of further note, and attracted the gratitude of the French people by his successful efforts to make them form a school devoted solely to instruction in the living languages of the East. He was himself nominated the administrator and professor of the Persian tongue in the institution. He was desirous of joining to the Persian the study of the Malay and Tartar Mantchou, but here he was not successful. On the foundation of the French Institute he was comprised in the members of the order of literature and the fine arts, and taken into the class of history and ancient literature, which he reconstructed the same year I was introduced to him. He was a member of many foreign learned societies, and well merited his honours, for he contributed to create a taste in France which did not before exist, and to impart an impulse to oriental literature by no means inconsiderable. He also aided

in the establishment of the Geographical Society of Paris.

His works were numerous ; besides those I have mentioned he published a dissertation in 1797 upon three magnificent oriental MSS., brought from Egypt by Bonaparte, now in the national library ; remarks on Chinese MSS., and works the titles of which are too numerous to copy here. If he did not rank as a man of the first class and as an original writer, he rendered the most important services to the study of oriental literature by the earnestness with which he propagated a regard for it, and by the generous aid he extended to all who were inclined to follow so laborious a branch of learning. Few were more ardent labourers in the field, few more socially obliging to the foreigner. His oriental collections were rarely exceeded either for utility or rarity.

In 1817 he published an account of the labours of the missionaries to India, which I have never seen ; also a treatise upon the different castes among the Hindoos ; and wrote many articles in the literary publications of his time.

For my own part I can never forget his great civility and kindness towards myself, and the friend who first accompanied me, who so long ago paid the debt of nature. In the course of a pretty long career among mankind of the class of which this distinguished man formed one, I never met with more kindly manners, a disposition more kind towards a stranger, in fact, a mode of imparting information with greater amenity. He was absorbed in one great object in life, but not like scholars in general, for he was a man that would please in any society. There was nothing remarkable in his personal appearance that bespoke his real character. I shall not in all events forget his politeness towards myself, a stranger to his own line of study, and how readily and kindly upon all occasions he explained things which would perhaps have tried the patience of others under the circumstances.—Peace be to his memory!

M. BOZZELLI.

IN 1850 my old friend General Pepe published his later memoirs, relative to the scenes and events in Italy, from 1847 to 1849. I say old, for I had known him the best part of thirty years. How would this brave liberal have been delighted to see Italy freed from the detestable yoke of the Austrian aristocracy, now, like all aristocracies, shattered and crumbling beneath the burthen of its own ignorance, pride, despotism, and hatred of human advancement. Bravely did Pepe defend Venice to the last possible moment, against that remnant of feudal power and ignorance. No one has pitied

its humiliation, although admitting the scoundrelism of Prussia in the mode of its accomplishment. The whole affair furnishes another proof how duplicity and crime may, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, be made to produce good, while showing of what the consciences of kings are made, who, as Catherine of Russia did for her butcher at Ismael, thank Heaven openly for their own duplicity and crime. Yet out of these immoralities, while Prussia grasped only at territory, it is probable a great benefit in the end will result to the people of Germany, in being free from those consequential satraps that ruled so absolutely in miserable petty states, aping far more of power than crowned monarchs in civilised nations ever think of extending their authority. But to return to Bozzelli.

Eminent as a lawyer, and liberal in opinion, he became an exile at the time so many were compelled to leave Italy, or between 1820 and 1830, to avoid the Austrian scourge, that executioner's tool of the Holy Alliance. The banded despots had endeavoured to put down all free expression of opinion of Italy. In Naples, the modern Capua,

the discontent existing with the tyranny of the government had before extended itself to a number of the most respectable inhabitants. The result is known. The European tyrants denounced it, and Austria occupied the larger part of the territory.

Both Bozzelli and Pepe were among the opponents of the government which the Austrians supported. Both became exiles on the establishment of the Austrian tyranny over Italy. Both came to England, but subsequently took up their residence in Paris, from whence I had for some time a correspondence with them.* Bozzelli wrote a remarkably neat hand, and while in London and Paris contributed articles to our periodical literature. After his residence in Paris I lost sight of him for five or six years, and again, subsequently, until the efforts made in 1847-8 to achieve freedom in the South, which efforts Pepe closed by his gallant defence of Venice against Austria.

When my personal and epistolary knowledge of Bozzelli ceased, I heard that on the rising of the

* He gave me by letter some explanations regarding different sections in the Napoleon Code, of which I wished to be master.

friends of freedom in Naples in 1847, he had arrived there several years before, was imprisoned, set free, and had been advanced by the double-dealing king to the place of chief minister of the empire. After that incident I never heard from or of him, except through the second series of memoirs of our old friend Pepe, from which I can only gather that he remained the minister of the kingdom of Naples, retained by the monarch, after the efforts of the people to obtain a free constitution were put down by foreign interference. If so, he must have deserted the cause for which he had suffered so much. He it was who drew up the former constitution. In 1821 he had been connected with the army as an administrator. He was imprisoned for some time in St Elmo; then lived frugally as an exile, returned to Naples, and in 1848 became minister under the constitution. Next, according to General Pepe, influenced by the king, as by some strange spell, or struck with a fatal malediction, he "entered upon a course of conduct in which," says Pepe, "my pen refuses to follow him. I leave to others the task, who are not allied to him by long years of

friendship. Strengthened by partaking together of the bread of exile, and by a mutual love for the same unhappy country, a love which her misfortunes have only fortified and increased.” *

By the foregoing passage, it is evident that Bozzelli had in some way changed after attaining the prime ministry; yet it was he who drew up the constitution and the electoral law. Not long after Bozzelli was charged in effect with dismissing General Roberti for not cannonading Naples from St Elmo,—where he, Bozzelli, had himself been a prisoner, and the general had behaved to him with the greatest kindness. I have never heard a word since about my old friend. He appeared a pleasant, unassuming man. After he had written me his explanation regarding the Code Napoleon, he sent me from Paris his last communication. He stated that Pepe had breakfasted with him that morning, and had begged his remembrances to me. Among the distinguished characters in history that wrote

* *Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy from 1847 to 1849, including the Siege of Venice.* By Lieut.-General Pepe. 8vo. 1850. Two volumes.

in the *New Monthly Magazine* between 1820 and 1830, the prime minister of Naples must not be forgotten.

When General Pepe took the command at Venice, and defended it against the Austrians, he must, I presume, have ceased all communication with Naples, of which state Bozzelli was still prime minister. I lament making the inference from the later memoirs of Pepe, that the King of Naples, to whom he thus surrendered his principles and talents, had retained him in his service to the last. Still I am curious to know the latest of my old friend.

As the "Esquisse politique sur l'Action des Forces sociales dans le differentes Espèces de Government," of which he transmitted me a copy from the Continent, never appeared here either in an English or French garb, I subjoin the heads of it. That Bozzelli was eminent as a lawyer as well as a politician in his own country, is generally admitted. His book came out in Brussels during his exile.

In this work, he observed, that in the history of civil society, it was not possible to fix the attention without being struck with the ignorance of the

character of its earlier epochs. He began by a general description of the vices of the fundamental condition of society, and treated of the immediate and continual troubles which affect it. He considered the action of society in its relation with despotism. Then he treated of governments founded upon the relations of the strength and feebleness of civil society. A chapter followed in relation to the convocation and dissolution of legislative assemblies, and on the proposition and sanction of laws. His two last chapters treated of the judiciary power, and finally of religion.

To many these are dry subjects, and too abstract to be taking; but I am only making known here the names and characters of a few public men whom I have fallen in with in the course of my life, regarding some of whom the world here knows little, for their doings have probably escaped record. Thus I may recall them to notice as they recur to my mind.

Two theories of man in the commencement of his earthly sojourn are already before the world—the one promulgated by the Jewish lawgiver.

Moses, which rests upon a cloudy tradition of early times, and the other upon that which is adopted from what has been observed by those who have thought deeply upon the question, founded upon the position of the state of the aborigines of countries recently discovered, where the inhabitants, on one hand, could have no communication with those nations which had reached a civilisation far advanced beyond their position, from their ignorance of navigation. The introduction of the mariner's compass, the more accurate mode of ascertaining the longitude, together with the extension of commerce, and the spread of science, all combined to aid in new discoveries of late years, and to leave no portion of land on the globe unexplored which could be approached by shipping. It is almost within living memory that Captain Cook investigated a large proportion of the Pacific Ocean before unknown. The present writer knew General Tench of the marines, who embarked with the military that took out the first settlers and convicts to Botany Bay, or rather to Sydney, in 1788-9. There the inhabitants were found in a state of nature, un-

clothed, with a few animals, mostly of unknown species, and weapons for offence or defence unseen in the old world. There, where at present civilisation has introduced her hundreds of thousands on a fifth continent nearly as large as Europe, the picture of the early existence of man, was represented, or rather repeated, to modern vision anew. The experience of the past time tends to show that by the law of the Creator man moved progressively forward. That from a state of nature like that of the Australian, he was for a long course of ages in slow but continual advance towards a point of further civilisation, and that the progress, sometimes slow, was never at a standstill. The existence of the earth must have had a duration in natural progress of hundreds of thousands of years before it was a fit receptacle for animated nature of the lowest grade. The more ignoble existences in advance of the work of creation, perished in their turn, as still higher grades came upon the scene. For all which we have the testimony of our senses, and just inferences from the relics time has spared of the successions which thus appeared and passed

away. That the advance was at one time slower or faster than at another is very probable. Volcanoes are now become cold that were once in ceaseless activity; the eruptions of others are rarer of action than they were only a little time ago. I am well aware that there are some persons who believe that Adam was created with faculties of the loftiest nature—that he knew all the arts and sciences, and that he was well acquainted with the names of the objects on which he first opened his eyes after he was created; and further, that he immediately bestowed names upon them. That in the same mode he became acquainted with certain prejudices and passions, as that of shame at his nakedness, and so strongly, that he made a girdle of vine leaves, and that not being, it is presumed, sufficiently substantial, the Great Creator Himself made him clothes of the skins of animals. Before the presence of death for eating an apple of the forbidden tree existed, man was immortal. Such passages in relation to dress, and shame for want of it, tend to show that they must have been composed after man was somewhat civilised, for only

then such statements could be necessary to reconcile to conventional modesty, when written, what would else not have been reprehended in a state of nature, as we perceive in some aboriginal tribes, even as late as our day. The decency that requires clothing among a civilised people being absent must needs be accounted for, while whole nations up to the present time in their uncivilised state have not as yet become clothed, and are “not” ashamed.

As with the advance towards civilisation in the invention of clothing, so with all the useful arts and discoveries continually augmented in matters of convenience and utility, as well as with those dependent upon intellect. Thus, by steps quicker or slower, those depending upon a variety of collateral circumstances in regard to the mode of raising the means of existence, a part of mankind, in certain situations and circumstances more propitious, continued to advance among its kind far beyond the rest. There is a vast ascent in mind between a Newton and an Australian. The first race of men might have been without a language. Thus vast was and is the distance in mental grade in the scale

of knowledge between one part of the inhabitants of the earth and another. Knowledge is strength, unless man is in his natural and earlier and his more cultivated state. It is only differently meted, and as meted, so in proportion is the power.

The first combined action of man when advanced to a certain point in or near civilisation is that of civil rule. It was the object of my friend in his exile to trace and clear up, if possible, the science of government—its progress in different epochs of its existence, and, if it were possible, to render the subject more lucid.

The ancients represented the commencement of things upon the earth under the most pleasing aspect. Man was a simple and candid being, and his kind bound to each other by sympathetic affections. The heart was free from all bad passions. The earth was covered with the richest vegetation. The balmy air, occasionally moved by refreshing zephyrs, breathed a perpetual spring. Man, living in peace, with a pure conscience, in the overflowing of a reciprocal affection, saw his days glide away in the midst of a society clothed with innocence

and virtue. From such a condition it was that mankind wandered, to deliver itself up to all the disquietude of unsatisfied desires, to violence, and to the imposition upon itself of burthensome cares and necessities, producing envies and jealousies, malevolence, ambition, and all the trouble and misery by which we now discover it was to be tormented.

The moderns, on the other hand, with a genius of a more deep and sombre cast, represent the commencement of civil society and its races under a ferocious and hideous aspect. They make men destitute of family ties, wandering in the woods to find nourishment. Ever at war with each other for the sake of plunder—little accessible to any of the affections proper to sentient beings, arrogating to themselves absurd rights to ravage and destroy, and filling their neighbourhood with waste and carnage. Such was primitive man, from whose condition we have proceeded, and rendered ourselves free to a certain extent of the ferocity of our fathers. On the other hand, we have given to ourselves institutions capable of protecting the feeble against the strong, and making, under the jurisdiction of political so-

ciety, a state of ease, of security, and of justice, from whence the foregoing social calamities have disappeared—where comfort is enjoyed, and where learning and the desires of existence are satisfied, as far as they can be, in the aggregate.

Now both the foregoing systems, if they may be so called, rest upon no historical testimony. They are two dreams of the imagination, originating in the wish to mark the first point from whence civil society started. The ancients had no document to show in proof of their golden age. The earliest writers agree that the age in which they lived was corrupt. The moderns say the same thing of their pretended anti-social state. Nothing can be learned from observing the savages met with in different parts of the globe upon this point, because the best informed of them do not live in a social state, and because we are ignorant if savages represent the elements of a state of the kind about to be formed, or whether they are the wrecks of a society that has undergone a dissolution. This changes entirely the position of things, consulted for such an end.

After some further observations to a similar effect,

M. Bozzelli proceeded to demand what was the picture which in past annals was presented by the social situation of mankind—by masses which everywhere sought peace, and demanded laws for conservation, and were crushed by the powers which should protect them—by violent rulers, and kings that dipped their hands in the blood of their subjects—that made the subjects serve the objects of their passions, and by subjects that arose against the ruling power to resist its overwhelming influence, and similar cases that, agitating the public mind, created national miseries.

After some further remarks, he observes,—“I believe that if Dante had reserved a couple of the circles of his lower region, in which to assemble all who had been destroyed, not by private, but public crimes; if he had painted with a strong and hasty pencil, on one hand, all the governments that the prison, the poignard, and the scaffold had sacrificed to the vengeance of the people, and, on the other hand, all the people that the sword and fire had immolated, to gratify the ambition of the governments, it would exhibit before our eyes a spec-

tacle from which the most ferocious tigers of the animal kind that could behold it would shrink back as if thunderstricken."

There are times—fortunately short intervals—which may be regarded as epochs of general tranquillity. But these intervals, we cannot be certain, are anything more than breathing-times from carnage, which enables contending powers to refresh their exhausted strength, only to return with more fury to the resumption of the same calamities. The past history of empires is before us to annihilate all ephemeral consolations. Civil society must be judged not in the life of the individual, which is momentary, but in the life of a people, which is lost in the immensity of the past and future alike. It must be judged, not in short and detached epochs, but in that enormous mass and succession of events which arise, clash, dissipate, appear under new aspects, and cover the age with thick and impenetrable shade.

But to abandon hypothesis which, giving an appearance of unity to reasonings, never gives us correct results, and is apt to lead us far astray for the

reality—to take us into abstractions upon abstractions, in empty and ambiguous words,—what had been the primitive condition of society is as essential a point of inquiry as its posterior condition, as far as history has revealed to us the troubles, calamities, and fearful revolutions which have always shaken, agitated, and upturned the social body. “What is the immediate and continued cause of so many of these disasters ?” This is the problem to be solved.

M. Bozzelli then observed that, in order to enlighten himself upon this important question, which he conceived to involve alone in itself the principle and term of all social science, he had gone through the works of the principal and most approved publicists. Struck with the extent of the details with which they were filled, he stated that his feeble powers did not permit him to acquire from any of them the unique and fundamental ideas which, taking in their true point of view the events recorded in history, and explaining and connecting them, would make them the base of a simple and luminous theory. “I often,” said he,

"encountered imposing doctrines, not at all equivocal in respect to the elevation of mind of their authors, or of their ardent desire, if possible, to fix, for good and all, the sublunary happiness of man. But the authority arising from experience, which too seldom comes to their support, and, above all, the difficulty of the application of their principles, always appeared to me insurmountable, and forced me to abandon them, while at the same time applauding the generous sentiments which had a hand in their dictation."

Finally, M. Bozzelli made up his mind to set at work for himself. He became of the opinion that it was in the foundation itself, of the inherent constitution of the people, and in the elements of which it was composed, that search must be made for the simple and unique principle that would explain such disorders, and throw light upon the means to avoid them. "I have for a long time," he said, "reflected on the problem thus determined, and it appears to me that the solution is to be found in the movement, always constant, of the actual forces, spontaneous and permanent, of civil

society. An action most powerful, seeming to resemble the breath of life in organised bodies ; animating, sustaining, and en chaining, all the events of which the annals of the world offer us the picture, under forms so dazzling and dramatic."

He then remarks that he has no intention of criticising any contemporary government, but if any one recognises himself in his paintings it is not his fault. For, says he, " Si quelqu'un d'entre eux se reconnaît dans mes tableaux, ce ne sera pas ma faute. Quand le ministre du sanctuaire frappe le vie du haut de la chaire sacrée, l'homme vicieux qui se trouve par hazard dans le temple, n'a pas le droit de dire que c'est de lui que le ministre a eu l'intention de parler. Une plainte de cette espèce serait à la fois une injustice et une calomnie ! "

Under the first head, and regarding the fundamental conditions of civil society and the causes of its troubles—men may all be equal when born, but in their future development who, if any, can make a similar assertion in regard to their wants or the state of their faculties ? Equality here, therefore, must be understood to mean equality of right. The

social life is only the picture of the individual. Society has its seven ages. There is, however, this difference between the different stages among a people and with the individual—that the latter, having run through its term of years, disappears for ever in the grave, while the social life, like that of the Phoenix, is renewed out of its ashes to pass again through the same circle of life and vicissitude. Yet, whatever may be the age it attains, society is marked by the same characteristics and elements of composition, while man continually sets at nought in his future life the natural equality of his infancy, both in his tendencies and actions. The primitive equality violated, society presents the masses of men whom it is not possible to confound together, those who, destitute of energy remain in the sterile equality of their infancy, and those who, by their activity elevate themselves to a more fortunate and independent position. The one he denominated the *feeble*,* or the inferior of the social grades; the other the *strong*,† or “pre-eminently social,” because they were of those who by degrees

* Faiblesses.

† Forces.

were the means of advancing as far as possible that utmost development of which the human condition is susceptible. After combating certain objections, M. Bozzelli proceeds to consider civil society ; and the first attribute he declares is riches, or perhaps it should be property, in the main, including that which is distributable and may be applied to employ the poorer or *faiblesses* ; by which it is evident he intends circulating, not hoarded riches, thus kept inert, but the mass of it in the hands of those who will employ it. Wealth being the foremost attribute of social power, he places intelligence or knowledge the second place in aid, as the means of augmenting the national wealth, which knowledge, by the spread of education, riches it is presumed will for its own sake extend. The poor, when really such, are not generally enlightened from the want of means of instruction ; while, on the other hand, a nation ignorant will be found wealthy but rarely, because it knows not how to employ to advantage even the resources which it already possesses.

Going at a considerable length into this part of

his subject, and not omitting to touch upon the hypocrisy of absolute monarchical rule, and the flimsy excuses and falsehoods it puts forth, when about to practise some enormity, or play double upon an ally, as we recently saw exhibited by the monarch of Prussia in his double-dealing with Austria, well depicted by the remark that such rulers urging upon their subjects their regard for them, and how much they were ready to do in their behalf, how devoted they were, and how disinterested in the operations they are about to perform in their royal devotion to their people, with much of this kind of cant, and how all who know what courts are know them to be false: he says—"A sultan, who with stupid ferocity decrees the desolation of a province, is never wanting to protest in his proclamations or firmans, that all he is doing is for the good of his very dear and very faithful subjects." So it is with Christian rulers, so little their difference between words and facts. The rulers thus hollow, and cheating the people, and the people declaring in return their rulers tyrannical, odious, and double-dealing, and being

answered by their hypocritical rulers at times, that under the best of governments the people are turbulent and revolutionary. The weight of taxation, as a ground of complaint, is pronounced factious, though accompanied by the misery of families; that wars of the most indefensible nature, often founded on royal caprices, and unrelentingly pursued, are declared just and holy. Then follow revolutions, which an intellect no higher than that of a shopkeeper ruling at headquarters would have avoided, and the pressure and cruelty of measures ending in mischief to all. So true it is that commotions, turbulence, and revolutions are the fault of the stolidity, bad passions, or mercenary ambition of the rulers.

In the second chapter, M. Bozzelli treats of the action of society in its relation to despotism, or a government without law, justice, or humanity, certain to characterise that mode of rule in general.

To paint the character of a despotism, he gives the old anecdote of the King Periander, who, when walking alone in his garden, was consulted

by his favourite on what he should do in the existing secret fermentation which agitated every rank in the state. The king made no other reply than by cutting off the heads of the taller plants,—a hint which could not be mistaken. My old friend remarked that the idea generally prevalent that tyrants sought the ruin of their more opulent subjects for their wealth, was an error. The reason was to prevent the pre-eminence of wealth from increasing so as to become a rival to the despot. In a republic, or in a representative government, or what some denominate “constitutional,” this fear can have no foundation. M. Bozzelli remarks, too, that the character of a despotism is continually mistaken for the absolute rule of a tyrant. A sovereign may be a despot, and yet rule justly. Tiberius Caesar was a monster, and yet not a despot. Aroum al Rasehid was a despot, and yet not a monster. The one carried on his crimes and oppressions by his power over magistrates, the last ruled by the virtuous inspiration of his own just heart. The principle of every government

is false that is not founded in morality, justice, and a respect for the rights of man.

My friend goes at some length into this part of his subject, often quoting the despotism of Periander to illustrate his subject. He then treats of the despotism of states towards their colonists. He instances Holland under Spain, and is of opinion that the decadence of Spain commenced from the time of her wars in the Low Countries, the loss of which was followed by that of Portugal. M. Bozzelli then notes the case of the colonies of Spain in America, governed by rulers sent out from thence, who governed arbitrarily. In a little time, when the mother country became embarrassed, in the fate of which they had no interest, they flung off her yoke. The conduct of George III., in endeavouring to tyrannise over America, lost England those fine colonies. If the English in the East Indies do not give to the native people a system of rule, of which they desire the continuation, they will in time discover a period when England elsewhere is involved in difficulties, and will know

how to use the opportunity. This is self-evident. Whether another George III., and a North for minister, may hurry on such a catastrophe or not remains for time to disclose. As to colonial charters and privileges to colonies, framed from home, the crown by the by will hardly play the fool a second time by making any such—as George III. made them—mere waste-paper. At present the crown is pursuing a much wiser course, profiting by experience.

M. Bozzelli next treats of the Mussulman despotism, and of its nature; into any analysis of which I have not space to go. It suffices, that much of what he states about it is new to the general reader, and that the long endurance of that empire he attributes to the non-development of its “social” strength or force.

In his third division the writer treats of the action of society in relation to democracy, which he defined a popular government, where every citizen possessed a perfect equality of rights without being troubled by class privileges, with the power of each to join in the enactment of the

laws, the administration of public affairs, and the election of magistrates and judges.

The principle of democracy, then, is not, and cannot be, otherwise than to obliterate from civil society all antithesis of strength and feebleness, and to place each individual upon his own self-dependence, and thus constitute a perfect equality in wealth, knowledge, and virtue. It is on the equality of fact that democracy reposes, because it is that equality which guarantees in a permanent way the equality of the law. My friend found fault with Montesquieu for having made virtue the principle constituting a democracy. Rousseau stated an enlightened truth, when he said that the greatest virtues are negative, and that this was more particularly true of the character of political virtue, which consists in resisting the seduction, unhappily too common, of attacking the rights of our equals, and in them the independence of the country.

Here M. Bozzelli is particularly luminous and correct in his observations, but I cannot follow him for want of space. His work is well worthy

of translation. "The means," he says, "not to continue virtuous, when the social forces are in a perfect equality as to fact, without the existence of any weakness, comes from giving them a pre-eminence without any solid support for culpable effects. Vice is not nurtured when there are obstacles to resist its progress. Render it useless, and it will soon be banished from the universe. My friend differs from Montesquieu, when he says that popular government falls when its virtue is corrupted. Bozzelli asserts that corruption occurs when the fact of the general equality disappears; and wealth is formed without any equilibrium, when the aggrandisement of strength or force on one side has occasioned on the other an accumulation of weaknesses. It is then but natural that the more powerful in augmentation should try to become the dominant power, and not suffer any portion of the feebler to partake. This is natural. The principle of democracy lies not in its particular virtue, which is no more than a simple effect, but in the material equality, which, placing all the members of society upon

a level as to fact, is the real cause of the virtue of the citizens, and of the stability of the republic.

The next head upon which he treats is the action of society in its relation to an aristocracy. I must here observe, that I have only skimmed a small portion of the contents of his elaborate work, in no way doing it justice from its bulk, and very little indeed to its reasoning.

The author is of opinion that aristocratic rule rests upon the same foundation principle as that of despotism. He expresses astonishment that men of genius, dazzled by false appearances, have gone so far as to profane the sacred name of virtue, by identifying it with the system, the most absurd of all of which history has left us any description. What is an aristocracy? An assemblage of persons who have come out of civil society by modes more or less roundabout, and, seizing the reins of government, employ themselves in plunging all those who are not of their particular class into abasement and slavery. The concentration of all the power on

one side, and the abasement to the utmost possible degree of all power upon the other, and then constituting the sole guide of the government. It exists, and cannot exist otherwise, than by reducing the people, the great mass of the nation, to an utter nullity. It offers to an impartial observer the resemblance of a tiger which, for want of food, is nearly famished. Even if it chanced, in attempting to set in agreement things irreconcilable, it should permit any germs of power to be developed among those it would fain govern, it is lost. It must either destroy, or be destroyed, in the end. Such are the inevitable conditions essential to the existence of an aristocratical government. The rule of a despot is confined to one individual, whose will is a law fixed, and is, as it were, determinable. He commands, and his command is law, and this law is identical with his person; but the will of an aristocracy is only the abstract expression of the will of a part, or that of those individuals who happen to hold the same opinions. It has no individuality. It must make a code of laws, in

consequence, an act which is at war with its own collective sovereignty. The despot and an aristocracy offer great differences in rule, such as exist between one will and the wills of many. The author then proceeds to illustrate his views upon the subject from history, and refers to Venice in a particular manner, for showing the effects of that species of government. He also refers to the early history of Rome for precedents. To Servius Tullius, for example, when he extended the privileges of the people in order to lower the pretensions of the aristocracy. When the kings were expelled from Rome, the aristocracy, which expelled them and had obtained the popular aid, still flattered the people with promises of freedom. The whole terminated in placing the power in the senate. The entire of this part of the subject is worthy of study. No analysis can be given in a few pages devoted only to a mere outline of M. Bozzelli's work, in which he supports his positions from history, and shows the bearings of a ruling aristocracy to be of all others the least enviable and most per-

nicious. He shows that the old aristocracies—those of Rome and Venice in particular—met with the same end after, for a time, both governing with a despotism very similar. The people at last saw Venice fall under the stroke of a stranger's pen. Her old aristocratic constitution, like an old corpse shut up in a dark vault, showing itself intact to the eye, but falling into powder on exposure to the atmosphere.

The foregoing sketch gives no idea of the mode in which the subject is treated at length: it cannot be even denominated an analysis, because too much space would be required for what is little more here than a mere mention of the work.

In his fifth chapter he treats of the action of society in relation with a monarchy. By a monarchy he understands an individual ruler, who governs with fixed laws, that may vary in different countries. In regard to the principle which constitutes this kind of government, M. Bozzelli declares his inability to define it. From the variation in different examples, and from

other causes, he observes that his reader will be more fortunate than himself, if, amid the numerous contradictions that cross his way, he should alight upon the true principle upon which it is constituted.

The free development of national riches enters into the condition of a monarchy, such as agriculture, commerce, the mechanical arts, and every branch of industry, and they are thus protected and encouraged. Property is held sacred. It may be divided to infinity in the hands of a family without offending the government. It will be said, perhaps, that such a system originates less by a desire to see the people contented than by the desire to obtain from them the taxes that are levied with greater care, and thus to provide for the supply of the public functionaries and continual extravagances of the court.

This may be true in some cases, but it cannot be admitted as a general maxim, but as a species of calumny. Monarchy has a tendency to strengthen the power of a nation, and to develop its resources. This part of the subject is well handled in various points of view, too

copious for analysing. It abounds with observations worthy of notice by all who feel an interest in the subject; and in the deductions of much experience, at a time when such subjects were naturally forced upon the minds of those who, like M. Bozzelli, were professionally interested in changes that had latterly been so momentous. The chapter on monarchy is well worth publishing alone.

Our author next treats, under the foregoing head subdivided, of governments founded upon the relations of the strength and weakness of civil society. This disquisition is divided into three sections:—of the throne and administrations; of the assemblage of the adult social strength; and, lastly, of the aggregate of the newly-born social strength.

His next chapter, making the seventh, treats of the convocation and dissolution of legislative assemblies, and the proposal and sanction of the laws.

The last two chapters treat of the judicial power, and of religion. On the last alone, it may be remarked, that the necessity of religion being granted, both as regards the welfare of

the individual and of the whole body, yet there were no religious wars among the ancient heathen nations, though, in later governments, they always played a considerable part, because the altar was made use of underhand as a support of the throne. In fact, such governments still use religion as an instrument of rule. All this was natural under despotisms, but how can it rationally exist under free governments? How can such a course be justified, and the example of the heathen be copied in the Christian world,—Christianity itself being made not only an instrument of the government, by despotisms, but in those states which are comparatively free, or boast of their free institutions? Spain is cited as an example, that, at the very time of giving the people freedom, the Catholic religion alone was protected by the laws! In Russia, the Cossacks were persuaded that Napoleon I., of France, was Antichrist, and that the French were fiends. The same ridiculous comedy had before been played off in Spain against Islamism. All who fell, belonging to these nations, who

used such means of annoying an enemy, were proclaimed martyrs. This wicked use of religion shows what have been the real grounds of the support of certain creeds by rulers, who have themselves been among the worst characters of the ages and nations in which they have existed.

In 1820 the same intolerance was renewed in Spain, and was used, on one side or the other, just as it suited the purposes of the different parties, royal or otherwise, that ruled at the moment. Spain stands alone in Europe for intolerance and political inconsequence. Louis XVIII. of France recently was tolerant, only because he dared not be otherwise. Religion belongs to the individual conscience, and governments would not care about it at all, were it not an aid to obtain temporal advantages; such, for example, as to afford more security by promulgating divine right, and keeping the people in political darkness by means of religious terrors. The constitution of the United States of North America is quoted as being without the aid of a priesthood paid to support it. Examples are given, in all the points of view,

regarding state religions, to the depreciation of other creeds, plainly exhibiting the motive which the blindness of the masses does not perceive, when adopted under more honest pretences. In England, speaking of the Church, our author truly says, referring to the House of Lords and the bishops, that if the Church be attached on the side of morals to the interests of heaven, it has, by its political side, no weak attachment to its worldly interests. In England the people of the Reformed Church were jealous of the Catholics and their influences, not so much because of the dogma of consubstantiality, or the real presence, as because of those arbitrary political principles, on which they believed, right or wrong, that the foundation of the Catholic faith rested. When the English citizen, prompted by his clergy, shouted "No Popery," he only had in view originally the security of his political freedom, on recalling the history of the past political revolutions in his country. Hence it has been seen that the people are not at all alarmed at Church dignitaries being seated in the higher legislative assembly, being per-

suaded that there, from episcopacy, the established religion will be certain to be defended. Hence, too, he dislikes the Catholic faith, because it is associated with despotism. This is not the place to argue whether such a prejudice be well or ill founded.

Here, I regret to say, I have given only a very few of the detached sentiments and ideas contained in my friend's work. When he wrote it, so many of the English clergy were not openly, as at present, hankering after the Roman Catholic faith, exhibiting a desire for the power possessed by that clergy over the minds of their followers, with their narrow views, and tendencies to certain superstitions. They did not find the Church of England sufficiently narrow, and judaical, and heathen, to admit the ceremonies and the ridiculous pomps borrowed from Jewish and heathen worship, and the incredible miracles and monstrosities that support the practices in which they long to have a hand. It is a poor subject for boast, that while the sphere of knowledge and the bounds of toleration are extending, the officials of the Church of England should desert, quitting it to embrace the principles of, and

become officially connected with, a faith that the people of countries where it is the established creed have seen the necessity of holding in with a curb, for the security of their own rights as the citizens of free nations; just as we find the case in Italy at the present moment.

It is singular this work never appeared in English. Bozzelli wrote in English publications, from one of which I had difficulty to get some money due to him after he quitted England. His letters that I have by me in French are of no sort of public interest. I should imagine that few Neapolitans could be found equal to him in depth or closeness of reasoning—I had hoped, too, and do still hope, of honest principle. That he did honour to his country was proved by his exile. If, under the sway of the Bourbons, he became reconciled, he threw away his previous honourable character upon solicitations he should have despised. The flattery of a despot is too often a poison cup, of which he who drinks dies morally. Twenty years have elapsed since I heard directly from him, and I think it probable he returned to the south as soon as he

perceived he had the hope of a change, and then had the weakness to cancel his honourable exile by subserviency. He is now probably no more. His work, of which I have spoken, has, by better judges of it than myself, been pronounced useful for those who wished to comprehend and study a most important topic in relation to political government. For myself, I can only say that I thought I had rarely met with a more amiable, deep-thinking, and honest friend of freedom, which, indeed, might in some measure be thought not erroneous by his separation from his ill-governed country. It would delight me could I but hear he still lived to enjoy the gratification of the changes time has effected in Italy, and that he was blameless of the suspicion hinted, on the authority of General Pepe, which I have here cast upon him.

END OF VOL. I.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

AUTHOR OF "PAST CELEBRITIES," "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,
LITERARY AND PERSONAL," ETC., ETC.

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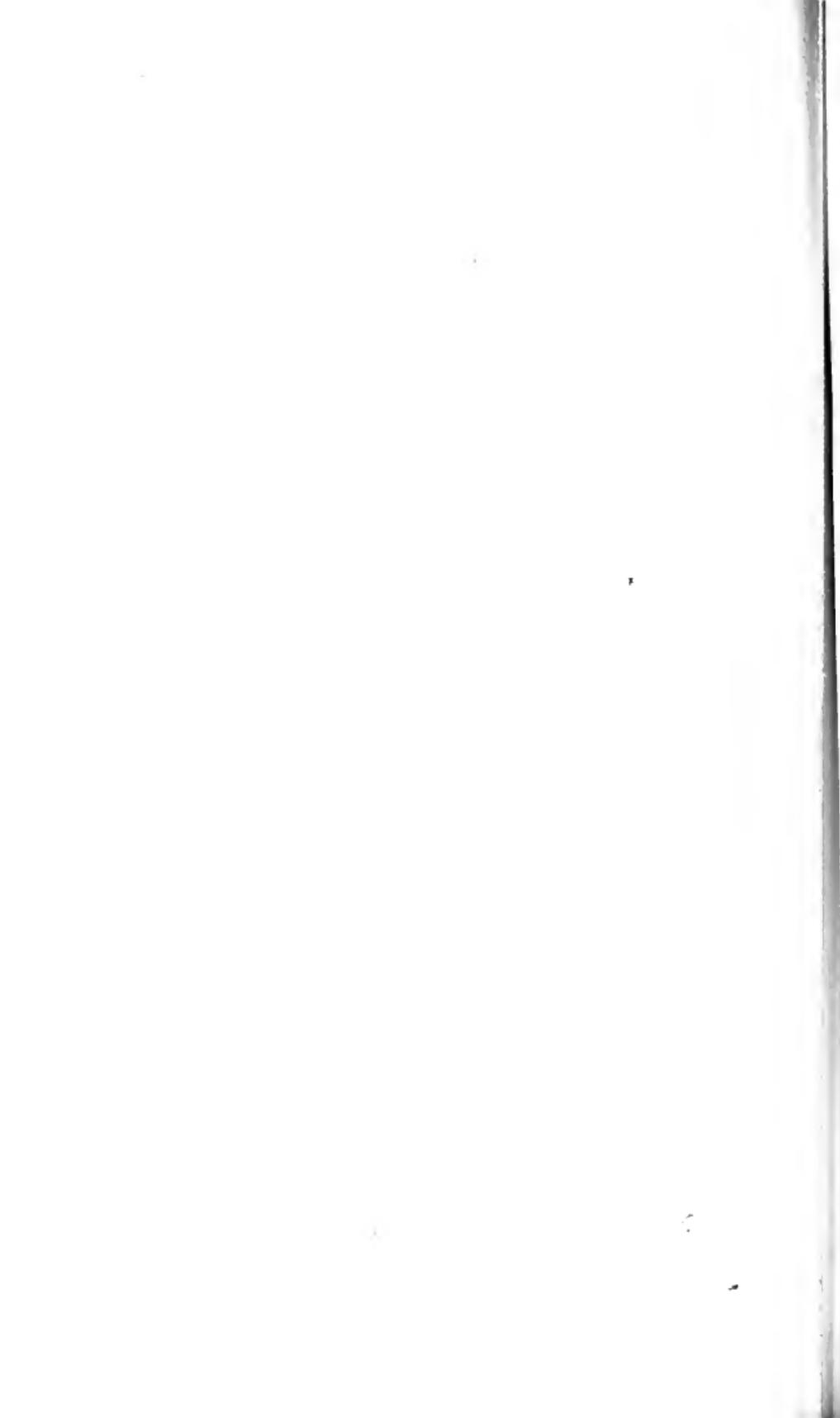
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------|------|
| SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, | 1 |
| THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, | 35 |
| W. G. GRAHAM, | 70 |
| SIR T. N. TALFOURD, | 129 |
| MARSHAL SUCHET, | 167 |
| J. H. LEIGH HUNT, | 184 |
| LORD COCHRANE, | 230 |
| SIR J. MACKINTOSH, | 271 |
| G. H. C. EGESTORFF, | 292 |



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF
EMINENT MEN.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, who had been a public character for a considerable time, was not one of those found cozening popularity at opportune meetings on the outset of his career. He was possessed of distinguished abilities, of ample fortune, of considerable learning, and unimpeachable political integrity. He was content to let the harlot fame follow him if she might, scorning to play at the tables round which political gamblers in general

meet to try the same luck in the vulgar track to fortune or disappointment. He did not avert his eyes from the objects which he really had in view to beguile observers, nor turn aside after speculative good. He was the antagonist of all chicane, and the intrepid assertor of what he conscientiously believed to be right. He could always be relied upon and comprehended.

Sir William, though a native of the same county that produced many distinguished men, was not of early Cornish descent. His family was originally from the counties of Huntingdon and Northampton. Walter de Molesworth, Sheriff of Bedford in the reign of Edward I., was one of them, and from him descended John Molesworth of Trehane in Cornwall, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, was auditor of that Royal Duchy. This individual it was who obtained the estate of Pencarrow, and it has ever since been the family residence. The name of the estate is of Cornish derivation, from Pen, a head of land, and Carron, a castle or hill, which answers to the present site. The estate I well remember, and how sweetly it is situated in a delightful

wooded valley, the image of rural tranquillity. Indeed, the valleys form the most beautiful portions of Cornwall. The hills, too often bare and bleak, are exposed to the wild fury of the Atlantic storms, which sweep over them with inconceivable fury. The house is situated in the parish of Egloshayle, from “Eglos,” old Cornish for church, and “hayle” a river.

Hender Molesworth, who had a large property in Jamaica, was one of the baronets made by James II. Sir William, the late possessor of Pencarrow, was scarcely of age before he became a member for the East Division of Cornwall. He was full of the generous spirit of youth, and had been carefully educated; besides the classical languages, in which he was a proficient, he was a master of the German. He was a great reader, and reflected deeply on what he read, but limited in topics, which rendered him more the master in the line of subject he selected. He was not accustomed to be ruled in his opinions by custom, but thought for himself. Hence he became a Liberal in his views, a consequence that followed the non-acceptance of the

opinions of the interested, the ignorant, the deficient in capacity, or the serfs of custom. He was, in short, a “Radical,” to adopt the term of the present Lord Broughton, who by so declaring himself made the hair of the Tory part of the House of Commons stand on end, at a declaration that has now ceased to be considered little short of blasphemy. It was different in the over-sensitive ears of the old House of Commons. To be but a solitary step in advance of the hackneyed opinions of the dark times, consecrated by all sorts of anomalies and abuses, of ignorance sustained by power, and elevated by interest on the part of Church or State, was horridly “low” and frightfully “disaffected.”

In Cornwall the Whig party was the Liberal party in those days. Still, an unenlightened mind that then judged of things as they really were, was looked upon with shyness, by the old unprogressive Whigs, as well as the inveterate Tories. I knew them well before Liberalism was acknowledged there. The only county paper, which had been open to both sides in polities, was secured by the Tories, after being for some years conducted impartially. The

Whigs or Liberals afterwards determined things should not remain as they were. They resolved to have an organ of their own. They got an editor who could write, but had no idea of the machinery of such an establishment. They procured a printer on the spot ; still, the same want of comprehending and getting up the machinery existed. They were all, in fact, novices. They had no *materiel* for their undertaking, and knew not where to turn for the requisite information as to how the thing was to be set on foot. It is hardly credible, compared with the present time, how utterly destitute of the means of knowledge through the press the people of the west were at that period, and it was the part of the Tory tactics to keep them so. Perceval was over-eager in the matter, and by levying additional duties upon stamps and advertisements besides that on paper, he hoped to cripple the press further than it had ever been before.

The paper that had been until then open to all parties was secured for the Tory interest, and it boasted of its power through that influence. No expression of an opinion in opposition to the

Government was permitted. The great agent for his party was Mr Gregor, one of the Tory members for the county, and he became very active in behalf of his party. The money being ready for starting a new paper, there was still no chance of setting it afloat by those destitute of knowledge in a matter which is somewhat complicated, and in the teeth of an opposition very powerful. The printer could do his work, and the publisher sell over the counter ; but arrangements of other kinds, and agencies, were beyond their knowledge as to the terms and management without some little experience. Under these circumstances, Major Glynn of Glynn got Mr Childs, a solicitor of Liskeard, to write to me about the dilemma in which they found themselves, and asked me if I would assist them. I replied that, having a paper of my own so near, that had some little circulation in Cornwall, it would be like attacking my own interest. I could not but wish them success notwithstanding. They then declared they would get some one from London, and that nothing should prevent their carrying out their object ; that I was by birth one of them, as well as

being a Whig in principle, (Radicals were not then known,) and they still hoped I would aid them.

Finally I consented. I then sketched out a plan, and, riding over to Liskeard, met quietly, at the house of Mr Childs, Major Glynn, Mr Stackhouse Pendarvis, Mr Coleman Rasleigh, and one or two other gentlemen of the county. Sir William Molesworth was then a minor. There, not far from his residence, the scheme was quietly arranged. I ordered all necessary from London, and went down and saw the first number published. That paper was the *West Briton*, and in the interest of the Whig party. Thus, with my assistance, and at the cost to myself personally of whole columns of foul-mouthed abuse from the Tory paper, which not long afterwards fell into new hands, the *West Briton*, become now the first county paper, was permanently established.

Though Sir William must have been then a minor, when he became his own master he joined the Liberal party in the county, and was far before any of the same political party in ability and in depth of that knowledge which was calculated to

strengthen those who were of the same political feeling. He was one of the later of the Cornish Liberals in the field from the circumstance of age, but he was foremost in intellectual power. He was not opposed when he put up for East Cornwall, for his politics and acquirements were not known.

On entering the House, he startled the Whigs by the boldness of his sentiments on the popular side. They had proceeded with the *prestige* of the past time, for even Fox went too far for some of them in his day, who were not led so much by principle as party spirit. Such a man was Windham, who deserted his friends and took office under Pitt, and afterwards deserted Pitt and went back to his old side, fully bearing out Sheridan's sarcasm about him, that "he would speak on both sides of a question, and then pair off by himself." A good classical scholar, and a gentleman in his address, he had little or no principle, and clung to absurd things, to stale opinions and barbarous practices, only because they were old. To return. The Whigs had not then moved onward. They

dreamed that Castlereagh of the lackered brow was still in their front, when Sir William entered the House. He was fully awake to those principles which, since the triumph of reform, have emancipated the minds of men from their ancient bondage—from the boasted superiority of the old and dark times, and the dread of advance. The Tory, reluctantly baptized anew, and in the swaddling-clothes of the reasonable Conservative, thought to prevail under a new appellation. The Whigs amalgamated generally with those more advanced in progressive principles, denominated Liberals. Sir William, among these last, soon saw what were the political necessities of the hour, and in the cause of their advance he was fearless and uncompromising. He supported the principle of national progress, defended enlarged and liberal opinions, and was an advocate of free trade, who did not fear the abolition of the corn-laws, which, according to the country gentlemen, was to bring utter ruin upon their property, and make land not worth acceptance, much less worth the cultivating. It is difficult to discover the cause—I have often tried at it

—that, as the agricultural labourer is the most stolid member of the community, it should be the same with his master of the soil, upon any topic that has not been driven into his cranium at school with the rod. Sir William was turned out of the representation of East Cornwall for presuming to support what is now the law of the land, and the opponents of which, at the time to which I allude, never entered the Houses of Parliament without marks of woe in the expression of their countenances, and those pathetic and almost glistening outpourings from the organs of vision, those sad unhelpful tear-raining lamentations which ever accompany the apprehension in that interested species of ignorance which characterised their patriotism.

Sir William was now returned by a more intellectual constituency, and sat for Leeds. It was after being returned for that town, and his rejection by his old friends and supporters, that he commenced his career as a reformer of our colonial rule, which was in a very indifferent state. He was supported by Mr Roebuck, with whom he had had an early intimacy. They had thought alike on the Canada

question. The party papers, in noticing Sir William's political career, omitted all mention of this close intimacy. Roebuck had been consistent, and Sir William had exhibited the same virtue; but then Roebuck was nobody. Honesty and talent are nothing without they are gilded, where venality rules the hour. In 1834, or about that time, they established together the "London Review," in which the written sentiments of both are expressed upon several political questions. Lord John Russell was for adopting coercive measures with the Canadians. Had this plan been carried out, we should have lost the colony, though not in the mode that was witnessed upon former occasions. They demanded that justice should be done to the colonists, and they were of course censured by those who had no idea but of ruling by force, and persuading by the unanswerable arguments of the prison and gallows. The idea of governing free men by rulers five thousand miles away, is a conception that must ever finish disastrously. The favourite idea of George III. of taxing a nation without the popular consent, even in remote colonies, as well as at home, has

been shown by time and experience to be impolitic, arbitrary, and unjust, especially if there be any idea of keeping up the smallest attachment to the parent state.

Sir William was the individual who condemned the system of transportation as a punishment for criminals, because he imagined that a considerable proportion of the convicts may be reformed. He did not think, with our past sanguinary legislators, that shedding blood, even for the most trivial offences, was politic or just. He did not think human nature so bad as to demand, after precedent-ridden lawyers, those fearful sacrifices of life for a few shillings—those bloody holocausts that marked the penal laws of England until very recently, and which the public were told by the advocates of “the good old times” were indispensable to the public security. The experiment has been tried, not only in England, but in France. Before long we may hope to see judicial murders dispensed with, or, if continued, that they will be the cause, the test of proof that England is not a “Christian” country, for it is undeniable that a people ruled by

the glorious and blessed doctrines of the New Testament, and not according to the convenient interpretation put upon them by popes and priests, does not admit of shedding blood at all, unless in self-defence, *bona fide*—not in the constructive self-defence of lawyers. Penn established his colony without permitting the principle of evil for evil to stain his judicial halls with blood. The second part of the plan of Sir William—namely, the restoration to society of offenders who are sincerely penitent—has not yet been satisfactorily carried out. Criminals are too often so marked after they have worked out their penal service, that they are shunned, and cannot live honestly, because no one will employ them, and starvation looks them in the face.

Sir William wrote lucidly and reasoned logically, and had thus a great advantage over his opponents. His style was of course simple. He edited the works of Hobbes between 1841 and 1845, and for this incurred censure by one of those persons among his Southwark electors, who proved he had as little good sense as candour or a comprehensive under-

standing. The same person attacked him for his support of the Maynooth grant. Such attacks prove the ignorance and bigotry of those who make them. They should have lived in past times and been nursed by a Stuart. They only show the animus of their author as fitted for those days when ignorance and intolerance ruled—while they mark the animus and the desire to dictate, and set up themselves and their unworthy opinions for the standard guides of wiser men.

Sir William endeavoured to the last to promote Colonial reform, and not without considerable success. Lord Aberdeen offered him the Woods and Forests under his own administration, and he accepted the post, although his better efforts were neutralised to a great extent. He was a stronger advocate for peace than those with whom he often voted. Lord Palmerston, on coming into office, tendered to Sir William the place of Colonial minister, and the offer was creditable to both. Sir William met many obstacles in the path of his official duties, but they did not shake his firmness, because his convictions were well grounded, and his principles

of action unassailable. He exhibited none of those hesitations and subterfuges of which in certain circumstances weak-minded political men avail themselves. He was not a half-reasoning politician. He desired of all things an extensive system of national education as the ground for one of his most ardent hopes of public benefit.

To be ruled by men of Sir William's principles and talents, had our country gentlemen been able to produce them, would be more desirable than to be subjected to that part of the men of property who are merely commercial. A government upon commercial principles can only be compared in character to the adage regarding fire, "It is a good servant, but a very bad master." It may raise the exchequer, but its venality destroys or greatly deteriorates that loftiness of spirit and principle which should alone rule the policy of great and powerful nations.

His education commencing when young, Sir William came upon the public stage early in life, or earlier than others in general had appeared there. He was a practical man, and at college, where so

many young nonentities are suckled for one that obtains a worthy reputation, he was of course denominated a "Radical." With what is called learning at the University, he combined a much wider scope of mental action than was required to construe a dead language or two. On the ground he took he ever trod firmly, and never was found wavering. The views which he shared in early life, for which he was censured and even calumniated, were at length admitted to be correct by those who opposed him, and here he must have triumphed, and, what is more, have felt his triumph. One man only advancing a step—there must be a succession of such to effect permanent good to the desired extent; but the success of one is no light satisfaction to him who has devoted himself to the work. It is a part of the great whole that completes the task at which many may labour.

The constitution of those mischievous bodies called Colonial Councils, managed in general by the tools of office in the mother country, or by their own inclinations, without regard to the interests of the governed—for ever causes of colonial discontent,

and a mere mockery, if considered in relation to the people—he changed in its nature. He had to wrestle against the individuals that composed them, and to disregard the old exercise of local patronage, backed out by persons of some influence at home. He objected to a system to which was applied, on the creation of the colonies into two classes, “*Ceux qui pillent et ceux qui sont pillés*.”

I am not aware exactly of the papers he contributed to the “*London Review*,” besides those devoted to colonial purposes. I believe the paper, entitled “*The State of the Nation*,” and “*Church Reform*,” to have been Sir William’s. He ever advocated the rule of right reason in the affairs of Government, and was thus in opposition to those who appeal on all occasions for the foundation of things connected with Government to “usage, tradition, and the wisdom of our ancestors.” He was well-nigh a Benthamite on the question of utility. The changes of opinion in late years, and the concessions to reason and common-sense, have kept many silent who still cling to the past. Sir William well observed, that “whenever a body of

men are found to be steadily and tenaciously against reason, we may safely conclude they have interests to the exercise of which reason would be fatal."

Personally to myself, I confess a debt of gratitude which was caused by the kindness of Sir William in a way I did not expect, and if unfruitful, it in no way lessened the obligation upon my part.

That death should have cut short the career of Sir William is to be lamented, for he was a man of great promise, and might have reached the highest eminence possible for a subject—not in idle title—let me not be mistaken—but in the highest good to which he could apply his talents for the benefit of his country. If he completed his destined mission, we have still the desire, not to be impeached, that he had lived longer, and done more. Satisfied it was not to be, we can only regret—while not for a moment questioning the awful Power that disposes of His creatures, no doubt for the best, or, at all events, according to a will little becoming us to challenge—it should not end otherwise than it actually did. He played out his destined part, and left the stage. Had it pleased the great Ruler of

mortal events that he should have had a more protracted existence, he might have consolidated the work he commenced so well. He might have lived to see the colonies of England spreading farther and wider over the earth, extending the English name and language to its remotest limits. It is unfortunate that a craving after gain, and the pursuit of that object almost to the exclusion of every other, will prevent the due appreciation of the benefit Sir William was the means of conferring upon the public. Had he lived a little longer, his value would have been more extensively comprehended. The colonies themselves would have more duly estimated his services as the great advocate of their self-government, as well as being one destined so far to aid the fulfilment of the prophetic words of a contemporary of his youth, in the prospective decay of the shackles that hamper the human intellect: "The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightnings, and the equilibrium of institutions and opinions is restoring, or about to be restored."

An observation of Sir William's, remarkable for its plain good sense, was as follows "It has been

frequently said, but the evidence of it has not been sufficiently displayed and enforced, that no colony is other than hurtful to the mother country which does not repay its own expenses. The proposition, indeed, is self-evident, for what does a country get by a colony for which it is obliged to pay, and from which it receives nothing? How many times more valuable the free trade of the United States of North America than the forced trade was of the North American Colonies! They say we have sunk capital in the colonies. Sunk it is, indeed! Then let us follow the approved maxim of common life, not to throw away good money after bad!"

How strange that this reasoning of Sir William did not operate long ago! Lord Waldegrave hinted that George III., his pupil, was the creature of prejudice, and that the "last reason of kings," set to work by that prejudice, lost England what the common-sense reason of Sir William would, had it been the course pursued, have preserved for his country to this day.

He was not an accomplished speaker in public; and as he laboured rather for utility than eclat, and

had no desire to startle the ears of the groundlings by the coruscations of his oratory, or wound their self-love by the poignancy of his wit, these deficiencies were of the less moment, especially as his speeches were always to the point, while his mission had a far more exalted aim. He pushed forward after truth, but in his advance was content to proceed after his object, step by step, in the most practicable manner. The goal to be effected was the object uppermost in his view, all selfish ideas of reward out of the question. All was honestly laboured, all was achieved under the most perfect moral rectitude. Duty and the public good were ever present in his mind.

The religious principles of Sir William were tolerant in the fullest sense of the word. He deemed a man's faith a question between himself and his Creator alone. His love of truth and contempt of shuffling, I remember observing, were shown in some written observations upon Copleston, afterwards a somewhat notorious bishop, who had the presumption to deal with Locke in the miserable, canting, old ecclesiastical mode. How characteristic !

“ His (Locke’s) opinions,” said Copleston, “ would have been entitled to greater respect,” (*observe, for what,*) “ if he had himself treated with respect the opinions of those who had gone before him”— (*opinions, you see, are entitled to respect, not on account of the truth of them, but something else*)— “ and the practice of sensible men of his own time, whose judgment was worth more as it was confirmed by experience.” *Locke, then, misbehaved, by seeking for evidence, and yielding to it when found!*

But I can proceed no further with remarks on this distinguished man. Alas! distinguished or obscure, all pass away like cloud-shadows over the grass. They only leave the renown that, hovering over the ruins of mortality, mocks for a short space the havoc made by the unsparing scythe of time, and that too dies out at last.

WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN,

THE gifted son of the celebrated Irish advocate, John Philpot Curran, renowned for his forensic powers, and once Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was one of those to whom it has often occurred, if less gifted in one particular pursuit, to be more worthy in a moral sense, and in some different department of the same profession more solid, if less showy—more useful, if less dazzling ; in addition, possessing a well-cultivated moral character. The elder Curran dazzled by his wit, his pathos, and

his drollery. His daring eloquence and fascinating conversation were, with his personal appearance, striking contrasts, for the last was mean and diminutive. William Henry, his son, whom he treated with neglect, was in person very like his sire,—born of a mother who afterwards became unfaithful to her husband. William Henry possessed acquirements more the result of study and learned aptitude than genius. He possessed still higher mental qualities, with a friendliness of disposition rarely excelled. In the law courts, as in society, he had none of the flashing wit of his father, nor the same daring eloquence as when, in addressing the bench in the fervour of his anathema against a witness whom he charged with falsehood, he said that he “would dip the evangelists in blood.” But I must not more refer to the father. The son has left his written life, and I believe there is another life written by the noted Charles Phillips.

Of the talents of William Henry Curran at the bar I can only record the opinion of others. I never saw him in a law court. In other situations

I continually met him. I corresponded with him for more than thirty years. Whenever he visited London we were certain to meet, if his time were ever so short, and to dine together, generally under the Piazza, Covent Garden, in that coffee-house now destroyed to make way for the passage of fiddlers, dancers, and their audiences—that spot where Shakespeare was once honoured, when both tragedy and comedy of the higher order were tolerated in England.

The literary talents of William Curran, and my knowledge of him personally, were nearly coincident with the first article I ever read from his pen, being an account of the Hall of the Four Courts in Dublin, with an account of Mr, afterwards Lord Plunket. A portion of the “Sketches of the Irish Bar”* was written by William Curran. They made no

* Serjeant Blackburne, who is just announced as retiring from the bench, was among the characters sketched by Sheil, and not by Curran, in the year 1827. An account of his appearance and bearing at that time, before he had sunk into the vale of years, may amuse those who know him. He was then noted for his perspicuity in his profession.

little sensation in their day. He once wrote to me in allusion to the secrecy of the authorship at the time, for no one, not even Campbell—who would have thoughtlessly blabbed it out—knew the writer of the different papers, but only that Curran and Sheil wrote them. The separate authorships were known only to myself. Soon after they commenced he wrote me:—“Suspicion has fallen heavily upon me. Sheil is still unsuspected on this side of the water, and is, I know, desirous to continue so. Had you not better give out that the writer of the first two or three has discontinued, and that the continuation will be by new hands? A very tall young man from Cork, (known here by the name of the ‘Long Orator,’) a student at law at the Temple, has, with the modesty of his country and his future profession, announced that *he* is the author; and many of the bar here believe this to be the fact.

“I need not tell you what I think of the savage conspirators against the liberties of Spain—but I have not time to curse them. I have not seen the notice about O’Connell that you allude to; but it

shall not prevent my taking him up soon. Best regards and wishes.—Yours very faithfully,

“ W. H. CURRAN.”

Long years have rolled away since these sketches attracted so strongly the public curiosity. Mr Lefroy, whom Sheil sketched so long ago, and commented upon for his evangelical neatness of dress, his gray silk hose, shoes of mysterious polish, and a coat stitched together by some inspired tailor, and whose sleek horses on a Sunday were groomed to harmonise with the day, while he praised the Sergeant's humanity, his Sabbatarian* strictness and charity, smiling at his precision—the Mr Sergeant Lefroy of that time has just now retired from the bench, gray with years and honoured in his advanced age, soon to be where Sunday strictness is no more to be observed, and even his compassionate charity can no more display the nobility of its nature, while Curran, the survivor of the pair who raised such a

“ Let no man judge you in meat, or drink, or in respect of a festival, or new moon or Sabbaths.”

sensation by their labours, has now slept in the narrow house for some years.

William Curran was attacked by a complaint called the influenza, of which, I suppose, everybody has heard occasionally when that nondescript disease has appeared in London, one of the conjectural disorders, I presume, of a conjectural art. I had not heard from him for some time, and had occasion to send him certain books, when I regretted to receive the following letter, the last I was ever destined to see from his pen. He might have closed it with the words of the poet :—

“ Here is my journey’s end; here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.”

“ DUBLIN, 5 FITZWILLIAM PLACE,
Jan. 18, 1858.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Your last kind letter found me prostrated by a malignant epidemic (called influenza) that has been raging here; and although it is now five weeks since I was seized with it, I am still so feeble that it is with difficulty and pain that I can manage a pen.

“ I must not, however, any longer delay to thank you for the work. I am as yet unable to give my attention to any book, but from a glance at the bill of fare I can see that I have a mass of most interesting reading before me.—Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

W. H. CURRAN.

“ I have not forgotten our beef-steak and Port wine at Chalk Farm.”

The last allusion was to a walk we took together to Primrose Hill, late in the day and hungry, and went into the inn there, where they served us with an excellent steak.

It was his last communication, written in a strange tremorish hand. He only survived for a few days. His letters were often short, in the hurry of his profession in Dublin, and are of no interest now. He says in one of them :—

“ MY DEAR REDDING,—You notice a communication from one of Mrs Wolfe Tone’s friends. I hope

no offence has been taken. The circumstances about her son I know of my own knowledge, for they acted under my advice in the business. The scene with Napoleon* I heard from Mr Warden, the American consul, and I rather think from Mrs Tone herself.

"P.S.—I have given Sheil a hasty note of introduction to Campbell. You will no doubt meet with him when he arrives ; he will call."

The talents of William Curran were of a high order. He was the confidential adviser of the Marquis of Anglesey, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In his account of the Hall of the Four Courts in Dublin, he reprehended the conduct of Lord Plunket in his prosecution of Emmet as being severe beyond any requirement on the side of the prosecution. This was not at all unjustifiable. Plunket bore hard where conviction was certain, and severity therefore unnecessary. There was another reason too for the comment. Most persons must remember in Wash-

* See page 268 *New Monthly*, vol. xiii.

ington Irving's "Sketch-Book" the story of the Broken Heart, and the lines of Moore beginning—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

The lady who was the subject of Irving's story and of Moore's lines was the sister of William Henry Curran. Plunket's unnecessary pressure upon a fine-spirited but fallen man was not so severely handled as it might have been. It is clear my poor friend felt it not for himself, but for her who was too soon "in a grave where the sunbeams rest."

In a long acquaintance with many individuals of all classes in life, I never met with one more worthy in character, more equable in temper, nor more interesting than William Curran among all his countrymen. He was, like his father, of low stature, pallid of complexion, with nothing robust in his make. He had evidently studied hard, and was well-versed in polite literature.

It was not known that the papers called "Irish Portraits," in which are humorously enough hit off

the peculiarities of his countrymen, were from his pen. Terence O'Flummery and Sir Ignatius Slattery painted Irish weaknesses to the life.

There is nothing more painful than that state in which, on losing friends, and neglecting to fill up the vacancies caused by death, we seem to stand alone. Yet if we do otherwise, we imagine, if erroneously, that we cannot replace the lost, and are inclined rather to bear it than endeavour to do that in which we are incredulous of success.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

TALENT alone confers lasting renown: rank and wealth die out with the season like summer flies. The rolls of royalty unfold the names of monarchs and their dynasties; but these become no better, save in a few marked cases, than the names of goods catalogued in a trader's list of his wares. The empty show and paraphernalia of the venal undertaker, and the emblazonments of the feudal herald, made or not made for the passing scene, contribute not a particle to the real greatness of the departed. The inanimate clay, which vulgar minds of all de-

grees in life dream to be honoured by this last confession of its weakness, on the part of a common humanity, insensible to the showy ceremony, bears a silent testimony to its vanity. We must look to the deeds of men, not to the feeble tribute paid to their remains by small souls, for the honours we attribute to them, or the reverse. The records of their actions alone furnish sustenance for their glory, when all else is but shadow. The world will, in continuing to advance, bear with it still more impartial views of men and things. The reputation of the dead will become fixed at a juster point; for as death sets its seal upon the children of humanity, time will adjust them by a mean proportional on an honest scale of merit. The death of the individual is the birth of his real history.

The career of a soldier in a free country, acting in obedience to his Government, is fortunate in being clear of any judgment upon himself as to the right or wrong of the contest in which he may be engaged. He is not a free agent, and can only be judged professionally. He is a passive instrument, whether for right or wrong. This deprivation of a

free will by his profession, and the abandonment of private judgment, are considered the duty of all who enter the military order, and are well understood by themselves. Except in case of the invasion of its own country, when the defence of the soil and Government demand military service as a duty, no reflective mind would belong to any situation in life, where it could not be permitted to judge of right or wrong as to conduct. Such could, therefore, not be soldiers; nor give aid, as the beck of some one whom chance, perhaps a half-witted, unprincipled courtier, raised by accident to power, might command him to do. But enough! the funeral pomp and gaudy decorations attendant upon the last rites, performed over one who had rendered services to his Government, however showy, could not overcome the philosophical verity of its being more than an empty honour, not at all unworthy as a mark of public attention, but idle as contributing an iota to the glory of the departed. Those who reason begin now to look beyond the impress made by shows, processions, and the voice of the multitude. It has been said that such pomps kindle

emulation. Nelson on going into action one day, shouted, "Now for victory or Westminster Abbey!" But few sailors or soldiers enter the fight with any such ideas. A higher order of mind does not want them; it relies upon its public duties, and seeks its reward in their fulfilment. A lady described the duke's funeral as "very fine;" a second said that it was "gay." So much for the impressions produced on the common intellect by mere funeral honours. In civilised times, when men of note pass off the stage, no one of decent sense thinks of the undertaker or the herald. They only exhibit that which every man of the hour may have if his executors will pay for it. To my seeming, the ceremony of the funeral of one who had carried forward his own renown, only recalled the scenes in which, so lately alive, Wellington had taken the foremost professional place.

The first time I recollect seeing Sir Arthur Wellesley, for he bore no higher title, was on his return from Portugal. His Indian exploits had heralded him with a few, but whatever happens right or wrong is scarcely noticed by the many

regarding a colony. It was at a critical moment in the history of his life and actions, after his landing at Lisbon, and the combat of his forces with the French under Junot, when the last being beaten at Vimiera, and almost before the battle was over, that Wellington was superseded on his victorious ground by a court favourite, General Burrard. The latter prevented the pursuit of the enemy by Sir Arthur. After holding the chief command for a day, Burrard was in his turn superseded by Sir Hugh Dalrymple, another military incog., under whom the disgraceful Convention of Cintra was made, to which it appeared that Wellington assented in obedience to a second superior officer set over him within two days. All three commanders were now superseded or resigned. Sir A. Wellesley got leave of absence at once, and returning, landed in the night at Plymouth, when he adjourned to the Globe Inn. The house in which I lived was not far off; and at the early hour of seven o'clock, the landlord of the inn, named Murch, came to me at the time I was dressing, saying that Sir A. Wellesley had arrived about midnight at his house with one or two other officers,

and was very anxious to see the latest news from town. That he, the landlord, knew if any one had a paper from London in the town or garrison, it was myself. The truth was, that as the mail arrived about seven in the morning, and the letters and papers took a long time to sort and deliver in those days, I paid the guard a trifle to deliver me a London paper or two as he passed by my door, so that I had the intelligence they transmitted before any other person in the place. The landlord knew this, and told it to Sir Arthur, who said, "We are very anxious to know what the people are saying about us. We have not seen a paper for a long time." I forget what officers were with him. I conveyed one or two of my papers to him. He set out for town early the following day, previously desiring that the papers might be directly returned to me. I then little thought where I should next see him, nor of the vast difference of fame and circumstance under which he was to appear.

The Spanish Campaign, which displayed the duke's strong and clear intellect, had passed away, and peace was proclaimed before I again saw him.

When I did, it was in company with Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, and that old brute Blucher, during the short peace, or "hundred days," as the French style it. The second downfall of Napoleon had scarcely taken place before I saw the duke at the head of a hundred and fifty thousand men in France. He was now once more on Gallic ground, after endeavouring, in consonance with the avowed views of George III. and his ministers, formally to restore "legitimacy in France." Legitimacy was the cant term for the Bourbons in those days, of one of the last struggles of feudalism. Louis XVIII. was reseated in behalf of feudal royalty by foreign bayonets. Wellington yet, "in my mind's eye," as stiff as ever in carriage, dressed in his blue frock-coat, Hessian half-boots and tassels, and light knit pantaloons, rode along the Boulevards with a youthful groom after him. To me in those days he bore a military character, somewhat *à la Prusse* for stiffness of carriage—I mean Prussian of the old time. I had sojourned some weeks in Rouen, in the Boulevard Cauchoise and elsewhere, and did not enter Paris until early in the year 1816. The

duke had before that become a fixed resident there. I took up my quarters at the Hôtel Quinze-Vingts, in the Place Carrousel, opposite to the Triumphal Arch, at the back of the Tuileries, at which time the Bourbon, as they well might do, were taking down the gilded statues of Fame and Victory which stood on the top. That hotel has been long since demolished, to clear the place between the two palaces of all the buildings of the olden time, or in rear of the Tuileries and the Louvre Palace, flanked, next the Seine, by the famous gallery of the last-mentioned name.

The duke had resident with him, when in the Peninsula, a Portuguese secretary. He was a man of some "pretensions," if any such individual could be said to come out of that Portuguese obscurity of which a Spaniard would be inclined to negative the existence. He was well known to those English officers who served near Wellington in Portugal, as the "Commandeur de Sodre." Barely of the middle stature, stout-limbed, he had about him much of the stamp of a modern Lusitanian, I speak in relation to bearing and conduct, always very

marked. An officer, who used often to dine with the duke in the Peninsula during active hostilities there, told me that De Sodre was fond of telling most marvellous stories to those at table who were grouped near him. Sometimes after dinner, over the wine, his rhodomontades caused a cachinnation in those near him, when the duke would call out,

“ What is that, De Sodre?—some of your d——d stories again, I suppose !”

I know not to this day to whom I was indebted for the honour of his acquaintance, if such it was. I was then resident at the Hotel Vivienne, and farther on, towards the Palais Royale, upon the other side of the way, was the Hotel Boston. One day I found a card left for me by the Commandeur, who pressed very much to make my acquaintance. He soon introduced himself, in his customary green coat and buff waistcoat. He began by expressing his desire to know me, and how happy he should be if I would breakfast with him, *à la fourchette*, the next day, at eleven o'clock. I promised to do so, and in the interim found he had faithfully designated himself. I kept my promise, and dis-

covered a good French breakfast had been laid out before I entered the apartment.

“ Monsieur de Sodre, wherefore did you take a fancy to find me out, and for what purpose ? ”

Before I go further I must remark that he had heard of me, I believe, through an acquaintance of mine at the Embassy, and also what I was about in Paris, by a friend now no more. Poor Plunket died no great while afterwards, as well as a friend of his called Daly, a complete Irish character, and an enemy to none but himself. There was a third of the party, who quitted Paris for England. He was in the army, and died some years afterwards a Middlesex magistrate. He was addressed as a major in this country, but left no very bright reputation behind him in France.

To return. I soon found De Sodre not quite disinterested in seeking me. At that time the dispute ran high between Portugal and Spain about Monte Video. The *Times* paper in London supported the Spaniards. De Sodre wanted me to reply, and pressed me in such a way that I yielded, and sent, I think, two letters over to Perry of the

Morning Chronicle. He inserted them, charging twenty guineas a-piece for giving them a place, the money being paid by the Portuguese resident in London. I did not get a sou for my pains. The honorarium tendered not, I did not ask it. Perhaps the design was to treat me in the characteristic mode of some of the people of the South. It was true, I did not press, for, however just my demand, I never could ask for myself. Here it should have been offered, but was not. This transaction passed, De Sodre laid on the table one day a considerable bundle of papers, and when I inquired what they were, he told me that he had kept an accurate account, in the way of history or journal, of the conversations and actions of the Duke of Wellington since he had acted as his secretary. "I lived all day in the same tent with him in the Peninsula," he observed. "There are many things there the duke could have no desire for the world to see." I said, in reply, that in all events such a publication would be premature. That I conceived the duke had acquired a name not to be easily darkened, and that such a publi-

cation would do more mischief to him than to the duke. It would be considered the result of animosity. I felt anxious that, elevated as was the position of England, as no man ever was a hero to his valet, so the duke, however high he might stand, had enemies enough on the Continent to make the worse appear the better reason. I had heard odd stories about the duke too. I told De Sodre he would not be credited. I was certain he could not publish anything about the duke that, in his position, would not be attributed to a bad motive. I glanced at the papers, but, written in a bad Portuguese hand and language, I could only make out enough to convince me they would be mischievous. I did not hesitate to speak my mind. I felt at the same time that there must be a latent motive for such an act of publication, which readers would judge from whence originating, or invent a motive. They could not fail in discovering an animus in the proceeding which was not defensible. The time and mode in which the papers were produced raised my suspicions. I can truly say that an attempt in any one then to lower the duke was,

in my view, a national injury, England standing so high at the moment, and the Prussians, with their old blockhead Blucher, not a little jealous of us. I determined therefore to fathom the mystery, and expressed my belief to him that he, De Sodre, had become in some way offended at the duke's conduct towards him since his secretaryship was over, and they had no more any tie of business together. De Sodre's office had ceased with the Peninsular campaign, so I apprehended the Commandeur was a mere idler in Paris if that was the case. I had touched the right string. De Sodre said that the duke had not treated him well. He had visited Paris, I believe, for his own pleasure, and, being there, had the *entrée* at the duke's house. In this position of things he fell in love with a pretty girl, the daughter of a French officer then in Corsica. Whether he offered the girl marriage, or was really married or not, I cannot remember, but he agreed to pay the mother a fixed sum per annum for life, the daughter being to proceed with him to Lisbon, where his home and property lay. At that very moment of time the father happened

to return to Paris, and found his daughter missing. No marriage, if a marriage was in the case, could be legal without his consent. He complained to the Minister, and an exempt of police was despatched to bring back the girl, supposed on her way to Lisbon. But De Sodre and the lady had crossed the Pyrenees, and reached Madrid. The police agent had no right to cross the frontier, but officiously, without fresh authority, he went on to Madrid. There he complained to the French ambassador, and the latter applied, without a legal right, to the Government. The lady was given up, contrary to all law, to the French agent of police, and he took her back to Paris. That was not all. The French ambassador at Madrid got a sequestration, under false pretences, and manifestly illegal, placed upon De Sodre's property in Lisbon. No course was left him but to return to Paris, and apply to the law courts for redress. These, however, could not relieve him from the sequestration, and he sued for damages on account of the embargo thus illegally put upon his property at home. One line to Lisbon from the Duke of Wellington would

have removed the sequestration. "Only one line to Lisbon," said De Sodre; for it had nothing to do with the merits of the case. The duke would not write, and that I found was the cause of De Sodre's angry and even revengeful feeling towards him. There could be no doubt that the French law courts would set him right in the end, but his resources at home were seized by a complaint from Madrid, where, any more than at Lisbon, no wrong had been done. The act of the Bourbon envoy was both illegal and tyrannical. In this state I left the ex-secretary, and never saw him afterwards. The duke, it was clear, would not meddle with an affair that did not concern him in his public capacity, which at that moment was a delicate one. He was always reluctant to listen to applications from individuals out of the common course of public business. He had an application made to him, to my knowledge, requesting a situation for the son of a public servant, and replied,— "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr —, and in reply to his letter of the 18th inst. regrets that he has it not in his power to do

anything for his son ; and as he does not think it consistent with his duty to make promises of arrangement for the future, he must decline to give any other answer."

I advised De Sodre to let the duke know indirectly that he had kept the journal he showed me, and thought of publishing it. It was but fair that he should know of such a threat being held out. The result I never heard, for I left Paris not long afterwards for the provinces and England. The army returned home the same year, and the bayonet argument of the Holy Alliance, with its ministerial tools in England, led by Lord Castlereagh, who has no claim to one honest recollection on the part of posterity—that bayonet argument abroad, and the abuse of the freedom of the subject at home by the most unconstitutional laws enacted by unreformed parliaments, at length ceased to abuse reason by a system of rule moved and sustained by corruption.

History details the events of that time perhaps not yet with impartiality. To censure or praise extravagantly is too often the error of those who

paint faithfully as they imagine from life itself. The duke's person was ever the same in the general appearance. His physiognomy had not then much changed from the time I saw him first, except in the difference its lapse must naturally occasion.

Though his head was characteristic of the man, and its main feature determination, with perfect self-possession, I could, or so I fancied, see much of his resolute mind in his bearing. In the senate he was imperturbable, a calm listener, until he attempted to speak. I then fancied his habit of command and rareness of contradiction in his profession aroused a certain degree of indignation, and he seemed to break forth from self-command; he gesticulated as if out of temper, and spoke without the slightest pretension to eloquence or even pure language, though good sense was ever apparent.

The duke appeared to me at times to be dry in his remarks, not with anything like humour, but as if sarcastic; it was perhaps only a manner. His utterance was wretched. I knew an officer whom he despatched to England, after less than

three months' service—a poor foolish fellow, who had leave—with a peculiar look, and a recommendation “not to be seen travelling that side the sea again.” One who knew him well, told me the duke was the most straightforward man he had ever met with, the most honest ; Sir William Napier used to describe him in the same terms. When in those days he used to pull up his horse to speak to any one, he had much of the stiff soldier in movement, and seemed an inflexible of the older time of military discipline. Those who see the military, for example the Guards, in the park in the present day, can have no idea of the soldiers in the duke's earlier years. The stiff, inflexible, cock-hatted men of the battalion, reflected in their officers, and the bear-skin capped right, and green feathered left flank companies. It was Prussian in taint—old Prussian I mean. The duke never seemed to have lost the carriage of that earlier military bearing, the more visible, perhaps, when mounted and out of uniform.

Having suffered for the greatest of modern sins—that of being short of money in setting out in

life, when he became an individual of wealth, he possessed too fine a mind to be affected by it, and preserved a reasonable economy. I am almost certain I recognised one of his old carriages used in two promenades at Longchamps, still retained in his late years, nor do I think I am mistaken. I could hardly fail to recognise them.

He once came to a group among the company present, where the ladies were almost surrounding him, eager to engage his attention, when, with extraordinary adroitness, he gave them the slip. I should not have wondered at it, had I known at the time that with his French he was not sufficiently confident of escaping unfortunate errors, if he prolonged a conversation. Not that, like Castlereagh, he blundered about the "*belle sexe*," but that he was unfortunate about French words with double meanings, that were explained by the pronunciation or rather emphasis. He used to talk on the most indifferent subjects, whatever chanced to be started in the company with which he intermingled. The truth was that it could not be otherwise in the society with which he most

commonly found himself, when in the circles of fashion abroad or at home. When at all annoyed or vexed, he was silent, not, I take it, to nurse wrath and keep it warm, but rather to conceal contempt, conscious he was not in error. He was often charitable the right way ; I heard of his having relieved the wants of one or two officers' widows. His mind was far above thinking that what he did was to be regarded as a merit. In case of his relief of an officer, in a particular instance, he gave him the most excellent advice about living within his means, and he added that he knew what could be done that way, for he had done it himself.

In the numerous pictures of men and things, that is, of such of them as struck me most forcibly when I beheld them, the effigy of the duke out of uniform is still clearest in my mind as one of the best defined. Yet, what years had passed since I first saw him on his return from the field of Vimiera till the last time, not long before his decease, when I met him in Grosvenor Place ! There can be no doubt that he worked out his purposes with that concealment of his objects

when in active duty, which was one means of ensuring success under the promptings of a vigorous mind holding its plans in reserve. He paid his court to no one in pursuing those plans ; he possessed great prudence, united with sound judgment, in his profession, but out of it he was not governed by principle so much as expediency, marking only secondary motive. The last ruled, as was witnessed in his changes of opinion on public affairs, even after he had become advanced in years, adapting himself to the pressure of circumstances, and not to great principles alone ; or, to use the sense of his words, to "what the king's government required." Thus, when all his old Orange friends had championed *à la outrance* against Catholic emancipation, he saw its necessity for the peace of the "king's government," as he used to style it—for all with him savoured not of his own fixed opinion, or that of the people, but of benefit to the crown, for the crown with him was the public. He loved the aristocratic mode of putting things. Still he did things himself contrary to the "personal" wishes of the king, when they were what Lord

Liverpool phrased on another occasion “too bad.”* He was not a deep thinker, but he seized with his good sense upon the salient points of an argument just as they occurred, and his natural shrewdness led to their promulgation from an apparent necessity. He was styled a traitor by the Orangemen and their supporters. Sir Robert Peel was sadly perplexed by the duke’s straightforwardness. Though he had himself stated in a private letter before, that Catholic relief must come, yet he told the duke he felt his joining in it would be against his conscience. “Then resign, Peel, resign.” Peel went down to Windsor—such was the report the day after, at the clubs,—and George IV., who comprehended his man, having himself no small understanding in the use of what the vulgar call “humbug,” was prepared for his reception. “What! you, Peel, going to forsake me in my perplexity? You

* George IV. wanted him to gazette a young sprig of nobility—a Cunningham—for a vacant regiment, over the heads of all those officers who had spent their lives in the service, and were past middle life. The king insisted, the duke bowed himself out, and on return to town, gazetted Sir R. Ferguson, no partisan of his own, but an officer whose services demanded it, and a radical.

too, going to embarrass me upon this damned question?" Peel was touched with the royal affectation of sorrow, and came back a minister, as he went. How could he afflict his royal master on such a point! Even the denunciations and threats of old Eldon were of no avail, though they were principally directed against the Duke of Wellington, to whom the old curmudgeon threatened to give a dressing in the House of Lords, and when the debate came on did not dare open his lips.

It has been remarked by some writer I have seen, that public men can scarcely be described with due impartiality by their contemporaries, that they can only give their personal knowledge, which, added to that of others, will enable the future biographer to treat his subject more correctly. The present desultory minutes may scarcely aid even in that object; still I record them. At some future time, for the life of the duke is yet to be written as it should be for posterity, all may be useful to an impartial writer. They may feel upon this point who, only half informed, while contemporaries, have adventured upon the task, and several, I believe, have done

it. Their labours cannot have credit, however impartial they may imagine their undertakings. Even sayings have been published as the duke's, which were the property and utterance of men who lived a century ago. Wellington was the unconscious champion of feudalism when in the field, and this will tell against him in future times when the last relies of the curse of northern intellectual advancement for ages have disappeared. The passing years continually exhibit its diminution, and the extension of intelligence and freedom where these were not before admitted. Prussia has struck a blow at feudalism recently. The world, despite here and there a success—the last flickering of an expiring flame—will in future see that every national struggle will be one, not in behalf of decaying feudal actions, but in aid of the utter extinction of its debasing opinions.

There was great candour as well as impartiality in the duke's character. He openly ascribed the victory of Waterloo to the superior physical force and invincible constancy of British soldiers, and stated that Napoleon did his duty with infinite skill,

courage, and perseverance. These were sayings that did him honour. That he was employed in the dirty work of the Holy Alliance, out of the battle-field as well as in, was his great misfortune. He was too downright and honest for the banded despots of Europe. His name would have stood higher had he been clear of the company of the gang of traitors to Napoleon in Paris, when Louis XVIII. was reseated, who had betrayed all in turn. He was blamable in respect to his quibbling about Ney, that it was the "affair of the French government and of the king," only nominally a king, but really a tool surrounded by foreign armies, and upheld *de facto* by foreign bayonets, without which he must have fled to eat his geese livers in Brussels once more. The truth is that here Wellington was guided in political matters by Lord Castlereagh, a creature of the allied despots, at best a political charlatan. This was proved when the duke went over to the meeting of the allied sovereigns, or their representatives, at Verona, and, in Paris, found that the allies were going to consider of the state of Spain. They cheated him. Louis XVIII. and

his government broke their honour—"lied," in fact. The duke said they should have sent Castlereagh. The truth was, that an honest, direct man, was not at all equal to the royal pandemonium of chicane about to be assembled; though, in truth, he sometimes seemed to have few and confined ideas enough of his own of civil liberty, and not to have been ruled by its principles. In the case of Ireland, it was not the inherent right of the Catholic to be protected in his faith without civil disability, or the law of freedom and justice, that moved the duke; it was the danger of hostilities between conflicting factions. The Archbishop of Canterbury moved that the bill for emancipation be read that day six months, and most of the bishops supported their head and chief in his intolerance, save Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford. What did civil war matter to them—consider their rich bishopries! Glory to the Church militant, so perfect a duplicate of that of the apostles! The duke too, on that occasion, reconciled all his political foes by his remarks, to which none but men more deeply imbued with the *odium theologicum* than true Christianity could lead

in opposition. Not an honest politician of clear understanding, no just man, no profound statesman, no lover of freedom, none but a mitre of the first degree could glory in such intolerance. Nobly did the duke refer to the state of Ireland, and the extremities to which factions there proceeded. A clerical, like the Archbishop of Canterbury and his brethren,—why can we not speak of them too as men of common humanity? why not as men who were professors of the Christian faith, and really what they professed,—yet could hear the duke address the House, as I heard, but not as they, unmoved. “It has been my fortune, my lords, to have seen much of war, more than most men. I have been constantly engaged in the active duties of the military profession from my boyhood until I am grown gray. My life has been passed in familiarity with scenes of death and human suffering. Circumstances have placed me in countries where the war was internal, between opposite parties of the same nation; and rather than a country I loved should be visited with the calamities I have seen, with the unutterable horrors of civil war, my lords, I would run any

risk, I would make any sacrifice, I would truly lay down my life." It was my lot to have to record those words soon after they were spoken, and I shall never forget their effect upon my mind in favour of this great soldier's honesty.

I believe still that, with great openness and honesty of purpose, the duke's extent of knowledge, as I have hinted, out of his profession, was confined. I judge so from his evident want of information on many topics, not at all abstruse, brought forward in Parliament. What he did know—I speak out of his profession—and had studied, he knew well; and where he fixed his attention, he speedily grasped his object, and treated it with plain sense. He had the attributes of a great man too, in that he was perfectly natural in all he did and said, and when he understood the topic he detected a fallacy with rapidity. In his speech, I have said, he was not clear, his voice being a little clouded in conversation. At the minister's in Paris he was always an object of obtrusion, not from foreigners, who are generally pleasant and polite, but from a certain class of his intrusive countrymen,

who were annoying as they always are to official or distinguished countrymen abroad. He was often retiring and reserved to them, though, when among the French particularly, he was at times very free and pleasant. Sometimes he asked questions, but all marked with clear ideas, and as if, being master of a few important things, he desired to extend his knowledge of them, rather than start new topics. He listened to others with great attention. There was an excellent joke against the duke in using a French phrase when explaining to one or two of the old marshals the different modes of insurance for property and lives adopted in England. The errors in the genders, like that of Castlereagh's "*belle sexe*" for "*beau sexe*," are very natural, yet in some cases of great moment in that peculiar tongue. The duke caused a laugh sometimes, that, on its being explained, made him join in it. All who have been in France, for it will only be learned there, know how the same phrases are most awkward, being grammatical, yet applied or accented in a particular manner, are apt to entrap a foreigner into improprieties.

The duke was seldom out of Paris, except to visit the head-quarters. I used to meet him continually on horseback in the Bonlevards, with a mounted groom, quite a youth, following him. Sometimes I met him in the Champs Elysées. One day, the late Robert Heathcote, lame from gout, leaning on my arm, we met the duke on horseback. He stopped and said, "Come to my ball to-morrow night, Bob." Heathcote held up his gouty foot. The duke shook his head, and exclaiming, "Ah ! hell table, Bob ! hell table !" rode on. He knew that the Prince of Wales had too often entertained Heathcote at Carlton House for him to have a full purse. He knew as well, which was the truth, that Heathcote had come to Paris to economise, and that he even then visited the gold houses in the Palais Royal. Heathcote went from Paris to Havre, and, if I recollect rightly, I am not certain, he died there.*

* It shows of what materials the minds of princes were often composed, that Heathcote, having left behind him at his decease a rare collection of snuff-boxes and whips, old George IV., the moment he heard of his death, and their chance of sale, sent for them to select any that might suit his fancy, hardly, it may be presumed, as souvenirs of the deceased, who was among those friends whose fortunes he had helped them to squander.

Despite the bishops, who opposed toleration in Ireland, as they afterwards opposed the alteration of the law for doing away with the punishment of death, the duke triumphed, and as well over crown prejudices, and even the crocodile tears of Lord Eldon. The measure became another victory. The memory of it will cause his disinterestedness to be remembered in the succession of events connected with religious freedom, which bigots will never suffer to die out, when Waterloo will only be recalled in perusing the pages of history. The Whigs gave the duke's ministry a considerable support, for his late friends or too many of them became very vindictive.

It was manifest that the duke—a thorough soldier, and governed by strong natural good sense, when he applied his mind to any given subject—was still found a man of limited knowledge out of his profession. He rarely mastered details. He seemed to have no idea of political freedom as respected its principles, and their bearing upon the happiness of society. Could the government go on well as it was? if so, it was the best of all governments. To

prevent civil war in Ireland and its miseries, was his sole care, in respect to the Emancipation Bill. I should not think it ever entered into his head to regard the point of right, or its connexion with individual freedom, or political liberty. Thus, if there were no danger of an outbreak—with the existence of such miseries as he had seen elsewhere in civil warfare, and had to his honour described, though their horrors could not move bishops or chancellors—he would not have troubled himself about principles. Political freedom, and the right to it abstractedly, were of no moment. He continually displayed his want of knowledge upon political topics. As a soldier he was obedient, even when obedience might have been avoided by withdrawing himself. It would have been thought his great firmness and determination, when he ran no risk, and his superior military judgment might be impeached by the act, would not give way. When he was so ill-treated in Portugal by supercession, in favour of two military noodles, put over his head even upon the locality of his victory, he yielded when he might have quitted in disgust,

nor seen the fruit of his judgment and victory frustrated by a half measure. Of the principles of civil liberty, he seems to have thought little and known less. What he knew within a confined circle, he knew well; but that circle was strictly professional. The degradation of a portion of the subjects of the empire made no part, ostensibly at least, of the duke's motive for supporting Catholic emancipation. His determination and decision, when applied professionally as a soldier, had no influence in a civil sense. Thus, it is probable, he had really no idea of ever becoming the head of a cabinet, and he certainly was not over well qualified for it, from being conscious that he was not, since he had declared in 1827, that he could never dream of taking the head of a ministry. He said that, "knowing his incapacity for holding the office of first minister, he should have been mad, and worse than mad, had he ever entertained the insane project, which certain individuals for their own base motives had imputed to him." Yet the next year, he proved of how little worth were these asseverations. He clutched office the moment it was offered

him, though, as before said, he had shown his disqualification for the post, by his honest conduct at the meeting of the representatives of the Holy Alliance at Verona, when he was duped in regard to Spain by the despots, whose cause he had served so well in the field; on which occasion he said Castlereagh should have been sent. The allies were far too cunning for the soldier destitute of chieane. Thus clearly implying that he felt himself too unsuspecting for the mission, and he was right; knaves know best how to deal with their kind. Wellington was far too plain dealing for a diplomatist, and yet the above asseveration seemed to damage his straightforwardness. If unfit for a minister in 1827, he must have been the same in 1828 or 1829. Even the conqueror at Waterloo succumbed to the ambition he had declared himself he should be worse than mad to indulge. "He should be mad to think of a premiership!" Nor was he long in power before he called in the aid of military individuals, among others Sir H. Hardinge and Sir G. Murray, not so highly renowned in either case as to startle the community either by

name or fame. The duke got rid of the civilians Lords Dudley and Palmerston, Messrs C. Grant, Lamb, and Huskisson. That he rendered his country a great service by the measure he carried, must be the apology for the discrepancies and short-sightedness of his assertions, self-destroyed almost as soon as they were sent forth to the world. Perhaps it is the best way to try men by results only, and in the present instance the duke achieved a great benefit for his country, no matter whether comprehending the true principles of political action or not. His sphere of action had been one that allowed little leisure for political or legal studies. In 1830 Earl Grey and reform occupied the country, a measure the duke could not comprehend, because he was unable to regard a parliament in any other light than as a machine for doing crown business ; thus exhibiting his utter want of comprehension of the true principles of the government of this country, and the foundation upon which they rest. The existing parliament was "the best of all parliaments." The duke's acquirements, out of his profession, were stinted ; but though he had strong com-

mon sense, yet he did not always apply it on unprofessional points.

In a mixed company his conversation had nothing brilliant in it,—the topics of the hour, and any subject that casually arose, on which he showed nothing beyond a plain solid understanding. On the free trade question, he seemed to lean at first to the old principle. All this was natural, because we can give no genuine opinion merely by following others, and giving no consideration to the bearings of things for ourselves.

I do not believe the duke had any taste in the arts. His life had been an active one, in a service in which the mental faculties must be employed in the profession almost exclusively. The business of a statesman in its higher walk was not to be learned technically on a parade ground, nor in the active service of the field.

I shall prove in the sequel how incurious the duke showed himself upon interesting occasions, implying that causes and details were of no moment to him, results were the only points of interest. His indifference was provoking as he would stand con-

versing with Sir Robert Peel, while the rest of the party felt a deep interest in the means of a novel power during an experiment. In fact the duke kept Sir Robert from doing what the others did—namely, getting an idea how a tremendous weapon was constructed. Wellington, cold and incurious, was quite passive, as if moved by the reflection, “It is out of my line, and the business of others ; why should I care about that in which I have no concern except as to the effect?” It was so with him in all things, and showed a limited mind.

The duke’s despatches were ever true to his business, saying no more nor less than was needful. They were lucid, too, as need be, showing a clear intellect, and “a mind to his trade, and to nothing else.” The most wonderful thing was how, with the weight of military operations constantly upon his mind, he was able to bear the continued worry, vexation, and neglect, with the officiousness and blundering of his Spanish and Portuguese allies abroad ; and not less the trial of his patience from his own Government, particularly at first setting out. After all, the duke must be judged by his

professional achievements. His administrative power seems to have been of little moment. It was remarkable that, of all the distinguished soldiers in the career of Napoleon connected with himself, Marshal Suchet alone conjoined the military and administrative power in any eminent degree. The Duke of Wellington found great aid at last from the zeal of his brother in the cabinet, as far as England was concerned in his support. But with the Spaniards and Portuguese it was different ; his vexations were interminable in those quarters. It must have required a mind disciplined in the sternest manner to have borne it, with his active duties in the field pressing upon him at the same time.

I have said that for or of the Fine Arts the duke had no taste or knowledge. He talked of the pictures and "other things" in the Louvre Gallery that were to be restored. He was so ignorant of India and its history, in which country he had served so long worthily as a soldier, that he seemed to have formed no correct idea of the people from his own observation—he was still the non-observer. He

declared there was danger in admitting missionaries there, despite the support his better-informed brother had given to their literary undertakings. He was so startling in this ignorance that the military and the battle-field must have included all his knowledge of the people and country. He stated in Parliament that, except her Majesty's troops, the civil servants, and a few European residents, "there was not a man in India who was not an idolater, and in fact that the missionaries could do no good!" Such ignorance proves still further that the duke's profession embraced nearly his whole sphere of knowledge. Who subdued India? Who held it when we conquered it? Not idolatrous Hindoos, most assuredly! Who but men who, of all others, eschewed idolatry,—not worshippers of pictures like the Russians, nor of images, relics, pieces of timber, and the like, as in the Roman Catholic Church, and secretly, it is to be feared, by some of our own Churchmen, with their monkery; none of these, but pure theists, worshippers of one God, bitter enemies of idolatry—I mean the Mohammedan conquerors of India, the last people in

the world to be called idolaters—with one legislator or prophet, like the Jews. Yet the duke affirmed “there was not a man in India that was not an idolater”—no edifying specimen of the ignorance of this great man out of his profession. He defended, might and main, the unreformed, perhaps the most corrupt of our Houses of Commons. “If I had the making of a constitution, and a representation of the people, I would take the present as the best to be found!” He opposed Catholic emancipation, but he recanted on very honourable and patriotic grounds, as I have stated. I give these things only to show that a great and accomplished soldier is, for the public good, except in rare instances, to be kept to his profession as a servant of the people. Washingtons are rare, and the English constitution in the past time, with a prudent watchfulness, had not viewed a standing army without justifiable jealousy. He spoke without a knowledge of details to serve a purpose. I have related his praise of the unreformed Parliament as the best that ever was for the purpose intended. Thus, too, when the post-office was before

Parliament in 1836, the duke had clearly never mastered the details or looked at the reports, but declared it was the best of our establishments as actually managed, copying almost the language of Sir F. Freeling, "the best that could be." At that very moment it was one of the worst and most vicious in system and management of any in Europe. The duke had never studied it, nor the constitution of the country either. He had perhaps heard it praised by those who profited under its existing state, and, as with other matters, neither knew nor cared about anything but the result. How it was managed or might be improved, was not his study nor its details. But why such assertions without knowledge? Yet he clearly knew nothing of those details, whether improvable or not, any more than he knew those of commerce, or the principles of popular government in a parliamentary system. He only looked at the majorities, no matter how produced, for they decided the movement of the public business, and if they appeared the right side in his view, they were the best possible for business that ever decided a question.

The duke's ignorance provoked Lord Lowther, a Conservative nobleman, once at the head of the post-office. It occurred in 1836, in speaking of the rejected bill regarding the post-office, and its being shown the door, he said, "The ministers should have got some one to have made or rather spoken a catalogue of all the jobs and irregularities. I suppose no one of the peers ever thought of looking at any one of the reports. I regretted to see the Duke of Wellington adopting the terms of old Freeling himself, saying, 'it was the best managed of departments.' I have seen (with the exception of Spain) as many or perhaps more than the duke, and I say it has more vices and the worst system of any in Europe. It almost makes me wish for a reform in the Lords as well as the post-office, when I see the want of industry in ministers getting up their ease on one side, and such blind prejudice on the other."

To return again to Paris. Except an occasional "Monsieur God dem" from some idle *garçon*, I never heard a word of insult directed towards the duke, and that address few Englishmen escaped

receiving in those times. I have still the duke's "inflexible" horseback figure in the Boulevards before my eyes,—his complexion fresh and healthy, and his active make, notwithstanding his services in India. He then seemed to be taller than he really was. Later in life he appeared to be broader in make and shorter. His countenance, or rather his combined features, except the mouth, were exceedingly striking. The forehead indicated strength and determination rather than capacity, and the whole cranium had something, to my seeming in those days, before he became further advanced in years, that might be styled "romantic." His mouth spoiled his face, and has never been exactly given in pictures. The almost continual exhibition of his teeth made his mouth a little what some call rabbit-fashion, and spoiled in a certain degree what else would have been a head after the antique. His mother styled him her ugly son. To judge by appearances, strangers did not think so. The Marquis Wellesley was a fribble to the duke in appearance, though cleverer in intellect. From some of his portraits it would appear as if he

had compressed his lips, and that the artist, as with Sir Thomas Lawrence, had endeavoured to mend the expression a little, changing it for the better. At Plymouth I had been much struck with his physiognomy. Sir John Moore I can well recollect. He had a more handsome countenance, and was a much finer man, but had not the like impress of one of "Plutarch's men," of which Wellington's certainly gave the idea; I mean, one of the rugged, bold, austere, and antique. The whole of Moore's person was fine and graceful, with far less sternness of character, and no inconsiderable amenity of features.

The attempt said to have been made on the duke's life while I was in Paris, I did not credit. My opinion was, and is, that it was got up by the friends of the Bourbons. The levees of the duke were fully attended by the French Napoleonist officers. He had met them in the field, and the old Bourbonists, who had now all the sway, were jealous. There was always a captain's guard at the duke's residence, and as the guard was French, it was not likely any attempt on the

duke's life would have escaped them. The duke gave any one who might have had such a design opportunities enough for the purpose, had any been determined to take his life. When he entered his carriage there was always the guard at his door close to it, who must have seen the offender. I had the best means of knowing the facts, both from French and English sources of information,—the English embassy, where I had one or two intimate acquaintance, and also through intercourse with an officer of the police. There was old Mr Galignani's circle, too. No one thought the attack serious. There was undoubtedly a great jealousy among the returned royalists at Wellington's notice of their foes; but that was the feeling of brave men toward each other, who could not be foes out of the field. I could not help laughing at the immigrants, in the costume of a past age, expecting that everything, with the return of old "Louis le Gourmand," would be restored to the ancient system that prevailed before the Revolution. France was not the same, but they could never see it, from being of the dead ages. They could not

understand that the French commanding officers of the new order of things were those on whom the king must depend, not on the talentless, priest-ridden relies of a departed era, and on men that had deserted their country, and would not return when Napoleon I. tendered them security.

One morning Marshal Suchet, to whom I had been introduced, told me he was going at that moment to call upon the duke. It was but just afterwards that the duke, aware of how ill things were going on, from some complaint that came from the court, wrote to Louis XVIII., when, in alluding to the expectations of the adherents of the old régime, he told him that his real enemies were within the royal residence, or words to that effect. I see some of the old gentlemen of the ancient régime now going to mass at seven o'clock in the morning, in white silk stockings, black satin breeches, huge shoe-buckles, and a large nosegay in the breast button-hole. No doubt they thought a personal outrage upon the Duke of Wellington would be charged upon the Bonapartists, and thus they would become suspected, while the duke would

look less favourably upon them. The individual charged with attempting to shoot the duke, was tried and acquitted, which confirmed what I believe was the right view of the case.

Many French officers whom I knew told me at that time they could have no love for the English Government. "You have the advantage of the fortune of war, but we can have no hatred to you or your countrymen as individuals, we are happy to see you." I myself met with nothing but kindness from them. I believed, and do still, that though we made war to restore a superannuated and profligate court and monarchy, and gave them a refuge, that the royalists in France had really not the slightest gratitude in return either for England or towards any of its people.

I have before* told the circumstance of the Duke of Wellington's regard for order, and his indisposition to yield to any of the whimsies of the old order of things where he was himself master. I only repeat

* In 1857 or 1858, in the *New Monthly*. I have seen it recently given as original in some of the pretended Tours or Visits manufactured on a recent day. I published that incident long ago.

myself in the anecdote. The late King of Prussia visited Paris incog. as Comte de Ruppin. The Duke of Wellington invited the king-count to dinner. Louis XVIII. invited himself to meet his brother sovereign. Covers were laid for six only. A sort of *avant-courier* was sent to say Louis XVIII. would dine with the duke, and meet the Comte de Ruppin. On the day of the dinner, a lord-in-waiting was sent from the Tuileries to see that all was *en règle*. On being told that six covers were laid, and that one of them was for the officer of the guard, the official declared the king could not dine that way with any subject. The duke would not alter the order of his table, while Louis, who had more good sense than his courtiers of the old school, dined as one of the party without any further ceremony. The gentlemen of the old régime wished to force a different state of things upon the duke, who would not exclude the French captain of the guard from his table, though it was reported to him that the king could not dine with a subject.* "The captain of the French guard dines at my table daily, and

* See also the present writer's "Recollections," 1858.

I won't alter my rule." So the captain of the guard sat down to dinner as usual, and with the kings of France and Prussia, the Duc de Richelieu, and Sir C. Stuart, the English ambassador. In the Peninsula, on active service, the duke, when practicable, kept a very hospitable board.

There were several distinguished Englishmen living in Paris at that time. One of these was Sir Sidney Smith, who lies entombed in Père la Chaise. This distinguished Englishman, I heard since, was attended to his grave principally by French officers! In his time a chivalrous and noble-spirited man, whose deeds had been on every tongue,—so little was he thought of by his ungrateful countrymen, that, in the last offices of humanity, he was left to the care of those who had been his enemies by land and sea. Thus neglected was the hero of Acre, as he was once called. Had he been a noodle millionaire upon 'Change, the last offices of humanity would have drawn a crowd of titled and untitled countrymen to his final resting-place.

Sir Harry Blackwood, who married a daughter of Lord Sidmouth, if I recollect rightly, but much

more highly honoured as commanding one of the frigates sent by Nelson to watch for the exit of the French fleet from Cadiz before the battle of Trafalgar, had come to Rouen when I was resident there almost alone. I had lodgings in the Boulevard Cauchoise. He called upon me; for except the late Lord Teynham, then the Hon. Robert Curzon, who had lived there all the hundred days unmolested, I was the only Englishman. Sir Harry came over, I imagine, to economise; but in a few days finding the city full of manufacturers, he went on to Paris. He took a house in the Rue de Mont Thabor. There, and of course at Sir Charles Stuart's, the duke was to be found occasionally. I have mentioned him before in another work. The routs given by the English ambassador often numbered the duke among the guests, with his other countrymen. I see him now sometimes thoughtful, and then full of conversation, talking to one in a group, and then meditating; but he was seldom left to himself. He was a "lion of the hour," and no marvel.

The duke was an attentive listener when he felt that a reply was necessary to a parliamentary oppo-

ment. He would listen as if he was rather inclined to sleep, so lost did he seem to the arguments he intended to meet. His replies were full of strong good sense, not always logical, but clear, simple, and strongly determined, but with nothing like the inspiration of genius, dwelling upon a few points clearly put. In society he did not lead the conversation so frequently as he joined in the topic started. But in crowded rooms little can be learned of men as to their mental character. It seemed as if the duke, with his powerful determination, could master any subject to which he applied himself; but this is more than doubtful. The circle of his acquirements was limited, and therefore more effective, and, in consequence, more striking. In company at Paris among other noted characters at the ambassador's and elsewhere, he was more remarked for the position he won and held, than for any exhibition of the mode by which it might be supposed he obtained it. His conversation was in general as commonplace as that of other people.

I formed a clear, and, I believe, a correct idea of that trait in the duke's character, of which there

was more than one example on record. He did not seem to care about the knowledge of anything to which he had not been accustomed. Abstract knowledge was out of the question. His plain strong sense was his guide, and his profession, when in activity, rather that of Fabius than Marcellus, as, with the natural character of his soldiers, more of conquest by prolonged resistance, and the seizure of opportunity under it, than of manœuvre or stratagem. His character was eminently practical.

I was once present, I have before alluded to it, at a private trial of a steam gun. Not more than eight or nine persons, including the duke and Sir Robert Peel, with one or two artillery and engineer officers, were witnesses of the effect of that formidable weapon of offence, which the want of power to move about in the field forbids superseding gunpowder, it being too ponderous.*

* By the by, I wonder it is not adopted for the defence of forts and fortifications. There it would ever be irresistible, as the storm of missiles is incessant. No time is required for loading, and there is no change of the gun when once pointed, no recoil; but the shot, equal in force to powder, strikes the same point continuously; unfortunately the gun is not portable.

It was not until the firing began that the duke paid the least attention to the apparatus. When told that the steam, clear and cold as water,* where it issued from the muzzle of the gun at a few yards' distance, at once flashed into its usual burning heat, it did not surprise him, nor raise the slightest curiosity as to the cause. Still it was clear he did not know about what was then almost a novelty, except to scientific men. He continued talking to Sir Robert Peel on indifferent subjects until the firing ceased, and the perforated planks were shown with the shot holes.

“Ay, I only wanted to see the effect.”

“Won't your grace see how it is produced?”

“No, no; I don't care about that. I don't understand it. These gentlemen,” pointing to the officers of the artillery and engineers, “will see to that. I only want to see the effect.”

Can this be true? I hear the Bull family exclaim. The duke, a great soldier, must be omniscient. This sentiment is undeniable, among the vulgar. The fact

* It surprised me, who had been used to steam-engines from boyhood. Did the steam imbibe its heat only from contact with the air?

leads to the conclusion, that a great general may or may not be anything out of his profession.

As the instrument was novel, and half a dozen paces would have revealed the simple machinery by which the astounding effect was produced, it might have been thought that, in place of talking to Peel on desultory subjects, he would have done as others did, if out of mere curiosity, and have looked at the fabric of a machine, the effect of which was really tremendous. "Those gentlemen will see to that," was an expression which seemed to explain the nature of the duke's mind: a practical one in its accustomed routine, moved by strong sense within its limited circle, but there it remained. Napoleon I. would have seen and mastered in ten minutes the whole machinery, as well as the effect of the steam gun, and judged himself of the facility or difficulty of its usage. The knowledge of Wellington was much more confined and technical.

From that time it was clear to me that, well imbued with the duties of his profession, out of it he knew little. With great firmness, a thorough knowledge of military duty, and no small experi-

ence, he had in the British soldier a machine of which no one so well understood the mode in which it might be employed. I do not mean that, in judging upon any question proposed to him, his sterling good sense would not be apparent ; but that, on a subject he did not understand, he would not commit himself to the acquirement.

I once saw him at a review of nearly thirty thousand French soldiers. He was in plain clothes. He did not seem to take much interest in what was going forward, perhaps would not be perceived to take any when he really did. I saw him with the late King of Prussia at a review of troops by Louis XVIII., and the Duchess d'Angoulême at another time. He did not appear, nor did the King of Prussia, to notice Louis. They were in plain clothes, and kept aloof.

It must not be supposed that he did not feel strongly the spirit of party, more particularly where it was sacrificed to selfishness. At the time Lord Grey came into office, and Brougham was Lord Chancellor, Sir John Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, the Belial of law lords, who, Melbourne said, had talents

given him by God, but used them under the inspiration of the devil, a Jacobin or royalist by turn, as the wind blew—Lyndhurst, when the Tories went out of office, accepted the chief baronship from Brougham, who superseded him. This did not much matter, as he was without any kind of principle, and minded neither the scourgings of Canning nor the claims of his political allies. Bitter did his Tory friends lash him, imperturbable as he was. They were naturally angry, and alike was the spirit they exhibited towards their sevenfold apostate. Some of them satirised him not without point. He had betrayed all parties in turn. Wellington chuckled to several of his friends over the following lines. Who wrote them I never heard, but they were circulated, and published. I have them in print.

A NEW SONG.

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Earl Grey's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came;
Good faith took fright,
And honour at the sight
Grew pale with disgust at the recreant's shame.

O'er the face of Brougham,
At his rival's doom,
A smile of malignant triumph came ;
But else every eye
Was averted and shy,
And a shudder ran round at the traitor's name !

His straight course lay
Through honour's broad way ;
But his soul was mean, as his purse was poor.
His well-match'd mate,
And the duns at his gate,
Have driven the wretch to Earl Grey's door !

His own base heart
Can feel no smart,
And laughs at what others call faith and fame ;
But shunn'd by mankind,
He at last may find
That death were less keen than a life of shame !

They were given me by a stanch friend of the “outs,” who told me that the duke was delighted with them, for he could not conceive any man of principle situated in so honourable an office, could from any motive do as Lyndhurst had ; unless he openly and honestly joined the Whigs, no man could have so disgraced himself. There are some now living who remember that time. The ministry, or those who survive of them, must have in recollection a number of singular anecdotes about Lynd-

hurst and his connexions, and his destitution of all political principle. All cordiality on the part of Wellington ceased ; in fact, he could only regard his old friend, if they ever joined a political partnership again, to be “used,” but no more “trusted.” Lyndhurst, however, was forgiven, for the use to which he could be put. He was able, and a political *tee-totum* may be useful in some exigencies.

A long time—more than half a century—has elapsed, since I saw the duke at the head of his army abroad, and in the capital of France, among those troops whom he had met in the field. Lastly—except seeing him in the House of Lords, apparently half asleep, but in reality listening to the debate with close attention, and getting ready to start up with a terse reply, always direct to his purpose—I saw him but once, as I have said, on foot, in Grosvenor Place. How changed from what I remembered of him ! How time mocks memory and misshapes imagery ! It was easy to perceive that the duke was a deep and anxious thinker in the way of his profession, and that his skill and judgment, within a certain circle were not innate,

but worked out laboriously, with a clear head and firmness of purpose. When in India, he expected to go in command with a contingent of troops to Egypt. There he laid down a scheme of the expedition upon paper with great care, but his employment was countermanded. I see him now, earnest in conversation at the ambassador's, the observed of all, with less of the courtier than any one present —yet with the greater name.

Sir William Napier, whose judgment can well be relied upon, whom I visited at Freshford in Somersetshire, was inclined, besides the duke's firmness and clear head, to give him credit for the greatest trials of patience in the Peninsula, that he thought human nature could sustain, in alluding, as I have before said, to the pressure put upon him by the Governments of both countries, besides having the whole war upon his shoulders. Such a weight of care, in regard to the ability of the enemy with whom he contended, was enough to break down the strongest man.

Mr Holmes, a very kind man on the ministerial side, used to say the duke was the openest and

closest man of his day ; meaning that he kept his intentions exceedingly close until he acted, while he would appear at times as if he had yet that resolution to take which had long been soundly determined. He kept up the old habit of swearing, and used it as the men of his early day did, as a thing of course. He was admirable at keeping his own counsel, which aided him so greatly in his successes. He had too often to do with officers forced upon him by interest, who were almost worse than none at all. He would write home, "I can make no use of the men you have sent me. I have disposed of them where they can do no harm."

Numerous stories were circulated about him in Paris, as well as at home, which had no foundation in truth ; one was that the duke had been smitten by the charms of Mademoiselle Mars, the actress, and that she repelled him with a sharp sarcasm. I do not credit a word of it, though it was no public concern. No man was more reserved in his purposes, as far as his profession was concerned ; few had a stronger determination, or were more direct in their actions, or acted more honestly for what they

deemed the public good. He saw, when a question he understood arose, the true merits of the whole, and its good or evil consequences ; and when the benefit was obvious, he did not suffer the prejudices or even party spirit to prevail against the general benefit. He looked to what he thought was his duty, and followed it out, with his plain, strong, good sense, and that self-reliance and firmness which so strongly marked his character. What is called genius, did not seem to belong to him in the smallest degree. He originated nothing, but he gained military victories, to which in Europe England was strange.

Having said his sphere of knowledge was not great, and some may think otherwise, a careful recollection of the things he said upon political and commercial topics will prove it. It is true he did not often interfere in such matters, and that alone was evidence of it, for his sterling good sense would not let him display his ignorance without a purpose, and with a purpose he was conscious that he must be careful. He stood alone among his original party. Scarcely one have left their names in a

respectable reminiscence. Peel he took with him ; to Lyndhurst I have already alluded, his fame was dead before himself. The Sidmouths, the Castle-reaghs, Liverpools, Herrises, Eldons, and the “small gear” of their party, are nearly forgotten by the public already, though never to be extinct in the historical page in their varied moral and political hues—some as varied as the chameleon’s. Wellington towers over them all as a patriot, though in a degree secondary to his soldiership, like Gulliver in Lilliput. It is impossible to extol the duke too highly, for his ability in following out what he deemed of most advantage for the country, and disregarding party in so doing. Though they might be mistaken as to his merits in the military character, men capable of depicting his ability, and well qualified judges, have fixed the particular degree upon its true basis. To make further allusion to it would be beyond my capacity, had it not been so fully done already. Besides, I only depict here some shadows of what I have known, or that came under my own view.

There was about the Duke of Wellington—whose

compass of knowledge was confined out of his profession, as I have before observed, and notwithstanding an austere manner, the natural result of age and the custom of command—a most kindly spirit in private life. He felt the value of old friendships ; he was not the man to pass them by, when they fell under the mutability of all earthly things. He could express himself, too, with a feeling of attachment which did his private character high honour. I saw him in his prime of glory pleasant, even jocular and single-minded, as he was in the proudest position a man could be, at the head of 150,000 men. He was the same as before, no change was visible—success did not intoxicate him. I saw him in advanced age much changed, but I had no opportunity then of mingling with any society in which he was to be met, as I had been before. But the man had not really changed, though he was said to have become somewhat curt in his replies—that, perhaps from the pressure of years. In proof of this, and that neither his heart, nor that excellent style in which he wrote his despatches, had altered when in his seventieth year, I will quote a note of his to a

friend whom I well knew, upon hearing that Lord Powis was not likely to recover from a fit of illness. It was dated from Walmer Castle, September 27, 1838.

“ MY DEAR ——, I received this morning your letter of yesterday, and was very sorry indeed, to receive such an account of Lord Powis.

“ However, it will appear that he will die as he lived, with his senses perfect; and having performed all his duties; and a credit to his own character and his family. I have known him intimately for forty years—I have received invariable kindness from him, and I shall never forget him.

“ He is very kind in thinking of the cattle which he intendel to give to me. I request you to send them to Stratfieldsaye. The name of my agent there is Easton; I write to tell him that the cattle will be sent, and that you will correspond with him about them.

“ I am astonished that you do not take Lady —— to Leamington. They say that Dr

J—— does wonders there in affairs of the Tie——. If you should have a moment to spare I shall be happy to see you here.—Believe me ever yours, most sincerely, WELLINGTON.”

What a strong contrast did Wellington show to the British ministry under the lawyer, Spenceer Pereeval. There is upon record, I forget where, but it was during the Peninsular war, that the ministry at home wanted to open Parliament in unison with good news from the seat of action. In other words, to have the seasoning of a little blood-shed to back out their assembling, and get some reputation for the wisdom of their measures. What a motive! It would not be comprehended by Wellington. He would not be made a tool of even by the party to which he was supposed to belong in polities, and shed blood to credit wiser measures than the intellect of ministers at home could supply. He would not be used for such a purpose. Again, when in 1811 the ministry, vexed at remarks made by officers on service to their friends at home, and sometimes published in the

newspapers, censuring the men or measures ; they wanted it forbidden—wanted the families of officers in England, perhaps on the eve of a battle, to be debarred from writing a last letter to their friends and relatives, because such letters might include a censure of themselves. There was a time that the duke could not appoint his own *aide-de-camp* ; they would have the patronage. Nelson's gallant successor complained that he could not appoint his own first lieutenant, an old officer, on account of the patronage jobbing at home. To return to the duke, he wrote to the prime minister in reply, from Lonzao, dated 1811, in March or April, "I am sure that your lordship does not expect that I or any other officer in command of a British army, can pretend to prevent the correspondence of the officers with their friends. It could not be done if attempted ; and the attempt would be considered an endeavour by an individual to deprive the British public of intelligence of which the Government and Parliament do not choose to deprive them. I have done everything in my power by way of remonstrance, and have been handsomely abused

for it, but I cannot think of preventing officers from writing to their friends."

This was to all effects and purposes censuring the ministerial desire for bloodshed, to open Parliament with a little *éclat*. Such were the principles and feelings of the statesmen who blundered out their day by creating a reign of terror at home, and fell before a peace, never, either men, or principles, to revive or be glorified again.

The duke's despatches have been much extolled, and not without reason. They are clear, concise, and every way to the purpose. In fact, they are admirable of their kind. They explain, too, the sphere in which his merit lay, as it could not have otherwise been done. What he understood, and the duties of his profession, he could treat in a most masterly, yet succinct manner. Change the subject, he was no longer clear, concise, and masterly. There was a letter written by the duke to Dr Curtis, which, though grounded in good sense, showed that his ability in writing letters upon subjects not common or habitual, was mediocre enough. It was on the Catholic question. He even dealt in palpable

Irishisms, for he proposed “burying the question in oblivion in order to employ the time diligently in a consideration of its difficulties!” This much amused, and in some cases shook the faith of those weak-minded persons who were given to consider that great men in a peculiar walk of life, must needs have equal carefulness and a like insight in every other branch of necessary knowledge. That of a soldier, if not marked by other than mere professional qualities cannot rank intellectually high. Wellington was not otherwise distinguished in the advancee of mind. His well-written despatches were on topics familiar from his profession. As to qualities merely military, standing alone, they are not those which are lasting. The future ages retain only the names of their possessors; they leave no benefit to their kind behind them; there is nothing of substantial good effected by them that remains, “Il ne revient rien au genre humain de cent batailles donnée. Chez moi, les grands hommes vont les premiers, et les héros les derniers. J'appelle grands hommes tous ceux qui ont excellé dans l'utile ou dans l'agreeable; les saccageurs de provinces ne

sont que des héros." It is impossible for every "Christian" man who thinks, not to be of this opinion. The Spanish campaigns alone immolated fifty thousand English lives, and already, the thinking-reasoners may well ask "cui bono?" Then turn and add the immolations by George III., in America, as well as Europe!

I was informed by a contemporary of the duke's, who was a year older, some time before Wellington's decease, that when a lieutenant and moving in fashionable life, he was often quizzed by the gay fellows about him, for his sedateness, which he took with good humour. It was observed, too, that he would never join in play.

WILLIAM GRENVILLE GRAHAM.

IN the year 1812, when hostilities were just commencing between England and the United States, I was a resident at Plymouth, or rather about ceasing to become one, and returning to London. This, however, did not happen until the following year. Vessels that were American, or believed to be so, bound to French ports, were being detained and brought into those of England for adjudication. Of this class was one bound to Bordeaux from New York, which had been sent into Padstow, in Cornwall. Those on board were in fear of being declared prisoners of war, for though war was not actually

proclaimed, the announcement was every hour expected in the west by a communication from London. The crews and passengers in the detained ships were suffered to be at liberty. Among the latter was a young American, about seventeen years of age. He was evidently well educated; his person interesting, and altogether more manly and pleasing than at a later period of his life. It is true he might have been taken for one of four or five years older, for there was a precocity about him, at least to English bred people, which might have been common upon the other side of the Atlantic, but is rarely seen here. He stated that he had displeased his family by some extravagances too common to youth, and that he had left New York, where his father resided, in the Broadway. His father was a merchant.* The son had arrived at Plymouth from Padstow, in the hope to find his way back by a trader from thence, or by proceeding to Bristol, or to Liverpool, and getting

* He died several years afterwards, while his son was in England, according to the statement of the latter to the present writer.

a passage home in some British vessel. At Plymouth he became known to a friend of mine, who took a great interest in his unfortunate position. His attempts to return to America proved unsuccessful, and he imprudently returned to Plymouth, which being a war port, was more dangerous for a foreigner as a residence, than a situation in a town devoted to mercantile purposes alone. His prospects in becoming a prisoner of war were sufficiently gloomy. His chance-made acquaintance who had introduced him to me, was a young man of very small means of living, of a kind heart, and much esteemed by his friends. He greatly commiserated the position of the young American, and when his purse was exhausted, nobly divided his own with the stranger.

The education of Graham at this time was superior to that of English youths in general of the same age, or else the lad was exceedingly in advance of others of his time of life. He had acquired a good knowledge of the two principal languages of antiquity as customarily taught. He had commenced reading for the law, and was well acquainted

with the principal authors of England that have a claim to be styled classical. His education had evidently not been a superficial one. He continued his studies in Plymouth, reading all the works he could obtain, while under the painful circumstances of a detention, the duration of which it was impossible for him to foresee.

Efforts were made to get him some kind of employment, and they might have been successful, for he would gladly have taken any employment he could fulfil; but an English seaport, devoted principally to the objects of war, was not one that could afford the desired object. All strangers were watched. Besides this, I had in my employment a constable of long standing in the town, whose duty it was to secure any suspected person or foreigner he discovered, and if belonging to any hostile nation, to take him before a magistrate, who would detain him a prisoner of war. As I had no means of preventing this, but threatening to discharge a man who was only bound to me by wages paid him weekly, and having learned that he had an idea, not a very incorrect one, about the young American's

position, it became needful to think of his personal safety. I had no employ for him, especially as he knew nothing of European politics. He had composed some pleasing pieces of poetry, and once or twice volunteered his services in getting up a part in an amateur play in the theatre. As an actor he showed no particular talent, and had he possessed any, his personal freedom now became the more pressing consideration, for his concealment was soon absolutely necessary. His situation had become most painful to himself. His little poetical attempts, already alluded to, had been begun under these circumstances. One of his first, the ideas in which are mostly borrowed from St Pierre, was entitled "Home." It was as follows, and as a first effort was exceedingly creditable to his talents. It clearly touched upon his own position :—

" Oh happy they who ne'er were driven,
By the mysterious will of Heaven,
 To far and foreign skies,—
But at their father's table sate,
 And there, and there alone had ate;
Nor e'er beheld the vaporous smoke
 That from a stranger's banquet broke,
 Unwonted to their eyes.

Should Mississippi's purple jay
To the sweet southern parrot say:—
‘ Why, then, so sad complain?
Have we not here the grateful shade,
The limpid stream, of fruit the hoard,
The silent wood and sylvan glade,
Which thine own Floridas afford—
Then why this mournful strain ?’

‘ Yes,’ would the southern parrot say
In answer to the purple jay—
‘ I found them equal here—
But in that fragrant jasmine grove
Of Florida, I leave the west,
Which holds the object of my love,
The offspring of my parent breast;
Nor here with the like ardent gaze
Beams the same sun, whose steady blaze
Warms my savannahs there.

The traveller's weary task is done,
His long day's toilsome march is o'er,
Beneath another country's sun,
On plains he never trod before
To earth he fainting drops:
His only seat the clay-cold ground,
Damp from autumnal evening dew;
With mournful mind he looks around,
Where huts on every side his view
Present their sheltering tops.
Alas ! he finds no shelter near,
No kind, no hospitable friend
The hapless suppliant bless.

His woes but meet the deafen'd ear,
 No kindness heeds, none list to hear;
 And forth again his step he bends,
 And heartless now his course he wends
 To the drear wilderness.

No pleasing tales of heroes bold,
 And damsels fair so often told
 Around the social hearth,
 The flowing souls' endearments warm,
 Of mutual love the tender kiss,
 Kindred affection, cherish'd bliss,
 And dear contentment's sovereign charm,
 And innocence and mirth.

The bliss of those, the lengthen'd days,
 Who never wander'd from their home;
 Who never left their wonted ways,
 And youthful scenes forsook to roam
 Along a foreign strand.
 When evening's haleyon shades descend,
 And darken thus the skies,—
 The tears of kindred and of friend,
 Shall bathe the grassy turf that lies,
 O'er those whose monuments arise
 Amid their native land!" *

All who saw him at this time, and knew his position, felt an increased interest in him. Where his

* In the *Monthly Magazine*, new series, vol. v., No. 26, there is an article of his, years afterwards, entitled "Social Grievances," which I got inserted; he wrote several others, but they were not in his better days.

story was not known, he would have been taken for an Englishman ; but hints were thrown out that he ought to become a prisoner of war, as I have already remarked. The superior authorities with whom I was acquainted were perfectly content that he should be at large ; but there were always underlings in similar cases who hoped for rewards in some shape. I had information that one of those determined to apprehend him. This intelligence made me resolve it should not be, and I sent him off to London. His father was a born British subject, and his liberty I could have secured through the principals in the garrison ; but if it came to his remaining free personally, yet under surveillance, it appeared to me, as no war was declared, most undesirable and unjust. I therefore gave him some money, and sent him off to London, thinking, with his temperate habits and good address, besides being unknown, he would be concealed, and in the great mart for labour. He reached London, and was soon nearly driven to despair. Mr Lovell, the editor of the *Statesman*, hearing of his case, advertised it. This was in the year 1813. But his

countrymen were appealed to in vain by an advertisement. The only excuse for them was the hazard they might run, the war having broken out, in being recognised. Mr Lovell recommended him to the late excellent Mr Burdon of Welbeck Street, and Hartford House, Morpeth, a gentleman and scholar, the author of "Materials for Thinking." He possessed an estate of some thousands per annum, and had a feeling heart. He found out the desolate young man, gave him money, bade him call in Welbeck Street, and he would endeavour to aid him further. Mr Burdon recommended him to Mr Britton, the antiquary, who engaged him at a mere pittance to undertake literary labour, at which he was of course a novice, and had everything to acquire. He was now attacked by fever, the consequence of low living, of which I knew nothing at the time, being two hundred miles from town. He was in a small close lodging, near Oxford Street, and for a long time remained in a very doubtful state of health. Mr Burdon, the good Samaritan, the "practical" Christian, got medical advice for him, and ordered everything to be done that would

lead to his restoration. He recovered, but never looked personally so well after as he had done before his illness, which, in some other respects, seemed to have changed his moral tendencies. When his health was restored, Mr Burdon, finding that he had been destined for the law by his family in America, and from Mr Britton's report of him, that he had had no literary practice by which he could hope to live, while he exhibited quickness of intellect, and the fruits of considerable reading for a young man ; told him that, even in London, literature was a precarious existence, and advised him to study the English law, and then, by zeal and assiduity, he might hope to make his way. He placed him in lodgings in Margaret Street, and sent him a set of elementary books on law, with some of the classics. In 1814 he entered him in the Temple, lodging the usual fee. A university education shortening the time for keeping the law commons, he sent his *protégé* to Cambridge, which was, though unforeseen, a step most injurious to his welfare. Graham became initiated into the latent dissipation of English collegians. He did not neglect his

studies ; but £300 a year allowed him to participate with some who indulged dissipated habits, and made him desire to be upon an equality with men of larger pecuniary means. He had acquired a habit of play there, which, though within the means allowed him, developed its consequences at a later period. In respect to morals, he was neither better nor worse than other young men ; and if there were better classics and mathematicians among the students, there was not one who knew and had seen so much of the world, in addition to his college acquirements. Nor did it appear that he had incurred any debts when he left the university.

Little differences arose at times between Graham and his benefactor. It was clear that the former was not so attentive to his patron's wishes as he should have been. A constant visitant, he would dispute sometimes, and leave Welbeck Street apparently in anger, and Mr Burdon would tell him to return there no more. A day or two would bring him back with an apology, acknowledging his fault, and deplored the waywardness of his nature ; for there was always a remarkable candour about him,

which made his case the more lamentable. He would often, when conscious of being in the wrong, oppose to the complainant a submissive demeanour, and try to justify what could in no way clear him of blame. Thus, to friends who called him to account, he would make acknowledgments of the truth of the charge or charges, and be affected even to tears, confessing that he scarcely knew into what evil his faults might not lead him,—that self-control was often beyond his power; that reason pointed out his path, but that some fatal necessity constantly led him astray.

He left Cambridge towards the end of 1817, or the commencement of 1818. By Mr Burdon's consent he now visited Paris for the first time. A mutual friend told me that he discovered he had a love for play, while, at the same time, he made copious notes of what he saw, and read foreign works. He now confessed that he had lost all his ready cash, and just managed to reach London without a sou. On being questioned and cautioned about it, and that greediness of gain seemed to have been no part of his former nature, he replied, nor was it

now. It was the moment of suspense while the game was uncertain, that gave him all the pleasure he felt at the tables. That moment alone was the charm which imparted to him a sensation of delight, however uncertainty might act with others in a mode diametrically opposite. I ever thought this one of the most extraordinary statements of the effect of hazard upon the mind that I ever heard. Yet there was no reason to imagine the statement an untruth, nor did I ever suppose it to be so. In the acknowledgment to which I allude, there was no necessity for his stating anything but the fact.

His habits of study and their prolongation were generally dependent upon the state of his pocket. At intervals he would work hard, and, his memory being tenacious, he would store up nearly all he read while thus devoting himself. He was so sensible of this fact himself, that he desired a friend, who owed him a few pounds, not to repay them for a few days to come, because he must finish the work he had in hand, "and you know my way," he observed. "If I receive it now, I shall go out and

not touch my labour while I have sixpence left. I feel in that humour, and it always masters me."

To strangers and mere acquaintance who censured or thwarted him, when at the same time he was well aware of being in error, he would oppose a stern countenance, and attempt to justify himself through thick and thin. This disposition appears in the copy of the letter which he wrote the night before he fell in the duel, as hereafter noticed.

His visit to Paris established his love of play. His loss of money was in amount trifling at first, but it increased his passion for the tables. On his return, discontented with himself, he sat down once more to study. He read and made notes on Crebillon, Condillac, Pascal, Fontenelle, Helvetius, and other French writers of eminence. Though he read French well, so far as to comprehend it, he scarcely spoke it at all. With a pen, or rather pencil, in his hand, he might be seen walking in the Champs Elysées, or seated in the garden of the Tuilleries, when the weather permitted, making notes, or reading. In the evening he was in the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal, where his losses

amounted to no great sum, because he had not money with which at that time to speculate.

On his return he found his benefactor, Mr Burdon, in a declining state of health. With the family he did not seem to harmonise. It consisted for the most part of females ; and it is possible they looked up on him as a species of interloper. He took no pains to lessen this feeling towards himself. It may be that he saw it was a hopeless task to do so,—in fact, it seemed sometimes as if he felt his dependence upon the father wounded him ; and yet what could he do if not so sustained. Yet of true, high-minded independence, he possessed but little, for he never showed a distaste for an obligation. Not that he was unkind or unfriendly to others provided it did not involve any pecuniary transaction, which placed him in the wrong position. Money he could not keep for a moment, because it was the means of fresh gratification ; while his personal labour or efforts for another he would willingly afford. His disposition was enviably free from any taint of malice, or doing direct evil to any human being. He was thus made up of contradic-

tions. The same kind of contradictions affected his opinions.

In 1818 his benevolent patron died, and burdened one of his estates with two hundred and fifty pounds per annum in favour of young Graham. This annuity he sold, and letting off the chambers he held in the Temple, he set out a second time for the Continent. By way of Paris he proceeded to Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and visited several distinguished literary characters. He met with Mr Wordsworth near Geneva, in whose society he passed a day or two. The unbending gravity and self-conceit of the author of the "Excursion" could hardly have harmonised with the levity and flexibility of Graham. The latter must have been the listener. Graham, while thus travelling, acquired enough of the Italian and German languages to translate them with freedom. Such was his aptitude, and the variation of his conduct, that he fluctuated from dissipation to study in a very singular and irregular manner. Still he haunted the gambling-houses, and won and lost his money with great *nonchalance*. He was no calculator of changes.

Any one could cheat him at cards when in England, for, as he said, it was the excitement which pleased him in so high a degree. The licensed public tables of play abroad were too well watched to cheat, and they had no need of it. The *après* and the advantage of continual play return a sufficient profit to the tables. Such at least was the result of pretty close observations I made in places licensed in the time of Louis XVIII. The practice of Graham was reckless. If he threw a napoleon upon the *rouge et noir*, and doubled it, he would not take up the coin. He had a belief that his fortune would repeat the operation to his advantage. At Aix he won three thousand napoleons and over, leaving his single napoleon down thirteen times, a case one could hardly ever suppose to occur. This money, and nearly all he had besides, he lost upon his return to London, about 1821, much richer in knowledge of the world, and even, strange to say, in literature, than when he set out, but with his money all or nearly all gone, and his love of hazard more rooted than ever.

He had now to look about him in earnest for

some means of a livelihood. Though he had kept his terms in the Temple, while doing which he joined the "Academics," a society of law students, principally held then in Chancery Lane, to which the late Judge Talfourd at that time belonged. There he and Graham became oratorical antagonists as well as acquaintance. Either Graham or Colburn introduced me to Talfourd, I think the former, in 1819. I used to hear much of their contests, but I took little interest in what I heard. I am inclined to think that while Talfourd was far the better lawyer, and had the more moral mind, though with far less knowledge of the world, Graham was the better orator; but then nobody knew in England that he had began to study the law in America, young as he was, before he left his native land. By withdrawing the hundred pounds customarily lodged at the Temple by students upon entering, he cut himself off from that body. He pretty well exhausted the patience of his acquaintance at last, by borrowing money of them. Talfourd had very little to spare. I had less. He was indebted to us both without a chance of repayment.

In 1822 he lodged in Upper Baker Street, and was obliged to quit his lodgings, without a plan for the future. Foscolo having need of a translator, I recommended him, and he went on diligently for some time. He also wrote some articles for the papers, and I got him to write two or three for the *New Monthly*. He one day received a few pounds, which he was bound to pay over to a place where he had been hospitably trusted. He disappeared, having been tempted by its possession to the gambling-table, and lost it every farthing. He afterwards liquidated the debt by his labour, and would not himself touch the money. While with Foscolo he made love to a servant girl, whom people, not over good-natured, said was too intimate with her master; but of the truth of which nobody was convinced, for it was discovered she did not bear the best character independent either of Foscolo or his *employé*. Foscolo, never cool in temper, charged Graham with the intimacy. The latter, on being so violently addressed, retorted in the same strain, feeling his dependency hurt him. Foseolo could not avoid calling him out, but Graham, feeling he

was in the wrong, fired in the air. Foseolo would not then fire at all, and the parties walked off the ground. Graham's second was in the law, a county court judge afterwards, who lately died in Ireland.

He succeeded, by writing for the papers, by critical articles, and by translating, in realising several hundreds a year. He edited the *Weekly Museum* for Messrs Whittaker, and translated the Spanish papers for the *Courier*. He seemed for a moment to have forgotten his habit of play. The *Museum* did not answer after about a year's trial. His rapidity in work, his acuteness, and ease of style were far more conspicuous than his depth. His knowledge was thus more varied than profound, but he was equal to the best of his hebdomadal contemporaries on subjects of temporary interest. When the *Museum* ceased to be published, he seemed to relapse again into dissipation. Still reporting or writing for the papers, a new temptation led him deeper into misery. I had seldom seen him, when one day I heard he was charged with forgery. He had visited one of those metropolitan scenes of infamy called masquerades, when

a cunning female, with no small personal attractions, laid her spell upon him. His vanity was pleased, for of love he confessed there was none in the matter. He saw other men repelled by her, loose as she was in character, and he fell into the snare laid for him. He even changed the aspect of his dress from plain manliness to town coxcombry. His expenses outran his means of meeting them. He had recourse to bill discounters. In 1825, the man whom some admired for his talents, whom many pitied, and whose conversation and abilities were so remarkable, committed the crime of putting a false name to a bill, discounting it, and, as if in defiance, waiting until it was due before thinking of the consequences. He ultimately went off to Liverpool, and was seen in the theatre the night of his arrival, when an officer was there in pursuit of him. The next day he embarked openly for New York, and reached it in safety, but only to meet an early doom by what fools called in those days an "honourable" death!

As a matter of course the most abominable falsehoods and scandals, not a word of them true, were

circulated here, and published in some of the papers respecting him. I had no idea of his later career, for I had not seen him for several months before he quitted the country, as he kept out of my sight. I was standing at the door waiting for the post one morning, when a letter with the Liverpool post-mark was brought to me. It was from Graham in America.* I will repeat it verbatim here, for the same purpose as I give the whole narrative of his career, namely, as a warning to others in the heyday of youth to take care of their steps:—

“ It is one of my greatest miseries that I cannot in any way control the waywardness of fortune, which is every day forcing me to violate the most fixed resolutions, and to perpetuate outrages upon the feelings of those who have been my best friends. A young gentleman of New York, being on the eve of making the tour of Europe, has requested a letter to London from me, a request I have hitherto avoided; but in this case refusal or evasion was impossible. I have ventured to write to you. Mr H—— belongs to the best family in this city. His

* See also “ Recollections,” vol. iii.

father is a celebrated physician and scholar, president of Rulger's College, and a man of great wealth and standing. To have refused, would have subjected me to the most fatal suspicions," &c.

He then goes on to beg I will not judge young Mr H. by him, and painfully concludes, "God bless you, which is more than He has, or ever can do for me! Amongst the settled gloom of my life there are but one or two bright spots. The most agreeable of those is that which related to the earlier part of my intercourse with you." *

In New York, it would appear that he got early employment upon the *Enquirer*. I found that he was born in Catskill, that his father had been a merchant, and that before leaving America for Europe he had studied the law for some time under Mr Barends Gardeneir. He mingled in good society in New York upon his return, but soon had a personal altercation with a Mr Barton, whom he struck. A duel ensued, and he fell in the thirty-second year of his age. Thus terminated the career

* For the entire letter, see "Recollections," vol. i. See there also his letter to his antagonist before he fell.

of one who, with self-control, might have been an ornament to society, if not a very useful member.

It appeared that in the politics of his native country he took little or no interest, except to exhibit somewhat of sarcasm against those not of his own professed side. He attacked with all the vigour of his pen those pretenders to New York literature, who would by assumption alone fain lead in everything, as many such do in England. Some of his papers on "Good Society," in the *Enquirer*, are said to have told well. Yet among his inconsistencies, and with the means of easy subsistence at hand, and an employment that did not cost him more than a couple of hours a day, he did not leave off his old habits of company that was not the best for a literary man. It was at the festive table that he returned a blow for some slight verbal provocation, and paid for it with his life.

Men are not all vicious, not even the worst of us. This man had many good qualities. Numbers in England remembered their pleasure in his society, and when, too, it was well worth enjoying. It was

painful to observe how, as he ran further and further into disgrace, he would deplore it himself, say he was become reckless of everything, and that he wished he was out of the world. "Soon," he said, "it would be heard that his evil genius predominated again, and had plunged him into new difficulties or vices." They who knew him and kept their eyes upon his career, even the best, must exclaim with Adolf Müllner, in his tragedy of "Guilt":—

"That being, man !
When one has fallen, another well may weep,
But may not judge!"

In 1812, while on his passage to Europe, he wrote the following verses, which I inserted in a Plymouth paper. They were composed in his nineteenth year, and one passage in the eighth stanza would seem to imply that he had offended his father, although the cause is not explained. He told me, in reply to the query, what he intended to have done at Bourdeaux had he not been forced to England, that "he did not know!"

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

Farewell ye pleasant bowers,
Adorned with fragrant flowers,
Where passed my early hours—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell ye verdant meads,
Ye deep romantic glades
And solitary shades,
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell ye towerling hills,
Beside whose channelled rills
Her song sweet echo trills—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell ye hallowed spires,
Ye altars where my sires
Would school my young desires—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell ye worthless few,
Whose bosoms never knew
The faith to friendship due—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell the treacherous maid,
Whose snares around me laid,
This too fond heart betrayed,
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell my long-loved home—
The dreaded hour is come,
A wanderer far I roam—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell, the filial fear
That bade me linger here,
Nor wish my kindred dear—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell, the struggling sigh,
The tear-drop in my eye
Proclaim how loth I cry—
Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell my country ! Never
Will fate that bids us sever,
Rejoin us—O, for ever !—
Farewell ! farewell !

There is poetry and feeling in the above lines, which, as in later efforts of the pen from the hand of Graham, show parts and intelligence of a promising order in very early life. We are at a loss to reconcile such contradictions in character as this young man's career exhibited, and are at last forced to place them among the other mysteries that envelop our humanity.

SIR T. N. TALFOURD.

I WAS not personally acquainted with Talfourd until 1820, though we had mutual friends. At that time he was a student of law in the Temple. I had heard of him before when he was a member of the Academies in Chancery Lane, and carried on discussions there with a good deal of spirit. William Graham, who had been sent to college by Mr Burdon of Welbeck Street, was also a member, and there was a contest often arose between them, in which Graham, from his superior knowledge of the world, and having

been a student of law in America, had upon the whole the advantage in argument as well as delivery; but here it terminated. The career of Graham I have already detailed. It furnishes a remarkable example of ability turned to ill purpose, of recklessness of morals, with the consciousness of it, and, finally, of an end which those who knew his abilities and not his previous career could hardly have expected. He was intimate with Talfourd, and was under pecuniary obligations to him. Here all assimilation of the two names must end, the one furnishing such a melancholy contrast to the honourable career of the other; yet both men of eminent ability.

Several years elapsed, during which I had been resident on the Continent, before I became a contributor, I believe of only two papers, to Colburn's old series of his magazine, in the volumes for 1820. Talfourd, with whom I do not recollect having had a personal acquaintance much before, though I had known him by name, profered his contributions the same year, and it was towards the latter part of the year that we thus

became connected in the magazine. The bookseller determined to improve his property, and Talfourd and myself were early contributors. He had the priority by several months over me in the contribution of a paper or two in aid of the object in view. I do not think that our joint contributions were in number more than a couple of articles from each; and until then we were not intimately known to each other, though by our mutual acquaintance with Graham we had been nominally so. Scarcely, however, had we sent more than a few articles to the work, when the publisher announced that, through Mr Upeot, the librarian of the city library, he was in treaty with the poet Campbell to become editor of the magazine; that he, Colburn, did not intend to spare any expense upon it, that three volumes would be published annually, two of which would be devoted to original articles, and one to polities, the fine arts, the stage, and local and foreign intelligence. Talfourd and myself were invited to continue. It was soon found that Campbell had neither experience nor

patience for the drudgery of editor. Du Bois, well known in London as a judge at the Court of Requests, and also known to Campbell, was invited to compile and write the third volume, which was in small print, and very full of matter. Campbell could not undertake it, in fact he would never have finished his task. He was to read the papers for the large print himself, and select from them about a hundred pages per month, and the rest of the work was to be done by his coadjutor, no hard task. In the very first month, Du Bois, an old acquaintance, seeing that the poet was *gauche* in his new undertaking, took upon himself to advise him so freely as to wound the poet's *amour-propre*. Campbell then told Colburn he could not go on with Du Bois. The bibliopolist applied to me. I had thoughts of going back to France, but he spoke so fairly, that I agreed to undertake to edit the closely-printed third volume. Talfourd promised to supply the theatrical criticism every month by a certain day. The fine arts were to be written for me by Mr Robert Hunt, a brother of John and

Leigh Hunt, of the *Examiner* newspaper, and most of the rest I wrote or compiled to the extent of ten closely printed volumes, except for about the last two months of 1830.

Soon afterwards all the original papers came to me,—rather were thrown upon me. I made a selection from them, and having sifted them, consulted the poet about the choice, and too soon had the whole business upon myself. The poet was often absent in Scotland or Germany. I early discovered that he had an aversion to certain principles and personalities. As to poetry, I always made a point of consulting him about it or sending it to him. Thus all was managed very well, and the sale became great. Talfourd, punctual with his theatrical article, wrote a number of original papers, and frequently got a new work to review for the first part, besides contributing now and then an article. His judgment was sound, his punctuality remarkable, and his fair dealing certain. He had his notions, however, about a magazine and the public, that were not always correct. He was one of Charles

Lamb's men, and no periodical publication they started ever answered. The public must be managed. I wrote three papers in their *London Magazine*, the publishers of which were good of their class, and paid well. Excellent in the separate articles, in the way of variety, the combination of what was so peculiar in style, would not suit "the general." Talfourd could never imagine why, what Blackwood called the "cockney school," would not secure the public attention. By the experience of some of the contributors to the *London Magazine* much was expected, but it came to nothing. That which adds to variety by a paper or two of its own class in a magazine, with a variety of others, is always agreeable; but the manner of a school will never do in the lump. Talfourd, who, I do not think, saw Campbell half a dozen times in his life, unless perchance he met him on some public occasion, reported of his editorship, that of which, except from myself, he could have known nothing. What Talfourd is reported to have said about

Campbell's editorship, bore no resemblance to the poet's real editorial defects.

The *New Monthly* had an astonishing sale, yet Lamb, Coleridge, Talfourd, Elton, and the whole Temple scholars of Lamb, could never make any impression on the public with a like work in union, however they gratified numerous readers by their works separately. It was *toujours perdrix* that was the cause, too much of the same thing from many lips. The meetings of an evening at Lamb's chambers, to sup on beefsteaks, drink porter, and talk in a friendly way about the class of literature that was to carry all before it, did not produce the expected effect. Good and clever fellows they were, but the public is an animal of a progeny between the mule and the lynx, and the tendencies of both animals must be consulted. The account Talfourd is said to have given of Campbell's balancing commas, except in the poet's own compositions, is not correct. The poet's personal habits in composition, and his peculiarities, were nowhere displayed in the conduct of

the magazine. I do not believe he ever read half a volume of it through, after the first or second year up to the time we quitted it, either in manuscript or type. He read no proofs.

In referring to Talfourd's earlier papers I will enumerate what I remember. He quitted the work at the same time as Campbell and myself. No one could feel deeper regret at his early departure from life than I did. The last time but one that I saw him was in the assize court at Stafford. The judge had not taken his seat. Talfourd was at the table with the counsel. We shook hands. Soon after that the business commenced.

It was in 1820 that Talfourd had written some remarks on modern tragedy, in an article on Virginians and the English Stage. He commended the different actors; but at this distance of time, upon a subject of which the reader can be no judge, when the actors and plays have disappeared, there can be no advantage in examining what cannot be well remembered and compared. It may be remarked, however, that Talfourd had a strong regard for

theatrical performances, and that his remarks, though sometimes showing that regard almost as a passion, were generally correct when not hurried on by a partiality, which, it was easy to perceive, was founded upon a taste for the art that sometimes made him too prodigal of commendation. Thus the two or three papers which he wrote and published in the *New Monthly*, before the publication had an ostensible editor, caused him to join in writing the articles under the new arrangement that commenced in January 1821.

Of the articles of Talfourd in the *New Monthly* prior to the foregoing change, I remember one or two upon the Female Literature of the Age, commencing with Mrs Radcliffe, and terminating with Miss Benger. When he commenced his account of Mrs Radcliffe he was not aware that she was living. He apportioned to her works that measure of justice which was only her due, showing that he had read her tales with close attention, and was fully aware of their character. To poor Charlotte Smith he dealt out only the true measure of justice, and highly praised her “Old Manor

House," which can be still read with so much pleasure. He discriminated faithfully the writings of Mrs Hamilton; and passing over Mrs Brunton, he justly characterised Miss Baillie,—or not to offend her, for we well remember she did not at all relish being addressed as Miss, she must be Mrs Baillie,—to her he rendered no more than her due, as the most poetical lady writer of her day, quite able to be playful when she saw fitting, but he justly remarked that she had no vein for comedy. He noted Mrs Hemans, and described her imagery as "more in the sun" than that of other lady poetesses of her time, a simile I could never understand, any more than his extravagant praise of Miss Mitford, were it not that I happened to know they were very intimate friends. He did judgment upon the cold verses or dry tragedies of Hannah More, pronouncing her works without passion or feeling, and when she dressed up truth, it was in cold, Quaker-like attire. No one could love her heroes or heroines. It is ridiculous to write poetry or fiction after the pattern of the creed of Athanasius. He did justice to Mrs Barbauld, and to the accu-

racy of description of Miss Edgworth, on whom he pronounced a strong eulogium. Mrs Opie was faithfully criticised; and Mrs Leicester, who was characterised as a sister to the author of "John Woodville" and "Rose Gray," a recommendation that can only be understood by the disciples of a very exclusive school of poetry indeed, if it be poetry at all. I do not remember to have heard of the lady. The authoress of "Glenarvon" he highly commended, in much of the style of the Temple school. The Miss Porters and Mrs Inchbald he noticed, the latter with much discriminating justice. The authoress of "Evelina," as Miss F. Burney, was commended. Lady Morgan's novels came next, and were justly characterised as having the style, sentiment, and vivacity of her native land, with more power, less prudence, and more passion than Miss Edgworth. He censured the "Quarterly Reviewers" for their gross and unmanly attacks upon her, as if from Gifford anything manly was to have been expected. He then proceeded to notice Miss Austen's unambitious creations, Mrs Taylor, Miss Holford, and several

others, and concluded with a commendation of Miss Benger.

It must be confessed that notices of so many lady writers, compressed into ten or twelve pages of letterpress, could give no very exact character of the works of any one of them, some of them being very voluminous in their productions. It was characteristic of that day to make commentaries on men and things in the gross, and Talfourd followed the mode. It saved the labour of analysis, and did as well for the mass of the public. In the same year Talfourd employed his pen upon one of his favourite themes, and gave in the same way a *multum in parvo* paper upon the English Stage, in two articles, the first in six pages, the second in about a page more. It is obvious, as in his paper on the female writers before mentioned, that both subjects could not be advantageously given in a space so limited. Hence the differences between one writer and another; and that the excellences and defects of the actors could not be very clearly delineated, because room was required for allowing the characteristics of each to

be fully developed. To one so fond of the theatre as Talfourd was, even to a degree seldom observed, at a time when we possessed the amusement in a state of great perfection compared to later days, it did the critic's ability much less justice than it merited: It is possible that he apprehended at first if he had proceeded only to a reasonable length, his article would have been complained of by the publisher as too long; but where the publisher had no voice in the matter it was different. The desire of excellence or of improvement in an article, by carrying it only to a reasonable length, causes publishers, who understand nothing about the subject, to irritate a writer by complaining it occupies too much space, while thus strange to the nature of the article. What bookseller knows much of the character of the works in which he deals?

It was in the same year Talfourd wrote a eulogistic paper on Charles Lamb, of whose supper friends he was one of the most ardent. Whether time has confirmed his opinion that Lamb was only second to Shakespeare in general wisdom and wise philosophy of a like species, is hardly a ques-

tion for the present hour. Lamb was described as living along “the gold fibres of affection by which the brotherhood of man was bound together.” His pathos “drew tears forth it was a luxury to shed.” Lamb’s wit was full of “the warmth of humanity ; ever scattering its soft and delicate gleams on some lurking tenderness of the soul, some train of old and genial recollections, or some little knot of pure and delightful sympathies.”

This kind of writing spoke of the school from which it had proceeded, and peculiar laudations were attributed to Lamb for the honour upon our national literature which it had produced. In truth, whatever were Lamb’s real merits, even with John Woodvil, foremost in the department of the drama, it remains yet to exhibit the effect which was thus prematurely attributed to them. There is in the school of the Temple, otherwise that of which Lamb was the leader, a taking almost of childishness for a becoming simplicity. Thus, in Lines to a Child, stated by Talfourd in those days to have a “facile majesty,” which modern poetry seldom exhibits in the example:—

“Thou shalt take thy airy fill
Of health and pastime. Birds shall sing
For thy delight each May morning.
'Mid new-yean'd lambkins thou shalt play,
Hardly less a lamb than they.”

The fact is, that except in the Essays of Elia, so full of truth, there is little in the writings of Lamb to merit such eulogies. Talfourd, like some others, belonged to that evening sumpension, where, in the core of Lamb's heart, the ideal of his social happiness was concentrated. The fireside, the supper steak, and the foaming pewter, the black mud of the Thames, and the crowd in Fleet Street, were sympathies which Lamb could not part with. Leigh Hunt only joined occasionally, for his circle included Hampstead. Hazlitt only now and then found himself up to the mark for holding “sweet converse.” Talfourd was always at hand, while Charles Ollier, when the cares of the day permitted, joined and talked of Shakespeare's age, and with rapture of that dream of unthinkers, who declare all excellence to belong to “the good old times;” and, to use Talfourd's words, delighting us with “new and fresh beauty,

and disclosing lovely nooks in the calmest regions of the imagination, where none have hitherto invited us to repose."

A treatise on Modern Periodical Literature, the same year, 1820, I know to be Talfourd's; and it seems to be marked by his sincere regard for what he believed right, and no doubt is both right and just. His noted defence of Wordsworth that year in the same periodical work, was no doubt a response to a preceding paper in the same work only about three months before, exposing the puerilities of the Lake school, and particularly of Wordsworth. That it should emanate from one of Charles Lamb's coterie, one of the symposium, was not wonderful. It was remarkable how the ability which he exhibited increased as he proceeded. In that year he published an address, spoken at Dr Valpy's school-meeting at Reading, of which place he was a native, being the son of a brewer there. He also published two sonnets, one "To the Thames;" the other and best, entitled "Fame the Symbol and not the Evidence of Immortality." But in his poetry, he was not happy

in realising the excellences of the school which he exalted so highly. It may not be amiss to give here a specimen of his own. It is a Sonnet to the Thames :—

“ With no cold admiration do I gaze
Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless river !
But my fond heart seems tenderly to quiver
With every sparkle of the moon’s soft rays,
And through thy winding paths of goodness, strays
To that sweet region where, a serious boy,
I pondered with a melancholy joy
On thy full gliding mirror : when thy ways
Of wealth and majesty, to sight denied,
Rose on delightful fancy, and for hours
In richest dream I saw thy lucid tide
Pass swelling on beneath a thousand bowers,
And visionary fleets that seemed to ride,
Beneath old London’s glory-tinted towers ! ”

He seems the same year to have attached himself with a strong feeling of approbation to the acting of Macready, whom he never ceased to praise in the theatrical critiques which he continued in the same publication for ten years. There was, it is true, a personal intimacy. I remember, in the dusk of a gloomy evening, entering his chambers in the Temple, and not observing any one else in

the room, upon his saying, "I saw you in the theatre last night; what did you think of the performance?"

I was at the point of uttering a philippic against Macready's delivery of a certain passage, and had begun my reply, when he perceived my drift, and, with good tact, stopped me by saying, "Macready is here."

Some of his criticisms were very just. I pass over his observations on Wordsworth and the Lake school, evidently in reply to a writer who had previously attacked the puerilities which were a part of the system of that school, in some cases to a ludicrous extent, and also that writer's vanity. Wordsworth would not credit he was a second poet to any that had lived except Milton. Hazlitt doubted whether he had ever read Shakespeare in his life; yet the most conceited of men as he was, he could not perceive that the descendants in some of his writings were inexpensable littlenesses. The writer who thus attacked the head of the Lake school, I have no idea who he was, dealt some sharp blows on what he called the "babyism

of the school," and made extracts that fully bore him out in his observations. Talfourd took no notice of the particular attacks, which it must have been difficult to answer, charge by charge, and he, therefore, adroitly made a defence in the gross. Without any allusion to the cause, he put forth what he deemed Wordsworth's merits. He glanced over the weak parts of his case, lawyer like, and poured eulogy upon eulogy on the portions he selected. He did not defend Wordsworth's system, nor the puerilities and ludicrous personalities which he created, and in which he seemed to luxuriate. Talfourd, by thus evading the weaker points, and leaving them to the reader to contrast with what he tendered as the more excellent, escaped the awkwardness in which the opposite course would have involved him. I cannot say that his article does more than this. He met none of the objections nor puerilities of the great poet of the Lakes, but he evaded them, leaving the assailant on his own ground. He extolled Wordsworth for the imaginative faculty. I must confess some of Talfourd's

quotations seemed to me beautiful only in the sight of an acknowledged disciple.

The truth was that there was and is so much to be begged, so much to be imagined, and so much to be excused, in a consideration of what are considered the excellences of the Lake school, that it is more than is worth the reader's while to balance their opposing qualities—the shell or rind is too tough to peel off for the sake of the kernel. It seemed impossible to agree with Talfourd, while admitting the ability of his defence. Of the sincerity of his admiration there could be no doubt. He was, I used to think, too straight-minded and open for his profession. I believed him one of the most honourable men I ever knew. At Lamb's, with the discussions over the supper, there was no disguise, but a tendency to fling overboard every poet whose works were not upon the model which the coterie approved.

Whatever Talfourd thus wrote, was no doubt written with the purest convictions. He was far above double-dealing and insincerity of any kind. When I first knew him, and indeed until all

literary intercourse in the way of business between us had ceased, towards the end of 1830, he seemed to have enjoyed as little of life out of London, as many of those who ranked as his immediate friends. Lamb's world was within a mile round his chamber. Hunt's world, until he went to Italy, might have been encircled by a diameter of half a dozen miles. Evening society and conversation confined to the same half a dozen individuals, might have furnished new lights upon many topics of conversation, but could not impart a knowledge of society or of life in an enlarged manner. Thus it was that they for ever talked of each other, and that their ideas were all tinted alike.

It was in 1821, as I have said, that Talfourd and myself became more known to each other than we had been before. The dramatic article of the third annual volume of the magazine was to be supplied by a certain day in every month ; he was always punctual. The first part of the work was open for his articles, and when a new work it was desirable should be reviewed, and time pressed, it was frequently sent to Talfourd, whose judgment and punctuality

might always be relied upon. Wallack, C. Kemble, Cooper, Booth, the last I presume of a family, one member of which has become too celebrated in the annals of crime and infamy in America, Mrs Glover, Vandenhoff, Miss Foote, Madame Vestris, and Macready were on the boards. Barry Cornwall's "Mirandola" was one of the first pieces that came under Talfourd's critical pen. Of "Mirandola," he observed of one of the passages that "the poet had smitten the rock with a magical power, and drawn thence the living water from its sealed fountains." An image somewhat farfetched. So in like manner, speaking of the crowd which went to the theatre when the king attended, the "crowd being tremendous," and as the power resigned by it to its rulers was only a trust for which they toiled, "so the splendours for which they toil ought sometimes to be displayed before them, to impart images of stateliness and magnificence which may gleam richly in the background of their ordinary labours and cares."

I only give this quotation to show how Talfourd commenced by a style too roundabout, and wanting

in simplicity. We used to call it the “Talfourdian,” on account of his similes. Thus the performance of a particular actor, or rather an hour spent to witness it, was “a little glassy portion of the stream of life—a season of brimming and calm joy, which it was tranquillity to remember.” I recollect when Talfourd wrote against the puffs in playbills newly come out, “Alas! the analytical spirit of the age—that spirit which has awakened the taste of prize-fighters, and made the charity children judges of poetical genius—has reached even those, and gradually they have declined from that classical simplicity which once so well became them. They expand into eloquence, they condense into antithesis, they blossom into metaphor !”

Such was Talfourd’s lament when the playbills became larger and fuller, and they sometimes made an attempt at criticism. It was “insanity playing with strange fire, amidst the last fibres of an exhausted heart, which it would not leave until it had destroyed him.”

I might quote numerous examples of this character. Graham, who composed with great purity

and simplicity, wrote a paper, in which he struck off Talfourd's style so exactly that the last took some offence at it. I remember one of the phrases so imitated was, "venerable jaggedness;" but almost all these combinations of words he had left off long before we separated from the *New Monthly* in 1830.

His criticisms on books sent him for review were discriminating and just. But I must not pass over an incident regarding an early article he sent us for the first part of the magazine. It was entitled "Modern Improvements." Here Talfourd "affected," he afterwards said, but I believe he had really a hankering after old things. He affected to be a man well on in life, who had lost the girl of his love, and had retired to his estate in the country, whence after a long absence from town he had paid it a visit, and on returning home meditated on the changes he had observed in things he remembered when he had been a resident in the place now almost strange to him. He first recurs to the Middle Temple, the hall of which he finds little changed. The fountain

still played among the old trees. The front of the Inner Temple hall was sadly altered for the worse ; the doorway changed, and a new library built in the worst taste. The garden view was spoiled by that “splendid nuisance,” the Strand Bridge, and now the enormous bend of the river could no more be seen. Once the imagination had followed it away mid majestic windings to bowers and sweet rural scenes. The river was become a green lake ; but the grass of the Temple garden looked the same as it did forty years before. There he had strolled once more, and, looking down on the daisies, he felt exactly as he had felt before when he walked there. To all feeling the backward time had become but a feverish dream. The spot once more reminded him of the seals and of the living Sophia.

The profession of the law, too, was changed, it was less liberal. The old pleaders were stout-hearted fellows, and they rose from their wine like “giants refreshed.” They had their jests then. One romantic special pleader could then confer happiness even upon an attorney, when

the latter supplicated him to partake a roasted fowl with him, and talk of professional triumphs. Then did Talfourd describe how, after the first bottle, the pair went to business, and how, between glass and glass, the pleader got more acute, the wine sharpening his intellect. How the case was gone through amid a conversation garnished with puns and learned conceits. They, too, were no more. The past was now no more valued. Men now-a-days pointed to new institutions for the earth's renovation. Some asserted that reading, writing, and arithmetic were to bring a golden age. Were there no virtues then in what were called the dark ages? The Chaldean shepherd did not watch the stars in vain, though he knew not the chill discoveries of science, which, in place of the influence of the stars, has only substituted an immense variety of figures.

All improvements, even those the Bible Society puts forth, are weak pretensions; it may not on that account do what is expected. The Bible chained to the desk in old times diffused as much faith through rustic hearts as now. The

Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, another boasted body of persons, would annihilate the race of beggars. This was denominated a strange infatuation. An old class from the family of man was to be cut off, a class that did no harm, the lowest were not without their uses. Dear associations and gentle thoughts were to be thus banished from the earth; the best and most honest of our public sinecurists, teachers of humanity to us, mementos of our mutual dependence, who brought sorrow before our eyes, and who interest us because they were a race we had seen from our earliest days. They were teachers to obviate selfishness, and an ossified crust from being formed about our souls. If some might be impostors, and did beguile us of our tears and alms, neither the tears were shed nor alms given in vain. If they had been known to have their occasional revellings, we should rather rejoice to find they had some happiness. Here it was evident Talfourd had the "Jolly Beggars," of well known fame, before his eyes. Shakespeare made Lear reply to his daughters,

individuals who partook in the spirit of modern improvement too—

“Oh, reason not the need, our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous ;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man’s life is cheap as beast’s.”

He then attacked Owen and the restless wisdom that ever had a broom in hand to sweep the world of nuisances. Virtue was not to be forced in artificial hotbeds, but should rather be suffered to spring up where it will, from the seed scattered throughout the earth. He concluded with a hope that this bright and breathing world might not be changed into a penitentiary by the efforts of modern reformers.

This language bore the stamp of the Lake and Lamb school, one of the brethren of which, I well remember, commenced some sympathetic lines to a donkey by the address of “brother ;” whether it was Southey of pantisocratic fame, or Amos Cottle, or Wordsworth, I do not remember—

“Innocent foal ! thou poor despised forlorn,
I hail thee brother, spite of the fool’s scorn !”

It was before the one ratted, turned courtier, and became a laureate, and another gave up all previous castle-building in colonial forests for a stamp distributorship, levelling principles for loyalty, and poetic visions for substantial realities, as readily as any good citizen of Bishopsgate or Cheapside would do.

“But to our tale.” Campbell, who had no genuine humour whatever of his own, while none could relate a humorous story after another’s concoction with more effect, asked me what I thought of the article, was it jest or earnest. I replied I could not make it out; but in the conversations at Lamb’s, in the Temple, of an evening all sorts of things were said, and similar doctrines supported. The truth was, on Talfourd’s confession, that he intended it for a mixture of humour and truth. Of humour he had not a particle in his composition. If it were intended for humour, it was horse-capering in the place of fawn-playing. Campbell said,—it was just as we began our literary connexion,—“Do let me see it when you get a proof.” I did so, and got it

back with a sort of affix, at which I could not help laughing. Here were two able men who would fain attempt to be pleasant in writing, and I, for my part, could hardly tell whether either was in jest or earnest. This diatribe was as follows:—

“ We have given place to the foregoing article, which, though it came anonymously, leaves a pure conviction on our minds, that it is the work of no other pen than that of our late lamented friend George Pertinax Growler, Esq., of Kennel-Howl-Bury Hall, Barkshire, who represented the county in many successive parliaments, and, though a Tory, was a zealous member of the opposition. Respect for the memory of our beloved friend overcomes all the reluctance of our personal opinion as to the admissibility of the above paper. Poor George, the last time we saw him in London, refused to dine with us, merely because we had taken an eighteen-penny fare by water, one beautiful summer’s morning, in order to look at that ‘splendid nuisance,’ the Waterloo Bridge, shortly after its completion. He may be wrong as to the blessings

which society derives from mendicants, or as to the advantages that would have accrued to legal eloquence from the ineptitude of lawyers; and he strikes us as heretical on the subject of the Bible societies. But none imagine that George Growler was himself addicted to the bottle, or an encourager of vicious mendicity, or an enemy to the education of the poor. On the contrary, he had no failing, even in principle, except alarm at innovation. To that, indeed, he was an enemy. The orphan nephew of whom he speaks was the subject of his tender but very troublesome thoughts. The youth was detected by his uncle at the age of nineteen, of having become a member of the *new* philosophical club, a very genteel one that met for literary and liquid recreation at the Cat and Bagpipes. This circumstance required our intervention to propitiate the old gentleman's wrath. The word 'new,' as his nephew said, would have offended, even in the mention of the 'new Jerusalem.' The same poor nephew, being afterwards smit at Birmingham with the love of sacred song, a second time offended him almost to

the chance of disinheritance, by writing a sonnet to the steam-engine, which began—

‘ Hail, wonder working power ! ’

but we happily made up the breach. Bred a Tory by his father, who hated the Hanoverian rats, George Growler at first opposed the late Mr Pitt as a presumptuous young minister, and latterly, because he flagged in Tory zeal behind Mr Burke. What side he would have now taken in politics can only be conjectured ; to us it seems he would have still opposed ministers as the most radical of innovators. Be that as it may, he departed this life in 1818. His death was occasioned by a fever, on which the opinions of his physician and apothecary were divided. The former pronounced it nervous, and occasioned by the conversation of his neighbour, Sir Francis Fluent, on the subject of new improvements ; the latter attributed it to a typhus infection, caught during one of his walks in stopping to speak with a Cumberland beggar.”

The best thing was that neither were humorists, and both failed of course. Talfourd said after-

wards that his article was written as a piece of humour, but not until it became a subject of conversation ; besides which, it was well known that the sentiments there expressed were those of the Lake school in their early days to a letter. Canning's ridicule of some of their sentiments is a proof of it, however much they might desire afterwards the recollection of their early avowals should pass into oblivion. I am inclined to think Talfourd was in earnest, and then, seeing how his essay was received or misconstrued, was not at all averse to have it treated jestingly.

His reviews of different works confided to him were candid and judicious, as might be expected, and the more so as he continued his labours. His next article, if I remember rightly, was a sort of correction of a paper called "The Temple," written by Henry Roscoe, one of the cleverest and most hopeful young men I ever knew, cut off just as, by his studious labours and close attention to his legal studies, a brilliant prospect in life had opened to him. Bearing his father's honoured name, he resembled him in person. Talfourd followed

Roscoe's description with a "Call to the Bar," and signed his paper "An Old Templar."

One of the best of his early articles, independent of the theatres, which were his department, except the opera, was as far back as 1822. It is a melancholy reflection, among so many others that press upon us in advanced life, that there are none we can find near us who can from personal knowledge converse with us upon topics that must be dead to nearly all memories but our own. The departure of those who might, without any straining of the usual extent of human existence, share with us in talking of the days and times of old, when circumstances are left here and there defective in our own memories, might be amended or corrected by the aid of a remembrancer, is painful. I am now the sole depositary of the writers and authors in a work for nearly ten years. The authors of many articles were unknown even to the publisher and renowned editor, and these have now passed away.

At that remote time, it was remote to those who form a large part of the existing public, Tal-

found began his literary career in the school to which reference has already been made. During the later part of his life, I very rarely saw him, being absent for long intervals from town, and living away from the courts of law, to which choice would never take me. I saw him but once after he was seated on the bench; it was in Southampton Street, Covent Garden. I congratulated him on his gratifying accession; we exchanged a few words about the change wrought by time, and our meeting by accident in the Assize Hall at Stafford, when he was acting as counsel. We shook hands, and I never saw him more. He looked much changed. There was a heaviness about his countenance not caused by advancing years, but something unusual. He had got into Parliament long before, but he was no politician, and not calculated to cut a figure there, where less talent and a bolder front would have made more way. He was a contributor to the *London Magazine*, as I have already remarked, but that had very soon met its quietus. With most of the writers, if not all in that work, he was on inti-

mate terms. He made some remarks on the conduct of the *New Monthly*, by Campbell, which were not correct. I do not believe he ever saw Campbell half a dozen times in his life, and what he stated was erroneous. His account of Campbell's failings was not correct. His acting peculiarities or neglects as an editor could be known to none better than myself. The editorship was accepted largely by the public, while those who attempted to render current their own peculiarities and *congettros*, and to judge what ought to be, failed in knowing what was really adapted to the public taste, and how much it was at war with their own literary school.

Talfourd's death was a melancholy one; yet if I were to point out a man who had run a more worthy career and attained the height of his profession more honestly, I could name none. I believe his life to have been an unstained one. His circle of knowledge of the great world was circumscribed. But the smaller the better, because it cannot be extensive without proportional contamination. He loved a sort of snugness in his

company and entertainments. I speak of him before his marriage, for, except twice that I have stated the fact, I never saw him after our literary connexion of ten years' work together ceased. I was absent, too, six years or nearly from London during the later years of his life.

Retaining, no doubt, to the last the peculiar ideas of the school in literature to which he belonged, consistent in all his actions, just in feeling, and in morals correct, it is still impossible to recall him as he was more than forty years ago, and to follow up his career to the last, and not to pronounce a eulogy upon a most virtuous and excellent man of talent, of undoubted integrity, by whose loss there seemed a gap made in a class of the social body, which time, to those who knew him, can never fill up. My only purpose here is to record a few fleeting recollections of men and their doings, which I either knew of at the time, or with which I was in some degree connected.

Of his "Ion," which was brought out in the theatre upon the Greek model, I can give no opinion. It never fell in my way, and long before it ap-

peared I had not been in a theatre. A Greek model and Greek character must be completely Anglicised to suit an English audience of the present times, and then it will not be Greek. His other similar efforts are failures. I have the days of Cook, Kemble, Siddons, and Kean before my eyes, and when I can easily consult excellent judges and some unimpeachable critics as to the stage, it is not likely I shall ever go again. It is better to cherish pleasant dreams than be disgusted with the present miserable realities. We can always read and content ourselves with the paintings of the imagination. We want a theatre, such as the French have, devoted to the high drama alone. But our patricians are not imbued with a love for pure literature or art. They are worthy heirs of feudal tastes.

MARSHAL SUCHET.

MARSHAL SUCHET—one of the greatest and most successful, though one of the youngest of Napoleon's marshals—was introduced to me at Paris in 1817; about the same time it was, I think, that I was also introduced to a most amiable man in Lord William Bentinck, both characters of history. In person he was stoutly and strongly made, of the middle height, and of a countenance expressive of great firmness and determination. His nose was aquiline, his complexion pale to sallowness; but his face was full, betokening ease rather than the wear and tear of the hardy soldier. The distance between the

nose and upper lip struck me as unusually short. His hair was dark, lank, and strong. He had a broad lofty forehead, dark eyes, and a chin rather out of proportion in length. He was the latest in the field of celebrity, as he was in years, of all the marshals of Napoleon, and was the more distinguished as he had never been discomfited in combat, and was as able an administrator as he was a soldier. He was a native of Lyons, and did not enter the army until the revolution was far advanced. One of the first orders he received was from the deputies ruling at that period, to devastate the village of Bedouin, in the department of Vaucluse, containing two thousand souls, into which he was ordered to carry wanton destruction. As a military man, who is no longer a free agent, but must sacrifice even his honour to superior orders, he obeyed, I should say, reluctantly, for his future career was marked by no more severe conduct to his enemies than was customary in all who may be styled the executioners of the unwritten law of despotic rule in that offensive warfare, which ren-

ders men who wage it with Christian men only pretenders to the faith.

He was rapidly advanced in the military service, having entered the army at twenty-one, in six years from which time he was named to a brigade, by a profound judge of military ability, Napoleon I. This took place upon the field of battle at Neumark. He distinguished himself upon the plain of Marengo ; and after his command in the army of Italy, he was appointed to a command in Spain in the year 1808, and was for a short time employed in the remarkable siege of Saragossa, where the ravages of disease were added to the horrors of war. He left behind him two volumes of memoirs, in which will be found much interesting matter. The work, to those who are curious in the history of an eventful period not yet beyond human memory, will find the career of the marshal highly interesting. It will tend also to moderate the falsehoods and extravagances of many of our own publications of that time, designedly exaggerated as they were, for the purpose of keeping up the old system of things in Europe.

Scott's Napoleon may be cited as a proof of the disregard to fact with which party spirit infected the writers of those times, distinguished as he was in genius, and in all but political honesty and fair dealing.

Suchet conversed in a deliberate tone, and in his bearing had nothing of that prime military virtue in the sight of Germans and our drill-sergeants, which makes the very soul of the military man become absorbed in pipe-clay and ramrod action. He was more like an easy captain of a man-of-war in plain clothes, than a man turned out all lace and feathers from an audience at the Horse Guards. He was much more than the soldier, for he was an able administrator or ruler of a province, and was so well appreciated on that score by Napoleon, that with two such officers, he said, he could not only have conquered Spain, but have held it. Suchet found the army, of which he took the command in Spain, in a very deplorable state. He had to restore order, and to hold the country, as well as to overcome the armies, or rather armed banditti, opposed to him, which appeared and disappeared it was

scarcely known whither. This was a state of things exceedingly distressing to troops like his own, which had become disorganised, and which he had to render efficient. Mina and his partisans were the marshal's most formidable opponents. But Suchet overcame all obstacles, and organised his command so well, that though he could not succeed in taking Mina, he kept him at a respectful distance from his own command. The sieges of Lerida and of Tarragona have already become striking historical events, the horrors of both having long since passed away. The defence and capture of Tarragona, from before which Sir John Murray ran away, leaving his cannon to the French, cannot be forgotten ; and how easy the court-martial that tried him let him off ! Up to the last moment the marshal was successful in Spain, and led back his army unscathed into their own country, having established perfect peace and order throughout his command.

At the time I was introduced to the marshal, who had thus contrived to bring off his army entire from his Spanish government, he had received the Order of St Louis from the Bourbons, and held, at

the time I first met him, the command of a military division—either the tenth or twelfth, I forget which—having had the defence of Lyons committed to him during the “hundred” days, which he seceded from the Croats and Pandours of Austria. He was sent under that poor creature, the Duke of Angoulême, to restore the plenitude of the old despotism in Spain; but he was then an invalid labouring under a mortal disease, and it is not improbable that his sallowness of complexion, which I noticed when I was introduced to him, arose from latent disease.

The last time I saw him was the day after a grand review of a dozen battalions of the French guards, three or four Swiss battalions, two or three of horse grenadiers, as many more of lancers, dragoons, and hussars, with seven or eight departmental legions. The marshal took no command, being merely a spectator. The King of Prussia was present, and all the Bourbon family, seeming anything but kingly or royal. The marshal looked on like any other spectator; and meeting him the next day, he demanded what I thought of it. I replied,

I did not think the departmental legions so fine as I expected. They were not, however, so perfect as they should have been, having been newly reconstructed. The guards, particularly the cavalry, were exceedingly well appointed. The marshal intimated that there had been a renewed organisation ; time would amend all. Poor old mutton-eating Louis XVIII. looked more like the keeper of a French coffee-house than a potent monarch. The countenances of all the Bourbons bespoke a worn-out race, effeminate, unmeaning, brainless, and anything but royal. How the adaptation of mind to body is managed, it is not in mortal power to discover. The law must generally be an eccentric one, for it is sometimes remarkably tell-tale.

The distaste of the Duchess d'Angoulême for the Parisians, whom she was said to hate with more than ecclesiastical bitterness, might have found it was repaid with utter indifference on their part. They laughed at her ill-feeling towards themselves, which she had rendered notorious. She imagined the mere name of her race was entitled to the homage of every individual by the right of birth,

and Heaven's peculiar privilege to crowned heads. The poor lady took little by her airs. Still some of the military at that time put on as much as they could, without choking, of the manners of the old time, but it sat grievously ill upon them.

I did not think the marshal was one to feel quite at home among the returned *émigrés* and wary Jesuits. However, all was kept up that external respect demanded by those about the court.

He asked me what I thought of the review, and whether I had seen the last exhibition of troops in the Champ de Mars. He asked, too, what I thought of Martin the conjurer, who was at that period the subject of conversation. This miserable had set all the people talking about the danger that it appeared hung over the king's life. It was singular that a poor fool should have set all Paris upon one of the most ridiculous tales that folly ever invented. The king had given the fellow consequence, and, at the same time, exhibited of what his own mind was composed, by having the folly to send for him out of a madhouse, in order to hear what he had to say, being himself as ready to believe in supernatural

appearances as a spiritualist and ghost-hunter of the present day. The king after the interview looked wiser than before, and stated that the madman told him things with which no one but himself was acquainted. The revelations of this vagabond were published, and devoured greedily by the emigrants more particularly. In a little time the imposition was discovered, but that was not until the king was no more, and the marshal had been six or seven years in his grave.

“What do you think of M. Martin and his prophecies?” I asked him. “The court seems to have faith in them?”*

“It is very probable,” he replied. “Such ideas belonged to the olden time, and the emigrants are all ready to credit that which was the current belief before the restoration.”

“They would hardly have had currency under the empire?”

“I do not know that. The emperor himself had

* The miserable affair of Martin is now nearly forgotten. His prophecies at that time set all Paris in conversation. These prophecies were printed and sold in great numbers, and may yet be picked up at the bookstalls there.

peculiar ideas about the destinies of men. He would not have suffered the present affair to have proceeded so far without a scrutiny. The people talked of nothing else, as you know. He would not have left the matter unexamined."

The marshal spoke of our artillery, and of its good appointment. I remarked that I saw one thing in that of the French which it would be useful to adopt, though I was no judge, and that was their rope traces. That leather required care, and that much time must be wasted unnecessarily upon the tramp to keep it in order; that the wet and dry of a campaign must soon render changes of harness necessary. He replied, that there was much truth in the remark, but that our artillery was excellent. We might no doubt learn something of each other.

I referred to what I remembered of the costume of our army, modelled upon the Prussian. The long queues, powdered hair, and cocked hats of the private men, that could scarcely crawl along under the burdens of their arms and knapsacks. In reply, he commented upon the excellence of the regulation in military affairs that excluded everything superfluous

and rendered the soldier as light as possible. The opposite had been the system pursued by the different European powers until the revolutionary events in France.

He was exceedingly simple in manners and outspoken. I fancied since that perhaps I saw more of his real character than a few short interviews would in general disclose.

He was one who attended the funeral of Massena, Prince of Essling, in April 1817, which happened during my residence in Paris, and was an affair of much ceremony. Massena died at fifty-nine years of age. Suchet scarcely attained that date.

He was in the habit of calling upon the Duke of Wellington during the time the latter had a house in Paris. I know that the duke conducted himself very courteously towards most of those who had been more immediately opposed to him in the field. This conduct was much disliked by the old *émigrés*, who looked upon every great man of the Bonaparte school with a jealous eye. They would have prescribed to the duke the visitors to his hotel had they been able. Suchet had in no case committed

himself after his early avowal of support to the new government. He was not the less regarded with suspicion on that account. They even began to whisper about cruelties in the South. It was plain that these gentry of the old regime, and it may be added of the old costume as well, for many of them retained it, would, had they been numerous and powerful enough, have caused incredible mischief, where the mass of the people was so much opposed to a rule forced upon them by the bayonets of the foreigner.

At the entertainments of the embassies, which might be termed *conversazioni*, the marshal was occasionally to be seen thoughtful, and standing *à plomb*, somewhat depicting the character of the man, evincing determination, though at once courteous when addressed. As a soldier he had nothing of that starch character which I have before noted, and which is such an unalterable mark of the stolid German military. He was grave in his conversational manner, or perhaps better described as being "earnest."

Sir William Napier has detailed the siege of

Lerida, during which Suchet was charged with unnecessary cruelty. His conduct was governed by that of the rules of war. All war is unchristian except that in self-defence. The question turns upon whether it is right for a commander, in fact whether it is not his duty, to preserve the lives of his men, at any sacrifice to others? He was besieging Lerida. He knew that if he could drive the inhabitants of the town into the citadel it would hamper the garrison, and force it to surrender. He had succeeded in carrying the larger part of the town works; the inhabitants then fled to the citadel, against which fire had been opened, and thus the people were placed between the defensive fire of the citadel and that of the besiegers. Men, women, and children flew up the ascent, with the retiring garrison of the town crowding the citadel rock, while shot and shell fell crashing among them, scattering horrors and death. Daylight saw the fire redoubled. The governor of the citadel could stand the scene no longer, and surrendered, the Spaniards losing during the siege above twelve hundred men. Suchet justified him-

self, in that it was his first duty, at any cost, to spare that loss of his soldiers which a prolonged siege rendered inevitable. Perhaps he was right. The blood of women and children is more innocent, and less worth to despots and their agents than that of men trained to human butchery. The Spanish commander would, upon the same ground, have been justified in prolonging his resistance at a similar cost. Expediency, the political text-book of Pitt in war polities, was that of Suehet in the conduct of this siege, no matter for justice or reason. Both seem to have been content with their justifications, content to leave the difficult question in abeyance. The only difference was that Suehet succeeded and Pitt failed. From his bearing and manner in society I should not have dreamed of bringing a charge of wanton cruelty against the marshal, but, after all, mere appearance and manner go for little.

I have dwelt upon this charge the more because of the notice taken of it by Sir William Napier.* It was a nice point to decide. It has been said that

* See "History of Peninsular War," vol. iii. p. 152.

war has called forth some of the highest virtues of human nature ; and this may be true ; but the display of such “virtues” at the cost of justice and humanity is bargaining away solid gold for tinsel, and justifying the exchange upon the mere glitter of the commodity in place of the sterling value. The existence of war at all, and the causes of a series of murders, which, because they are murders *en masse*, are made matters of boasting, contrary to every sentiment of humanity and religion, is one of those mysteries connected with our mortal state that admits of no solution. It is very certain that the sentiment, “One murder makes a villain, thousands a hero,” is incontrovertible. It proves, at all events, that the dominion of reason among mankind is in this species of human action not more prevailing than the instinct of mutual destruction among the brute creation of a different species. Suchet has thus been charged with cruelty, in that he drove before his troops the inhabitants of Lerida as he advanced upon the citadel, and thus were slaughtered, men, women, and children, to cover the advancing French in their rear. The

gallant Garcia Conde, the governor, struck with the cries of the people, miserably perishing, could not bear the sight any longer. The scene was insupportable, innocent women and children whelmed in one general massacre. Suchet justified the act; in other words, that to shorten a siege it is justifiable to offer up to the demon of war any number of innocent victims. Had the Spanish commander not been more humane, he might have continued the slaughter until none were left to cover the advancing French. I regret that, in my visits to Sir William Napier, in Somersetshire, I never asked his opinion upon that scene. He thought highly of Suchet, I know, as a soldier. Yet such are the acts of all offensive wars more or less, and so weak their justification, from Suwarow's butchery at Ismael to the horrible catalogue in the combats that have since deluged Europe in blood. I never see the marshal now in the glass of memory, with his robust form, but I think on that horrible scene, and ask myself, will the mystery of the prevalence of such crimes, as a part of the system of this world's existence, ever be cleared up? In the repetition of these

scenes during the past ages as well as in modern times, the most penetrating vision only discerns a mystery impenetrable to the human understanding. When we think, too, of "the moral pestilence that walketh in darkness," and of the fierce animal warfare that infests the forests of torrid climates, we come to the conclusion that man is a ravening animal, too forward in the character of an assumption of superiority in his boasted wisdom.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

I WAS once on my way from Plymouth to London, and remained a few days at Taunton with a friend ; and to that friend I was indebted for an introduction to the brothers Hunt. I visited them in prison, when placed there for a libel, as it was pretended, upon the Prince Regent. When they were at liberty I used to visit both brothers occasionally. John Hunt was a philosopher in character, a man of sterling integrity. No two persons could be less alike in manner. The one, Leigh, with a taint of affectation in his bearing, of which he never could divest himself, was a delightful companion.

The brother calm, rational, a matter-of-fact man, of a serious cast, ever addressing himself to the purpose. Leigh was of a light and genial temperament, with a certain “jauntiness” at times, to use a word of his own.

I knew nothing of the family or its connexions, except that there were three brothers. Robert, an artist, I well remember, who died many years before his relatives, was the third. I only understood that the family were in some way connected with Mr West, the president of the Royal Academy, to whom I was introduced, at the president’s own house, by Mr John Hunt.

Leigh Hunt was educated at Christ’s Hospital. I have in my possession, the gift of a friend, a volume of his poems, written in early life, and inscribed to a Mr Leigh, nephew of the late Duke of Chandos. It was published in 1802, at which time he was under twenty years of age. It appears also to have been published by subscription. Among the subscribers were six or seven dukes, several bishops, even old Lord Eldon, and Addington the minister, a number of Tory peers, and

clergy. Even the French plenipotentiary, M. Otto, was of the number; and divines of the church in goodly array, not without dissenters and schismatics. Among the lawyers was Lord Ellenborough, who was destined to cancel his patronage of the youthful aspirant for the poetical wreath at a future time. The names of Fox and of Lord Holland were on the list, as well as Lord Hawkesbury, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Liverpool, George Canning, and William Pitt,—more than fifteen hundred in all.

I cannot help smiling when I glance over the list and consider what a change time and circumstances wrought in the history of the brothers, and how few of the titled names of a certain class but would have viewed the solicitation to subscribe to the work of a clever and honest reformer, otherwise than as an insult. While looking back at the career of the man they so patronised, they must have exclaimed with the poet—

“— Nothing but mutation—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse!”

Happily doctors differ, and thus a little variety is

kept up to favour that change of scene which contributes to render life much more tolerable than it otherwise would be, and society more progressive by rivalry. Among the subscribers was the University of Pennsylvania, at which the elder Hunt, the father, had been educated. The list is singular in that it praises some who have given in their names, and treats others cavalierly. It was not right if he thus characterised them himself in youth, and if he suffered another to do it, it was hardly in good taste. The poems in all consist of above two hundred pages in octavo. I brought the volume out of Somersetshire, where it had gone I know not by what means. The compositions bear no resemblance to the later poetical productions of its author. They have none of that peculiar manner which marked the poetry of his maturer years. He divided his volume into miscellanies, translations, sonnets, pastorals, elegies, odes, hymns, and an allegorical Spenserian poem denominated "The Palace of Pleasure." This last poem shows a complete command of the Spenserian stanza, the "pons asinorum" of some of our

modern writers of verse,—or verse ran mad, without method in its madness. He adopted, however, rather too frequently, the obsolete monosyllables used in the days of Queen Elizabeth by most of the writers of that day. I quote a passage from his “Palace of Pleasure:”—

“Sudden sweet sounds of mellow symphony,
In tender undulations swell’d on air ;
New splendours seem’d to flush the glowing sky,
And nature rise with visage doubly fair ;
Soit whispering breezes breathing gently near,
Dropping rich perfume from each fanning wing,
Brought the smooth numbers to his raptured ear,
While summer, putting on the robe of spring,
’gan from his radiant lap the verdant flowerets fling.

“Anon a silver cloud roll’d fair along,
When lo ! quick opening on the beaming day,
It rent its swelling side ; and, with a song
Bursting in melody confused and gay,
A tribe of airy sylphs in wanton play
Broke forth, and forming sportive danee divine,
Around the admiring knight, in sunny ray,
Chanted sweet hymns to Bacchus, god of wine,
And her round whose fair brow the graceful myrtles twine.”

This poem consists of sixty-five Spenserian stanzas, and is a very creditable performance, in no way whatever resembling the school of the

Junta, which Wilson mischievously denominated that of the Cockneys, though it was, in fact, extremely mannered. In reality, however, the school alluded to was more that of Lamb's, to which Hunt at one time, with three or four others, so strongly attached themselves. One of the chief principles upheld, in defiance of the ancient and modern classical poets of every country where literature has been cultivated, was that the care and selection of the words used in verse should be the same as in prose,—those which should be really used. Polish and refinement were superfluous labours. The vernacular of the class described, if the description were a social one, should be that adopted, and that alone. In fact, that all care in this respect was idle, if the language should be a *fac simile* of the character, which they deemed the point to be aimed at. The Virgilian polish of verse was vain labour and not nature. In short, that poetical longings after better things than commonplace realities had no meaning, and that poetry was only to be a literal transcript of existing things. This was Wordsworth's principle when he

set out in his career, and, as Hazlett well observed, violated it in spite of himself. In all the arts but poetry, refinement and finish were to be regarded; in that it was to be otherwise. Coleridge, earliest of the Lake school, seemed after a little time to perceive that the principle was untenable, and to one not a determined adept in the school, he is read with the greatest pleasure of them all. What constitutes poetry and that which makes its great charm, is certainly not the arid or literal description or appearance of an object. A picture by a common artist may represent an ordinary female with great fidelity, but it will not be the woman of Raphael, in whose countenance a divine nature seems to speak. In poetry mere accurate verbal description will not do. Bacon's definition that the end of poetry is "to accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind;" in other words, to delight us by lifting the mind for the time in a pleasing abstraction, above the surrounding dimness of the atmosphere into a purer region of enjoyment, where everyday objects seem beneath us, is the object. Now, this illusion can never be

effected by the mere recital of a dry fact, in language of the vulgarest order, because it is that actually adopted. We can recognise a landscape accurately enough drawn by a bad copyist; but where are the sharpness and life of the master's pencil? It is true that Wordsworth thought Milton alone his superior, but it is not Wordsworth's thought, or great conceit in himself and his system, that will test it. Had that system not been almost as easy to imitate as to praise, he would not have had so many admirers. Thus a fine line here and there occurs in his imagined epic of the "Excursion." This may be true, but who can manage to drink so much sack with so small an allowance of bread?

There were divisions in the school to which I allude, if not avowed, still not the less existent. Coleridge did not subscribe to the theory of the school in its ardent sense. Lamb's simplicity was of a different cast. Leigh Hunt deviated far and wide from it, while he did not refuse his assent to the principle. For, conversing upon Lytton Bulwer's works one day, he observed that

they were delicious prose ; and why, surely not because they were “Ba Lamb” in manner, for they are the very opposite, and he acknowledged their genius in a most kindly way.

Hunt’s poetry therefore was peculiarly his own, and seemed to carry with it something of the character of the man himself. He had more versatility than most of the school to which he was appropriated ; but I have wandered from the earliest of his poetical works, of which I have been just speaking. There is in them much of promise, but no great originality. This probably arose from the same circumstances that beset all the youth educated at grammar schools in his time. They have a pedagogue’s fear ever upon them, and his longs and shorts. They fear to deviate from the beaten track, and when they feel novel and fresh ideas, hesitate to give them fair play. Hunt’s poems are such as few youths of the same age could proffer to the public ; but they do not exceed what has been done by others, nor do they afford a glimpse of his style and affected manner in later life. They seem to lack fire,

energy, and strength, though they exhibit the promise of better things when his judgment should be more matured, and he had got the school out of his manner.

The *Examiner* paper had been commenced before I knew either of the three brothers. This was about 1807 or 1808. Leigh Hunt, besides his political articles, was the best general theatrical critic of his time. In his judgments on Shakespeare as a writer he was only inferior to Hazlitt. There can be no doubt that his theatrical critiques have not been equalled. They were written too in the most vivid time of his life. I have some idea that they were published in a separate volume after being taken out of the newspaper, but I may be wrong. The shadowy forms of memory often appear opaque, and are mistaken for realities. One incident I know to be correct. It showed the right spirit which actuated the proprietors of the paper, principally his brother John. In his critiques Leigh Hunt had borne rather hard, in the opinion of John Kemble, upon one of the actors, or censured some new piece—I do not

remember which. Kemble noticed it, thinking it was too harsh, and he alleged the complaint more particularly grievous, as he had given the *Examiner* a free admission for two ever since the paper had commenced. John Hunt replied that his duty was towards the public, not the theatre, and begged leave to return the ticket. The critic should pay in future, and the paper would bear the expense.

It was this high-minded conduct, not the modern creeping and cringing in such cases, and not only in that but in other instances, contrasting too with some of the other papers of the time, that raised the *Examiner* so high in public repute. Politics then ran strongly. The laws against the press were formidable, yet the brothers, particularly John Hunt, determined to do right, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. It was a noble resolution, with no one to back him out. High-thinking as he thus reasoned, so he remained to the last. Perry of the *Chronicle*, who had much of the Scotch wariness in his composition, was backed out in his boldness against

the corrupt power of the ministry by a very strong and influential body in the Whig opposition. The Hunts had no such support. When I entered the prison of Cold Bath Fields, where John Hunt was confined, I never ceased to admire the philosophic boldness with which he bore his imprisonment. It is true the keeper of the prison and the surgeon were excellent men in their office. Townsend, a rough, honest, public servant, was the jailor, and he often suffered me to remain and play chess there until eleven o'clock at night. He allowed John Hunt the use of his garden for two or three hours' exercise whenever he wanted it, and he had two rooms at the top of the prison, with large well glazed windows, through which he could see in one direction a great way into the country. Mrs Hunt was also admitted in the day time. Leigh was not so well off in that miserable locality, Horsemonger Lane. His room was on the ground floor, and though furnished comfortably, it was gloomy and cheerless, though he had done all he could to make it agreeable. I have seen monks' cells far more

so. After his brother's room, or rooms, his were to me sadly wanting. He had some flowers fresh in water upon his table, but they seemed only to mock his position. Besides it appeared, or I fanciel it, that his health was much weaker than his brother's. But how erroneous often-times are our ideas! He survived his brother some years, reaching the advanced age of seventy-five.

In a conversation with John Hunt in prison, I expressed my surprise that both brothers should have had their names appended to the paper, which had originally been there, and in consequence both came under the lash of the law, which about that time was mercilessly handled by the bitterest foes the press ever had, Perceval and Castlereagh. In twenty-two years, in the height of dissatisfaction, and in danger of French invasion, Pitt only filed fourteen prosecutions against the press — Perceval forty prosecutions in three years. He had a deliberate aim to hamper, if not extinguish the freedom of the press. There is proof of it in extra burdens this man of

narrow intellect laid upon it. I never laughed so much as when I heard—but it was years afterwards, in a communication from Sir Egerton Brydges, who was a very tall, powerful man—that Perceval having said, in his pettifogging way, something very insulting, Sir Egerton took the whipper-snapper up by the waistband of his breeches, and placed him on his back upon the drawing-room carpet. Perceval increased the tax on newspapers and advertisements. The stamp to fourpence, and the duty on advertisements to three shillings and sixpence. His object became plain. Certainly the press never had such a foe before nor since; and the friends of the press may well leave the sentence to posterity, which will infallibly pronounce upon the minister's talent and his tax; while in his day it might be said—

“Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love.”

There were other prosecutions against the *Examiner*. I remember that for libel against an impudent fiddler, one of those of whom the gaping public make demigods, named Bochsa. If I

recollect rightly, the offender was not brought up for judgment, as the affidavits in mitigation of punishment would have shown matters of fact against the vagabond too strong to justify either the law or the principle it so violated common sense to uphold.

Another case of libel appeared against the brothers for the publication of the *Liberal*. This was no Government prosecution, and was met by John Hunt, who was fined one hundred pounds. At that time private persons of the Tory side ostensibly, and often at the instigation of "vile attorneys" wanting jobs, set themselves to form bodies for the prosecution of individuals for libel. A society of this character, or something like it, selected a passage out of the poem of Lord Byron, and going into their dirty work of banded prosecutors, obtained a verdict as a matter of course. Jurists in those times, before Sir Robert Peel took care to guard by law the mode of selection, could get a one-sided body of jurors. No conspiracy of party men, banded for carrying on political prosecutions, should be ever permitted. The Crown should be

the prosecutor. All similar banditti, for they are no better, should be forbidden by law.

The foregoing are the only cases I recollect connected with the *Examiner*. It was something, as many yet living will readily admit, to face the Crown upon any charge in those days. The Treasury could always command an unreformed Parliament. It was then *vae victis* towards honest writers, and Sir "Vinegar" Gibbs (so dubbed) for a prosecutor.

The two brothers at one time attempted to establish a quarterly literary publication. How far it proceeded I do not recollect. It was ably planned, and some of the writers were to be of first-rate character.

Leigh Hunt published his poem of "Rimini" in 1816, a presentation copy of which I still possess. In that year I resided for some time at Ronen. I had promised John Hunt that I would send him articles occasionally for the *Examiner*; but having the fear of a very sharp police before my eyes, I did not send anything more than a mere traveller's very trivial observations. On removing to Paris, I contrived to send through the ambassador's bag

a letter now and then, but I imagine the conveyance became noticed, as I was not the only person who made interest for the purpose that was stopped.

In Leigh Hunt's poem of "Rimini" there is not the least resemblance to any of his views in the youthful volumes of which I have spoken. The latter is in style and subject much in the mode of other works of the kind, written by young men just coming out into the world, and it is marked by no peculiar excellences or novelties. His poem of Rimini was the work of more advanced years. In that poem it may be supposed his style was fixed. Bearing no resemblance at all to his youthful efforts, it may be said to carry out the peculiar feeling of the writer. He completed it at Hampstead in 1816. The year before, about midsummer, I had frequently visited him there in the Vale of Health, as he styled it. I have said before that while Lamb deemed the Temple and its vicinity his world, and proclaimed his evening symposium almost the boundary of all possible local enjoyment, Hunt placed himself in the centre of a larger web, and expatiated over a more considerable superficies. He

had not then been abroad, and his ideas were connected with what he visited in his own neighbourhood almost wholly at intervals when he put by his books. In town he had always received a friend or two for conversation of an evening. He was one of the most pleasing companions on such occasions that I ever knew. I remember meeting some young men there whom I saw no more. Poor Michel Slegg, for example, who met an early death, I have heard, in a house for the insane ; and Keats, whose gentle disposition and extraordinary genius I did not know at the time. Hunt also lived in Lisson Grove, and in Cumberland Place, New Road, where I visited him before my departure for the Continent. He was a delightful companion on all subjects, but there was about him a manner peculiarly his own, of which I believe he was wholly unconscious. Here he offered a singular contrast to his brother John, who was as natural and unconstrained as a man could well be.

He inscribed his poem of "Rimini" to Byron. The tale, as all the world knows, is founded on Dante, in the episode of Paulo and Francesca—the substance

of which everybody knows. It is sufficiently explanatory, both of the design and of the source whence the tale is derived. The style is marked by the author's peculiarities to a considerable extent.

The poem has many pleasing, and some very sweet lines, but by endeavouring to be singular, or to exhibit somewhat of a novelty in his verse, he has introduced expressions and phrases that do not fall harmoniously upon the English ear. I mean they want that natural flow and those verbal combinations which are most pleasing. Some one, I remember, attacked his use of the word "swirl,"—

"——— Swirl into the bay."

If this were the only objection to the structure and language of a poem that contains many fine lines, with what may be called here and there a conceit, it would be indeed hypercritical to notice them. Whoever has seen a vessel with a gentle breeze and strong tide in her favour run into a bay and anchor, will feel how very descriptive of the actual fact the word he thus used.

There are fine lines, too, intermingled with some that do not harmonise with them, and others too

minutely descriptive, instead of being struck off by the delineation of the principal and more striking features alone of the object designated. Yet whoever says that the poem wants power, and that it is not faithfully descriptive, greatly errs. Some delineations are not natural—for example,—

“ And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green.”

The “whistling” of a fountain seems an odd expression, and a thing itself not quite natural.

The trial of John Hunt took place in 1824, on the prosecution of a body of conspirators against the freedom of the press, miscalled, as if to burlesque words and meanings. Adolphus, the counsel, was employed by these self-dubbed jobbers, called the Constitutional Society, to uphold the Government, as it was at that time. The Government was not concerned, though Parliament had not then been reformed. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, was employed for the defence. Adolphus adopted the customary cant of the hirelings of his order in those times, in a mode that can only be regarded now as caricature, for, if correct, it could not have

changed its nature. The alleged libel was for one of the best and justest pieces of satire ever written upon one of the most disgusting ridiculous daubings of flattery that even the prostrate subserviency of a miserable and debased court tool, in the shape of a laureate, ever wrote, as if to show how such abject rhymers can devour their own words, and exhibit the degradation of their calling. Southey, the pantisocratist, and panegyrist of Martin the regicide and Wat Tyler, exhibited his renegade principles by conducting George III. up to heaven's gate, to an interview with St Peter. Of course the heavenly powers were all in a stir about the admission of so distinguished a saint when on earth, or, as Adolphus called him, of the "good and pious king, the father of his people," in his American dominions particularly. The king, too, had been some years dead. It was a horrible libel, and tended to offend and even hurt the feelings of the equally susceptible, good, and pious King George IV., the father of his people too, of course, and much nearer so in reality, for under his reign that peace was consolidated which has become a blessing

to the nation, exhausted by the wanton wars of his father on behalf of despotism. The conduct of that king had then become a matter of history, which no political tool, no verdict of any jury, or judges' opinions, could change as to character. No matter, as those veracious gentry, the lawyers, lay it down, the descendants of Judas Iscariot would have a right to indict any one who narrated the virtuous exploits of their progenitor, on the plea that it might hurt their feelings. The details of personal history were to be lost to mankind ; virtues, falsely or truly attributed, might be permitted even if plastered upon the back of a Nero or Domitian, but their true characters were not to be canvassed. Mr Scarlett contended that the prosecution was arbitrary and imprudent, and went to decide that history should no longer be written. To show that such was not the gist of the tools of the law upon the subject, Abbott, the judge, said that human nature was so constituted that calumny against a father could not be published without hurting the feelings of a son. The jury would judge whether the writing was a libel or not, and

if so, whether it was not calculated to wound the feelings of the monarch's son. If so, why not also of a grandson, and a grandson's progeny? There is no doubt this was the Crown law of the reign of George III. Judge Jeffries might have had a great-grandson alive, and had his feelings hurt by some statement of the "virtues" of his sire,—not for a moment to allude to George III. in the way of comparison as individuals, but only that the crimes of the miserable Jeffries and the errors of George III. were both defensible on the same ground, and that both ought to be suppressed lest the feelings of the great-grandchildren should be annoyed. "Marry, and this is law!"—Judge of King's Bench law, and remains a precedent—for suppressing great truths in history, until all testimony for historical veracity can be obliterated. This case of Hunt and the Law-jobbing Society remains a blot on the law of libel, judicial opinion, and common sense.

Leigh Hunt's political articles were bold and uncompromising. They were remarkably lucid, and their style was adapted to the popular taste. Everybody in those days read the *Examiner*. In nothing

that he undertook was he so pleasant and useful, so well adapted to persuade and to influence. It was a circumstance which strikes me as remarkable, that Leigh Hunt should have so much changed his style as he did later in life, if I do not mistake, not long before the time he was incarcerated for the libel on the Prince Regent, if so soon. That affectedness of manner which showed itself so strongly in his later writings was not perceptible in his earlier political articles in the *Examiner*, and not at all in the *Reflector*, where his papers were marked with a hand. The first article, "On the English considered as a Thinking People," has no marks of his later productions. There was more stamina in his earlier writings, or perhaps I should say less mannerism and more force. The work, however, was far in advance of that time with the multitude, and was not therefore so successful as it deserved to be. I remember one passage in regard to the theatre, which, if just to a certain degree in that day, must be much more so now:—"A person wishing to be profited by modern comedy might amuse and edify himself just as well by making all sorts of faces in a looking-

glass!" He began to complain of the falling off of the drama even then, before Shakespeare was exiled to France and Germany by the degradation of the popular taste. He complained that he only appeared now and then, looking like "a sage in a procession of Merry-andrews, and was suffered to pass with little more than a cold respect. He carried an air of truth, and did not make people laugh enough." If the decadence of the stage began then, how much more has it increased since! As with Shakespeare, so with the fine arts of the better grade. There was an excellent article written by Leigh Hunt, which I well recollect, for I commended it to some for whom it was no bad lesson,—it was upon the spirit proper for a young artist. To rise in art its excellence must be "felt." Thus he recommended them to aim loftily, and not to imagine that if multitudinous praise could be obtained for the moment that it was enough. The world says very little, he observed, about Milton and Michael Angelo. Its laudations are bestowed upon vulgar mediocrities and low sympathies. He advised they should aim high, and though in, not be of the world, being satis-

fied with art for its own sake ; and if the painters of flowers, fish, and animals get rich, and the world judge them by their wealth, he must look higher, and seek to please the wise and those who are worthy of regard. The public is ever low-minded. It should be the artist's aim to make it look upwards. A very inferior genius may be a very rich man by his art, and yet his skill may be small. The artist had better make up his mind to be rich and of the world, or else to be great and above it,—to be a great name if with small means, or to be rich and quickly forgotten.

I was absent from London when the first volume of the *Reflector* was published, and when it ceased I have not now in recollection. It was superior to most of the publications of the time, and was designed to improve upon the character of the existing magazines, of which it was years before any worthy alteration took place. I was invited to write for it, but I was engaged at too great a distance from the head-quarters of the more important part of the press in the Metropolis, to be able to contribute. I know not how it was, but it was

not the less fact, that in those days the difference between the least noticeable part of the metropolitan press—no matter of what party, political or otherwise—was very far beyond the best in the country except in Edinburgh. A little before that time, in three large, populous, and important counties, I remember but three newspapers, two of which were in Exeter, and one of those did not circulate more than two or three hundred. The most noted paper then in the west was the *Sherborne Mercury*, which had a large circulation and published as well a little weekly periodical called the *Weekly Entertainer*, charged three-halfpence. As to political or literary information or discussion, it was cunningly kept down by the duties to which, enormous as they were before, Perceval added more. It was then ruinous to support any side in politics, where a large proportion of the subscribers was not indifferent to party, for as to politics, if one side was supported, the other would fling up the paper if it had an article antagonistic to its notions. People of the present time can have no idea of the surveillance thus exercised in the country over the press, regarding

which many of the county stamp distributors made secret reports for the Government;—but *revenir à nos moutons*, as the French have it, I found that my own country labours, and a correspondence with the *Naval Chronicle*, were amply sufficient to occupy my time, and when, in 1813, I returned to London, after six years of absence, the *Reflector* had ceased to exist. The truth was, it was too much in advance of the time. The present freedom of the press is as different from what it was in that day as it is possible to be. The jackals of the law were set prowling by the minister or his agents to prey on an unfortunate word or sentence of a writer. In those times juries were regularly packed, and all who were not supporters of the ministry were classed as open foes, or disaffected. London was the only place where free writing could take place, and that exercise was only possible with the gaol and the pillory before the pen that dared exercise the right of free discussion. This is no exaggerated statement. It was against this that the Messrs Hunt had to strive. I wonder, when my poor friend Leigh Hunt got a pension from Lord

John Russell, that the spirits of Perceval and Castlereagh did not elude the vigilance of Cerberus and haunt the noble lord's slumber in the midnight hour. For what could tempt the anger of similar political spirits more, if they could know what passed upon earth, than for the promulgation of the political truths they hated, being sanctioned by any of their successors, whether under Canning, Wellington, Peel, or the Liberals, whose eyes were opened, in some points, upon the necessities and advances of the age, as well as the benefit of their common country, in place of wasting blood and treasure to support Bourbon despots. I found these changes so new to all the previous part of my life, that I dwell upon them as if they were some strange phenomena, as indeed they might well be denominated.

In 1818, Hunt published "Foliage; or, Poems Original and Translated;" it is much of the Lamb and Wordsworth school. The *Reflector* had been too good for the multitude, which required a little intermediate time, and a habit of thinking different from the past. It only required time. The minds of the

masses were still stagnant. By little and little the popular mind became convinced of the fallibility of rulers who governed for themselves alone. The *Reflector* too had been intended to promote advance in the arts, to criticise the drama and literature, to give essays on men and manners, with original articles upon subjects of a miscellaneous character, and to do all in a free and independent manner. Each number was to be about fifteen sheets in length. The first article, an essay on "The English considered as a Thinking People, in reference to Late Years," was written by Leigh Hunt, and well resembled his earlier style of writing in the *Examiner*, but very little that of his latest or later middle life. It is not so mannered, for in the latter part of his years he seemed to have fallen into the quaint style adopted by the school of which Hazlitt to the last, and Hunt, had been free, till past his middle life. His "Account of a Familiar Spirit" that visited and conversed with the author, was written in one of his pleasant moods, and described a nightmare and its effects, playfully turning the visitation to a useful account in the

matter of supper-eating and gout. There was a letter of Gilechrist's in the first number upon the "Tempest" of Shakespeare. The admirable essay on the "Spirit Proper for a Young Artist," which I have mentioned, I would recommend in the present day of mediocrity, of neat execution, and low-mindedness in art, where mind is at all perceptible. Atys, from Catullus, was a good specimen of Leigh Hunt's translation from the classics, in which he was a great proficient, rather more in the Latin than in the Greek. His Italian translations, too, do credit to his knowledge of that tongue. His paper, of considerable length, upon the "State of the Arts in England, Past and Present," was excellent, the views just, and the conclusions correct. His observations on the drama too were most judicious.

But I can proceed no further with this promising publication, for the time it appeared. Nor can I pretend to note all Hunt's numerous productions in translations, essays, and the like. Those of his later life, however, were not so happy as those written earlier. Had I been so inclined, I have no means of collecting the titles of a number of very

neat and pleasing things all marked by his peculiar manner. I must now, before concluding, notice as briefly as I can his connexion with Byron and his Italian residence. On his return from Italy we renewed our acquaintance, if an occasional meeting, and my aid to forward his views in a particular case can be so denominated. We now seldom met, but there were abundant reasons why that should have been the case, in engagements and absences from London.

I need not state here more regarding the career of his brother John Hunt, whom I visited at his own snug and hospitable home on Maida Hill, while he lived in town. He went into retirement in Somersetshire, and died there. His mind was of a deep philosophical cast, his judgment sound, and his character and integrity unimpeachable. I never knew a more worthy, quiet, unobtrusive man. He was simple in his manners, and fond of that kind of conversation which belongs to the useful rather than the imaginative.

I think it was in 1826, but I speak wholly from recollection, that I received an application

from Leigh Hunt to offer on his behalf to Colburn the bookseller, a work upon Italy and his visit there. It was an account of his residence there he was writing; and on proposing his dining with a friend, and having been a little backward in completing his engagement to the bookseller, he observed what a defaulter he had been. "I have," says he, writing to me from Highgate, "been a defaulter with Colburn. I have been seduced by my old green fields, and that is the truth; he (Colburn) has dealt so handsomely by me, and I am so ashamed of being behindhand with him, that till I have made greater way with the book I am writing for him, I dare not enjoy another evening out of doors; it keeps me up too late for the morning."

The truth was as well that he had had a disagreement with his brother John, and knew he was invited. On a particular occasion, John had declined to meet him. Leigh wrote me, "I do not wish to beg the question between us. I allow for the sake of the argument, that I may be the

person to blame, and not he. Mind I do not think so. I think he is flagrantly in the wrong. He also says that I am, and here the matter at present stands. It is just going to arbitration ;" with much more to the same effect. How the matter terminated I never heard, for I did not ask, and do not like to appear curious about affairs that do not belong to myself.

I saw Leigh Hunt occasionally afterwards, but a period of absence from London, of many years,—during which I laboured to my own disadvantage, but not unsuccessfully for a political party, from the principles of which I have never swerved since I began under the ministry and after the principles of Charles Fox,—cut the connexion of the intercourse I held with many old friends, and in the case of John Hunt, by his retirement from town, for ever.

I must now advert to Leigh's Italian visit, on his return from which and my interference to obtain a purchaser for his book I have just alluded. I was well aware, when he embarked for Italy, that his disposition and manner, his feelings and habits,

were not at all likely to harmonise with Byron. By the by, strange it is to say, as some must think, when having seen and known personally so many of the literary characters of the age, of all ranks and classes, that I never even saw Byron. The fact was that while the peer-poet was in town, I was two hundred miles away; and when he left England, I had been some time in France, and was actually in Paris when he passed through in his way to Italy, to return no more. It is true, he made no stay there. Knowing Rogers, Lord Holland, Campbell, and others who were intimate with him, had I been in London, I must some way have crossed his path. I had not, however, to learn from actual observation what the lives of men of rank, as wild as Byron, had been, and how constituted. I had, in youthful days of my own, opportunities of such observation, and understanding, from those who did know the peer-poet, that he had been a rake in youth and wayward, the habits of such when in mature life, and, having known Hunt's for nearly twenty years, and

his sober mode of passing his time, I early fore-saw how the intimaey would end.

Of Byron all was hearsay, but not all current hearsay. I knew more than most people about the quarrel, or rather, the mysterious separation between the poet and his lady, parting in perfect good-humour, and meeting no more. I knew it from a souree acessive to few; and as I promised I never spoke of it while either man or wife survived, nor have I twice since their departure to the world of spirits. To return to Hunt. He was not at all an irregular liver; he was a kind family man. I believe he loved his wife and family sineerely. The character of Leigh Hunt as an accomplished man of letters was his only tie to Byron. Hunt could enter into none of his peculiar and personal attachments or tendencies, unless very awkwardly. The Guiccioli, too, was no doubt one whose dislikes might have rendered Byron less friendly in manner and feeling if she had them; but I never heard it was the cause of any adverse opinion of him. She seemed to me

amiable and kind in manner, and I should have pronounced in her favour. She had led a different life from the respectable of her sex in England, which however only agreed with the Italian manners of the time. I should, from her manners and appearance, have judged her, not a fiery Venetian dame, but a placid good-natured lady, who had a stronger attachment to Byron than he had for her; that is, she was not selfish. Hunt, I believe, stated that she scarcely spoke English. This must be an error. I once passed two hours with her alone, after an introduction both to her and Count Gamba, her brother. She spoke English so well that I wondered at it; she told me that Byron had taught it to her. This was between thirty and forty years ago, I think in 1833. She was then of a full person, a blonde, gentle in her manners, stout of body, and very agreeable in conversation; not lively, and perhaps not very wise intellectually. The papers say she married the Marquis de Boissy, an old French Bourbonite, remarkable for abusing England and the English. She has, according to the same

sources of information, been left a widow full soon after she had received the title of marchioness.

One of the circumstances in the public life of Hunt for which he was slandered by his political opponents was for his connexion with the *Liberal*. There was nothing in that publication which was not acknowledged openly. The admirable satire upon the "Vision of Judgment," that I have mentioned, bore the author's name. There was never satire better merited. The laureate wreath has ever been narcotic. The great misfortune of the Tory writers was, that they skulked under the anonymous too frequently. Several men who were of that party, men of talent and worth, had the misfortune to be mixed up with men like Croker, who had no character at all, and whom nobody regarded; with Southey the renegade, author of "Wat Tyler," and the intercessor with St Peter for letting George III. into heaven duty free; and with Gifford, who made his money with jockeys on the turf, and serving in households loose in morality, where, if report say true, he was more than commonly useful

upon a pinch, while he was the chosen friend of Church dignitaries. With such men attacks upon the very principles which now rule, and which the wiser part of the Tory opposition left of that time have adopted—and I honour them for it, since the best of us may be mistaken—those principles and the holders of them were not only attacked openly, but far more extensively in a secret, assassin-like manner. The publications of the Messrs Hunt were full of incontrovertible truths now universally admitted. At that time they were proclaimed disloyal, treasonable, irreligious. The *Quarterly Review* in England, in which Croker wrote bitterly in abuse of the principles that are now triumphant, who translated French articles, and passed them off as original ones,—he who openly upheld High Church and Christianity, and blasphemed them over his wine. Croker and others, dressed in the robe of the double-dealer, could slander and charge every ill motive, and, as was natural it is true, lavish abuse and persecute those who dared honestly and openly vindicate principles now universally admitted—nobly vindicated at that time by the Messrs Hunt

for example—and in the reign of our present excellent sovereign become established.

Sir Walter Scott, who was respected by all parties for his genius, did not hesitate, while openly keeping in with all sides,—for he had not the honesty of Byron or Hunt to acknowledge their satire, and to plead not untruly that it was merited, as in lashing the tergiversations and trash that Southey put forth,—in a secret bond, to support a personal and false Scotch publication called the *Beacon*, not a jot less exceptionable than the *Liberal*. The latter was honest, and did not support the worst species of corruption, slander, and falsehood under concealment. I feel reluctant to revert to that time, of which happily the political men of the present day on both sides, unless in advanced life, can have no adequate idea. It is sufficient to meet any further remark upon so nauseating a topic by asking, which principles have gone on triumphing? What are become of those high-flown advocates of every doctrine that could invalidate principles now everywhere triumphant, and by which the Messrs Hunt suffered so much for being the undaunted

advocates? Time is the touchstone of truth. Leigh Hunt did not die until he had seen and felt the full satisfaction of his past sufferings in this fact—one of the most gratifying in our humanity—that he had suffered only for being in advance of his time; while his persecutors were every day dropping into the rear until they were scarcely distinguishable.

For my own part I cannot forget the many agreeable hours I passed with Leigh Hunt. He had faults, and was much censured about many matters; but his position was one that required a continual exercise of the mind, and consequent neglect of other affairs. He was an excellent classical scholar, and most interesting in conversation in regard to literature, and with a taste in some things peculiar, certain to cast new lights on points at issue. The last time I saw him was in his house at Hammersmith, when he pressed me to come and see him frequently. I regret that I could not, for the most precious of things in advancing years is time, and of that I had little to spare. Born in 1784, he survived to the goodly age of seventy-five.

He was exceedingly amiable as a family man, and he knew too well the advantages of this line of conduct not to feel that the reflection of it brought him priceless consolations. His poems should be collected and published. Though "Rimini" is manured, it has fine lines. His detached pieces in verse are very neat and pleasing, and much superior in taste and feeling to those of Charles Lamb. Lamb's quaintnesses may be estimated by his particular friends. "Lines to a Child in Sickness," new to me, for example, by Hunt, are eminently sweet. I have not room for the whole, but the first stanza will sufficiently characterise it, as in the loving truth dictated by the heart, yet simply true to nature.

"Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise!" &c., &c.

I can recall many things regarding this amiable man that begin to crowd in as I write these lines.

He had his faults, no doubt—who has them not? I have borne witness to my own feeling regarding him, and I design only to give what memory may spontaneously prompt in the moment—a mere memorandum of one who now

“Hath walked the way of nature.”

Resident at Hammersmith, as I have said, and sadly hampered for leisure, I did not see him for some time before his decease,—never as often as I desired. His society was to me far more pleasing than his verse, because it had not that “manner” found there. We had some conversation about the new school of poetry. I had said I would not read Wordsworth’s “Excursion” through a second time to be its author; for that a few good lines here and there would not repay the trouble. If it had not been for Hunt’s manner, he would have been popular as a poet; but he attempted a style which was a mistake, and made people disregard what was rather the vehicle than the thought, the mode of expression than the spirit of his work. As to the abuse lavished upon him by the spleen of party, it is gone

with that party into oblivion. It is complimentary to his political principles to find how rapidly Liberalism has advanced,—that term, once so belied and blasphemed by men of whom the few survivors now eat their words, or have apostatised without shame. Hunt lived to see the turn of the scale, but not how high the beam, the feathery, flimsy remnant of party arguments, and the party itself, has kicked it. How his political foes too have eaten their own words ! I see Hunt's last note to me says, regarding a remark about Bulwer's writings, in which some one had said he, Bulwer, was a dandy :—

“ With whatever dandyism he was thus charged or chargeable, (and Charles Fox, you know, himself once wore red-heeled shoes and a feather in his hat,) he has long, I take it, not had a spice of it in his composition, visible or invisible. He has thought and suffered too much, and has *too much genius.*”

This was but just. What man who has written for the public has not been abused ? There is a tribe of low persons, (low, I mean, in ability, and vulgar in feeling,) that would not be read, but they devote themselves to that species of the abuse

of men of talent which the masses enjoy. There is a delight in coarse minds on reading articles, or works by writers on vulgar topics, with congenial sympathies. It is a remnant of what mother Eve, the devil's executor, left as a legacy to her many-headed progeny. I fear we have all a little of it; but the better constituted contrive from shame to conceal their allotments. Poor Hunt concluded his last note to me :—

“ Have you seen Ollier of late? If not, I think he would be glad of a visit, for he is ailing, and often low, and loves to talk of old times as a refreshment; and if you open on the subject of his favourite books, his talk is better than ever, and full of life. He has life enough in him to last thirty years longer, if he would but believe it. Pardon the blot in my note, which I cannot scratch out with safety.”

Poor Hunt! He is gone at the good old age of seventy-five; but his friend Ollier went before him at seventy. I only knew of the decease of the latter by strolling into the burying-ground at Brompton, and accidentally alighting upon his tomb. I had not

seen him for several years before his decease. So goes on the history of our terrene existence, the termination of all hope, joy, and sorrow. So true the line—

“ *Mors ultima linea rerum est.*”

LORD COCHRANE.

THE Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochrane, published memoirs before his decease, which have never yet fallen in my way.* I do not pretend to give more in relation to individuals in general than I have witnessed myself, or learned at the moment from co-existent sources of information. With Lord Cochrane's gallant exploits,

* Before it appeared, I had alluded to the noble Lord's services. (See Recollections, vol. ii., 2d Edit.) Since they were written, I have heard that the late Captain Marryat sailed with Lord Cochrane as a midshipman, but for some cause or other did not remain to serve out his time. My authority was Captain Crosby, R.N.

every one who perused the newspapers of his early days, could not fail to be acquainted. The first thirty years of my life had been spent in seaports, and nearly all the time those of war or warlike accompaniments. The impressions of early life are the most lasting. Cochrane I could not forget, having seen him actively employed.

The celebrated breakwater in Plymouth Sound was not begun, and the heavy seas rolled in there as usual in a south-west breeze, not to speak of what they were in a hard gale. I had engaged to dine on board the *Emerald* frigate. She was commanded by Captain Maitland, the brother, I believe, of the governor of the Ionian Islands, once so notorious there. It was to Captain Maitland, when in command of the *Bellerophon*, that Napoleon I. surrendered himself after his final discomfiture. A fine fellow Millridge, the first lieutenant, with whom I went to dine, did not long survive for a miserable death. A twenty-four pounder was in the slings. Something appeared amiss or in the way under the gun, and he stooping to remove it, the gun fell on him and crushed him to death. He

was a man of an iron frame of body, a finished sailor, not an upstart by interest.

It was near midnight, and the jolly-boat was ordered to take me on shore. The sea had gone down in some degree, though the topmasts of the ship had been struck to prepare for the worst. I was standing on a gun looking over the bulwark, and through the gloom I saw a ship that was not at anchor there when I came on board. It was the *Imperieuse* with her black sides and red ports, so unlike any other vessel when seen by daylight. She was a fine French ship, and her build was what, I believe, seamen called at that time "double banked." As usual, marked by her superiority of make over our own frigates, for she was of that class. This frigate, which I see now in imagination, was commanded by Lord Cochrane, and had anchored there while we were over our wine. The *Emerald* looked in comparison more like a sloop of war than a frigate, compared to that of Cochrane, whose exploit in Basque Roads had been on every tongue, together with Admiral Gambier's ill conduct, in not going in and completing the

destruction of the French ships. The ministers, however, determined to shield their pet, who was one of their own cast of character. In fact, nothing else had occupied the public conversation, but the admiral's gross neglect, to give it no harsher name. In those days, all at head-quarters went by influence or corruption. Seamen spoke of the admiral with contempt. He went among the sailors by the name of the "psalm-singer."

I met Lord Cochrane on shore afterwards, and have a perfect recollection of the spot where I first saw him, more than forty years before his death. His slim, handsome bearing, for he was a thin well-looking young man, turned, I should imagine, of thirty years in respect to age, and about six feet or a little more in height. I speak by guess, and in some degree by a comparison with my own stature, when near him. He was remarkably quiet in manner, even to sedateness. I heard at the moment of his being in correspondence with that anomalous thing of those days, called the Navy Board, which, like the modern Horse Guards, did everything in the "right, left—right, left" manner,

and always took care that the right should be the last sound in words and meanings if really a “*vox et præterea nihil.*” The noble dimensions of the *Imperieuse* would well admit of sixty-eight pounder carronades upon the quarter-deck, which our small frigates were incapable of carrying. *Ergo*, a French frigate of ample dimensions, could “not” carry them, and it was before all other difficulties, too, that it was contrary to regulations, let the capacity of the ship and the utility of the thing in the commander’s view be what they might. This seems hardly credible now, but it was the fact in those times. His lordship had, if he wanted them, to provide the guns at his own expense, which I believe he did. This incident was the more noticed from the Rochefort affair. There was but one opinion of the matter. Those who feared to speak out, too, were a much more numerous body in those days than would now be credited.

His Lordship had become a marked man, for he was in advance of his time. He was the subject of general panygeric, except that ministerial men grunted out their praise only when it was forced

from them. Cochrane was not “respectful” to the Government, that was one charge against him,—in other words, he would not play the sycophant, flatter the ministerial ignorance, and pass over abuses. He was impatient of its incapacity.

The next time I met him was in the King’s Bench Prison in 1814, to which he was sent on a charge of being concerned in hoaxing the Stock Exchange. I had gone to see a gentleman of the West of England, who had been using the horse-whip on a brother lawyer, and received six months imprisonment for the assault. The breach of the peace arose out of an election affair. A recognition took place. His lordship appeared to feel his position, and the sentence which had placed him there very acutely; but the ministry could not dishonour him, although it laboured hard to do it. That a large proportion of the treatment he received was owing to political animosity, there was not the smallest doubt. The ministers made it “a reign of terror” to all who opposed them. Yet there was never a government more really contemptible on the score of talent. Corruption was its great

weapon, and the crown lawyers were excellent aids in that system of government, for even if a verdict were not obtained, it was well known that the crown paid no costs, so that there was punishment without a verdict, quite enough for a poor officer to suffer.

While in the King's Bench he spent much of his time in reading, but it was easy to perceive that he was exceedingly impatient under confinement, from which he got free by his own adroitness, nobody knew how; but this part of his history has been long before the world, and also the payment of his fine by the public of a thousand pounds, by a penny subscription. He soon after presented petitions for a reform in parliament, signed by fifty-four thousand persons, which was rejected by the ministry, under pretence of being indecorous!

While he was thus imprisoned, I had visited the King's Bench, little expecting to meet there one whom I had before seen in all the pride of a gallant warrior in the *Imperieuse*. I met there, too, one whose character was somewhat less patriotic, but still notorious. I allude to Captain Best, who shot Lord

Camelford. He was pointed out to me as he stood near the building in which he had an apartment. What acquaintance existed betwixt Mrs Clarke, of Duke of York notoriety, and Best, I do not know; but my impression is that both Mrs Clarke and her daughter paid Best one, if not more visits, while he was an inmate there. In those days as now, in order to throw discredit upon any one, it was the custom of the ministerial press to charge them with being of a mean pursuit, or of low parentage, and that was a charge made against Mrs Clarke, as if to uphold the Duke of York's bad treatment of her. For they were as eager to uphold the duke, as to depress and ruin the gallant Cochrane. Mrs Clarke was a "low" creature, it was said. Her conduct before the upholders of the duke proved otherwise. It showed that the duke had neither honour nor feeling where woman was concerned. The Prince of Wales endeavoured to make up the affair, but Lord Moira, who was employed, did not succeed. Mrs Clarke had in early life been noticed by ladies of the court. She was the granddaughter of the unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica. She had

a daughter, whose child, if alive, is now a sister of mercy in a convent at Brussels.

But I wander from my tale,—Lord Cochrane soon after escaped from the King's Bench, and was fined for it a thousand pounds. He took his seat in the House of Commons, but this of course was unavailing for any good, under the sentence from a court of law. The public opinion of the affair may be judged by that public paying the fine of 240,000 pence.

There was repeated continually by seamen what General Miller afterwards recorded, and that was the remarkable foresight of Cochrane. He made no attack without providing for every possible contingency. When he cut out the *Esmiralda*, the foreign ships of war in the Bay of Callao—it was in the night—showed distinguishing lights to prevent the fire of the forts being opened upon them. Cochrane had lights ready beforehand, and they were hoisted when the guns opened upon him, so that friends or foes could not be distinguished from each other. The reverse of seaman in general, he was a man of much reflection. He thought

deeply in all matters relating to his profession. He also possessed considerable powers of invention, and was an excellent mechanic.

His personal appearance was not easily forgotten, nor did so many long years pass after I had seen him prevent my recognition of him, casually meeting him one morning in the Strand, a year or two before his death. There was the same form, and little apparent decrepitude of limb, but the withering power of time had sadly changed his features. Nor was this wonderful. Hard service, care, and the changes of years and climate could not but have stamped themselves on his once comely countenance, and hinted that so long a time was not to be passed without leaving marks of its ravages as the penalty.

He knew how to relax and to enjoy the treats given by the hospitable people of Chili, who, to Englishmen, are the pleasantest and most agreeable of all the South Americans. Frequently Cochrane did ample justice to the hospitality of the country. He was the liveliest of the lively at the many balls given there. Duty, said Crosby, was never ne-

glected, but he knew how to time both. Valparaiso was the port which was most convenient for his first duty, when he joined the South American navy. Captain Andrews* informed me that the first squadron, commanded by Lord Cochrane, consisted of one fifty gun ship, one of fifty-six, another of forty-eight, and a fourth of twenty, manned by seamen of all nations. At one time Major Miller, afterwards the general, and some of his soldiers, served under Lord Cochrane as marines, whenever their services were required. Thus passed much of the precious time of an officer, whose treatment by the small-minded men of the day in England, soon reacted upon them ; and they who had sympathised with the miserable specimen of humanity who governed old Spain, must have felt, if they could feel at all, deeply mortified when the enlightened Canning reversed all they had been labouring to support.

Officers of some service, who had served under Lord Cochrane, have told me that he should be

* See his *Travels*, edited by the present writer. Murray, 1827.

seen in action to form a true opinion of his vigour and remarkable quickness of sight. Cochrane was, when in the Pacific, said a very gallant naval officer himself, whom I last saw in Bath, in 1833-4, master of every kind of stratagem that the naval service could adopt in attack or use in the way of defence, and that he would, whenever practicable, lead himself, sword in hand, in attacking, unless he feared there might be some error committed, of which he believed he had a foresight, and was therefore the only individual to obviate it.

No man of such gallantry and so much ability and zeal in the public service was ever worse treated. It was a crime in those days to point out an abuse; but it was something, no doubt, in Lord Cochrane's favour that his gallantry before his ill-usage, and subsequently in foreign service, was a weight of evidence in behalf of the truth. The nation, too, had no confidence in a ministry sustained by corruption. I knew one individual, insignificant enough, who returned five members to parliament. Science was scouted. There was not a map of Spain in Sir John Moore's army, except

one presented to him by Lord Holland accidentally, says Sir W. Napier. Cochrane could not be safely belied by any cabinet. It was not a little singular that Sir Sidney Smith, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, and others of the most distinguished officers in the service, joined in expressing their contempt of the conduct of the ministers over and over. Their treatment of the most distinguished men was ever regardless of principle. Nelson used to say that the ministers of a nation were “the greatest rascals in it.” How Sir Sidney Smith and the people of England were treated in the Egyptian affair is matter of history. So is the treatment of that honourable and highly distinguished man, Lord William Bentinek, in relation to Genoa. Nor must the Duke of Wellington be forgotten. At an early time, in a moment of victory, he was superseded by two commanders in less than a week, one, if not both, most particular nonentities. He complained, too, that he could not appoint his own aide-de-camp! Such was the system of parliamentary utility in public appointments. Ignorance and ministerial interest did the business. Such

too was one cause of the continual defeats of our armies until the support of the Marquis Wellesley, in office, aided his brother and vindicated Sir Arthur Wellesley's ability. Thus, by a lucky chance, was sent an officer into the field who redeemed the repeated discomfitures of our troops, not one of which was to be charged to want of courage, but nearly all to glaring incapacity in commanders selected by interest.

To return to Lord Cochrane. He now entered the South American service. His exploits there are matters of history. It was my good fortune to hear of his noble deeds in the Pacific from eye-witnesses of them, and, in some cases, from sharers in his glory. I allude to the gallant Miller, and to officers of the Chilian navy, who had served under Cochrane. But why was Cochrane persecuted at home?

The story of the Stock Exchange hoax by De Beranger is well known. Tricks very similar have been continually practised in that gambling institution. Right or wrong, if the Government could but fix Cochrane with the transaction, it would be

an excellent mode of paying him for his opposition to "their" measures, no matter how injurious they might be to the nation from the want of capacity those measures displayed. Could a vindictive unintellectual body, as they were, neglect the opportunity? It was too good to be lost. Lord Ellenborough, a sort of mundane Rhadamanthus, was then upon the bench; a most opportune thing. I see his imperious bearing there now, and his stern deportment; those were subjects of common remark. His expressions, too, where at least the language of a gentleman was expected, as when he said a certain thing he was desirous of contradicting, was "false as hell." Small things depict the characters of men. The becoming temper of a judge to all is needful and politic, though he should be of no party. Admirable, thought the ministry, was the opportunity for avenging Lord Cochrane's defiance of them, through his opposition to their measures, and his display of their blunders. The temper of Ellenborough overcame all prudence. It was quite "à la Jeffries." In summing up, to bear as hard as possible against the noble lord, he

said that De Beranger had returned to town from perpetrating the hoax, and entered Lord Cochrane's house with all his military decorations on, or words to that effect. Thus insinuating that Lord Cochrane so received the baron, and therefore must have had a hand in the transaction. Of this there was not one tittle of evidence whether his lordship were concerned or not. All the newspapers, on all sides, had reported the fact alike. No one differed, and it became a matter of public comment. The *Law Reporter* "alone," aware of the slip,—one of the right sort no doubt,—foisted in an "*if*," either sensible of the glaring error, or by instruction from some quarter to conceal the truth. Nobody credited the "*if*" as thus introduced. The reporters for all the newspapers vindicated their own accuracy. The *animus* of the judge was further shown by the act of sentencing Lord Cochrane to the pillory! The honourable feeling of the Prince Regent would not suffer the sentence to be carried out. This was truly a royal act. Every one knew that Lord Cochrane was a marked man, on the ground of his opposition to the

ministry. I well recollect the sensation this caused ; for in addition to his voting against the Government in the House of Commons, he had laid bare not a few of the gross abuses of the public in the naval department. The parliamentary reform bill of Lord Grey afterwards rendered the omnipotence of a ministry for evil less possible in later times, but the abuses and blunders at that moment were very great. It used to be remarked that the ministry in those days hated all the men who became highly distinguished for their naval or military services, they found them so impracticable ; perhaps it should be “too high-minded” and honourable for ministerial trickery.*

I had seen the noble lord on the hustings at Westminster, in the place where I had before seen Panll, Burdett, and Sheridan, contesting for the representation of that city. After his parliamentary career, and the efforts of the ministry to dishonour him, finding no chance of doing any good in the

* Nelson's, Collingwood's, Smith's, and, later, Wellington's despatches show this. What community of mind could exist between gifted minds and minds like those of Perceval or Castlereagh ?

service of his country, he entered that of South America, struggling for its liberty against old Spain, towards which our ministers displayed their partiality.

It occurred, by events I could not foresee, that I subsequently became acquainted with several officers who had served in South America at the same time with Lord Cochrane, all men of high character. From them and others, men of strict veracity, who were at the scene of action, I heard much of his lordship's doings in the Pacific, all of which bore out the gallant character he had obtained for himself in Europe. Such a man the ministry of that hour might insult, oppress, and endeavour to degrade in the public view, but it was impossible the mischief intended, however malevolently directed, should not recoil upon themselves. It is true they were individuals to whom that posthumous reputation, which incites great men to work out a name, was far above comprehension; and as for the "swinish multitude," ministers had physical force on their own side. What they could not understand they could hardly be expected to regard. The Percevals

and ministerial Solomons of that period of England's history could hardly appreciate anything which depended upon heroic bearing or high-souled enterprise.

Lord Cochrane then, as is well known, entered the service of Chili, and took the command of the naval forces of that state. There he was received in a manner worthy of his name. It must have been some consolation to his gallant spirit that his services to his country in Europe had been appreciated in the new world then struggling into existence. His lordship soon put to sea with his little squadron of four sail. The largest was a ship of only fifty-six guns. One of these ships, the *Lautaro*, Captain Guise, of forty-eight guns, had been once an East Indiaman, commanded by my friend Captain Joseph Andrews. In almost the first action, near Callao, Lord Cochrane had his son with him, and the lad was there seasoned to fire by being covered with the brains of a marine, of whom a shot took away the head.

Not only was I acquainted with General Miller, who had thus acted with Cochrane, I knew Cap-

tain Crosby, who commanded the *Araucano*, and others who had served there. Lord Cochrane, to return, at the end of 1818 reached Valparaiso. He may be said to have been expatriated. He was handsomely received at a public dinner. His squadron at first consisted of only four sail. The first object was to cripple the Spanish navy as far as practicable. There were two large Spanish frigates under the fortifications of Callao. One of these it was determined by Lord Cochrane to cut out, and he succeeded, supported by Captains Guise and Crosby. The plan of attack was admirable ; every possible difficulty that could be foreseen was met. The protection of a frigate, corvette, two brigs, and the castle of Callao, were insufficient to secure the *Esmiralda*. At eleven at night, with his seamen and marines, seconded by two divisions under Captains Crosby and Guise, his lordship attacked the *Esmiralda*, boarding, sword in hand, with his seconds, and the frigate was in a short time carried and brought out, Cochrane receiving a ball in the thigh. The Spaniards lost one hundred and fifty men, and the attacking party fifty killed and

wounded. The frigate was ready for sea with provisions for three months on board.

Previous to the foregoing affair, however, his lordship achieved a much more hazardous and important conquest in the capture of the town and forts of Valdivia.

It was about this time, or a little before, it is worthy of passing remark, that the English ministry put the Foreign Enlistment Act in force against Englishmen who might enter the patriot service. It seems very doubtful whether such a right exists according to Magna Charta, where a power is not at war with Great Britain. Certainly no one inclined to go would pay the slightest attention to such an act. In the present case it was done to please that exemplary ally of the English ministry, Ferdinand VII. of Spain. In not a long time afterwards, Mr Canning nobly vindicated the character of his country by acknowledging South American independence, in the teeth of Ferdinand and his ally Louis XVIII. of France. In fact, he undid what they had done for their royal friend.

The capture of Valdivia in 1820, which was

accurately described to me in 1833, by an officer present, has also been described by Mr John Miller, whose brother seconded Lord Cochrane in that wonderful and daring achievement. Cochrane could only obtain the assistance of two hundred and fifty men, whom he embarked for the purpose. Owing to the officer of the watch having fallen asleep, the ship *O'Higgins* ran upon a rock, and it was feared would be lost. Cochrane preserved his presence of mind, and his conduct impressed all who saw it very deeply. "We must take that place or go to the bottom," was his observation to all those on board. "The attempt some may call madness, but that is the very reason the Spaniards will not believe it possible even when we begin the attack. Operations that are unexpected almost always succeed with the odds against them if they do appear to be rash."

All who heard him participated in his enthusiasm. The ship had then five feet of water in the hold, and the pumps would not work. They were thirty miles from the land. Seven feet of water was reported at eight P.M. The carpenter could not get

the pumps in order, and buckets were of little use. They inundated the powder magazine, and wetted all the powder except what was in the men's cartridge boxes. Fear was in every countenance. Cochrane pulled off his coat, and went to work to put the pumps into an effective state. He succeeded sufficiently, and with his own hands, to keep the frigate from sinking, exhibiting extraordinary resources, serenity of temper, and checking all idea of leaving the vessel.

There was calm weather but a heavy swell. Their late companions, a brig and schooner, were out of sight. Six hundred men were on board, and the boats could only accommodate a hundred and sixty. Arauco, the nearest coast, was forty miles away, and every man who landed would be put to death by the Araucanian Indians. The prospect was terrible. Fortunately the leak was, as just observed, prevented from gaining. The missing schooner and brig rejoined them the next morning. It was the 2d of February, and, still thirty miles from land, they prepared for making a descent. The harbour was encircled by forts, and the land covered

with nearly impenetrable forests. The forts commanding the harbour mounted a hundred and eighteen heavy guns, all had ditches and ramparts, except one called El Yngles. The garrison consisted of seven hundred and eighty regulars, and eight hundred and twenty-nine militia. The larger part were thirty miles off, and the rest in Valdivia town, fourteen miles up the river of that name. Only narrow paths led through the dense forests, and the land communication between the forts was by a rugged path alone, between a rocky shore and the forests. This path was commanded by three guns for some distance. Beyond El Yngles was a fort called San Carlos ; half a mile from the first of these was the landing-place.

The two smaller vessels hoisted Spanish colours, and anchored under the fort El Yngles. Being hailed, they replied that they had sailed with a Spanish seventy-four from Cadiz, and parted company off Cape Horn, requesting a pilot. The swell was at that moment too great to land. The Spaniards desired a boat to be sent on shore. It was replied that they had lost their boats in the

severe weather they had met with off Cape Horn. Distrusting them, the Spaniards fired alarm guns, and all the southern garrison assembled at Fort Yngles. A defensive position was thus taken up at that fort. Unfortunately a boat had been seen that had been concealed on the off side of one of the vessels, and had drifted in view of the Spaniards. Fire was opened from the shore at once, and a body of men sent to defend the landing-place, for there was only one. The landing from the ships then took place, after two men had been killed from the shot of the fort. Fifty men pushed off from the ship to the shore. The Spaniards were dislodged and three or four hundred more men landed from the ships. Night came on, and a part of the invading force clambered into the fort. The Spaniards who were not bayoneted fled, together with three hundred men, who were drawn up outside the place. The patriots pursued the runaways, and captured fort after fort, soon finding themselves in possession of five. The Spaniards lost above a hundred men. Major Miller commanded the military. Soon after Lord Cochrane, with all his vessels, entered the

river, and four other forts were abandoned to the victors. The town of Valdivia fell into their hands; but the conquerors never received a dollar of the plunder captured in that gallant achievement. This served to disgust his lordship at the service. He ultimately left the Pacific for the Brazils, where for his services he was created Marquis of Maranao, by Don Pedro, while commanding the Brazilian navy.

It was in the same venerable depository of the dead, at a long interval of years from the time when I first found myself within its walls, at the funeral of William Pitt, and had for the first and last time looked, not without emotion, upon the coffin which contained the ashes of a much greater man, in those of the Earl of Chatham, his father, and had afterwards but once, in the same venerable building, heard no service, until the interment of Lord Cochrane,—it was after that long interval of perished time—and not only of time, but of men and things, that I entered the abbey, so renowned as the receptacle of honourable and dishonourable dead for lapsed ages. Being early, I ran over in

my mind the long term of years since William Pitt's funeral, and those, not quite so many, that had intervened since I first saw the gallant officer who was then about to be laid in his last resting-place. His life had been exposed to storms and dangers of no common peril, but now all these were past,—“life’s fitful fever was over.” He was now but a remembrance—only a name reflected by living echoes—the shadow of a shade. In memory I saw him in the *Imperieuse*, on the hustings, in the House of Commons, in the prison that could not degrade him, and in imagination on the shores of emancipated South America, combating on the side of freedom against the cherished ally of a ministry that had sought his degradation. His life had terminated, and the restoration to his honours had been a merited reprobation of those whose miserable and narrow souls have since received from truth and time their fitting station in every impartial history.

Being, as I have said, early, and having by chance taken my stand close to Newton’s monument, I had no want of subjects for meditation. I could not,

during the interval I waited, help reflecting upon the undying name of the philosopher, and to remember that I had once conversed with an individual who was intimate with his niece—she who had been bred up in the house which he occupied. I pondered over the difference between the fame of one who obtains a name in war, the instrument of a government, right or wrong being a cause of no consequence, who reeks not the cause, not being a free agent, but endeavours to reconcile to obedience, perhaps, the most immoral acts, who has no consideration of his own in the matter one way or the other. The point is a nice one on which to build a short-lived reputation, however defended. On the other hand, the fame of a Newton, little understood or estimated by kings, courtiers, or the masses, contrasted singularly with that of the gallant Cochrane in magnitude and endurance. Newton's labours were for all the world and for all time—they were cosmopolitan. The coming ages would only brighten their lustre, and the development of the works of creation tending to enlarge and elevate the human comprehension, would lead man up more towards

the Deity through displays of His works before unknown. The key to further progress thus formed in the end, the nature of the knowledge acquired still expanding, might perchance, from its wonderful extent and wisdom, thus more and more developed, operate convictions lucid and powerful of the Almighty greatness and goodness beyond ten thousand homilies; and besides that, must exhibit the truth so clearly in the end that even the unreasoning will feel it reach the heart's core as it were instinctively.

I was thus meditating in the abbey, through my early attendance—for it was impossible to look round and not feel it was one of those moments when the mind will inevitably fall back upon itself, and memory become busy with the past, when, too, if we will, we cannot change the train of thought and the connexion of the past with the present forcing themselves upon the mind, the unknown future, with all its mysteries, inevitably intruding—when the solemn music burst upon the ear, and announced the approaching solemnity. The number of individuals present was considerable. The as-

semblage appeared to feel the effect of the reverberation from the antique roof and from those arches which had so often witnessed the interments of noted characters from days of old. The effect of an order of architecture better designed for such an adaptation as should lay the understanding prostrate to the will of a superstitious and crafty priesthood, it was never possible to have created. The fretted roof, the many-coloured windows, the lofty aisles, the air of antiquity, "the dim religious light," were accessories to the priest and the confessional, to temporal sway under the garb of religion, and to the conversion of a faith in its purity opposed to such subtle aids to obtain secular power under a spiritual guise. Never had the subtlety of architecture in any age been before so well ordered to its end of subjugating the human mind to wary government under a religious pretence. Now, however, in better and more enlightened times, we admire the ingenuity, and adapt the style of the architecture to something more worthy than monkish trickery and the craftiness of a mode of worship, to serve political as well as religious

obliquities. We can admire without the superstition, and reflect upon the ingenuity of our venerable forefathers and the mutability of creeds, among other earthly things, without the necessity of outraging a more enlightened religion, and one more consonant with reason, nor seek by artifice to break down the mind to the wary tricks of the confessional. We can look around us and read the inscriptions above and beneath, and from that venerable Gothic temple acquire lessons of admiration, of glory, and of shame. Nowhere besides can the dead speak louder, or Time more derisively point to the nothingness of our humanity. Such were my thoughts.

But the organ and choir, with their solemn notes echoing along the aisles, soon reminded me that fresh ashes were to be deposited beneath the ancient pavement. The solemn sounds strike upon the heart. Reflection is at an end, and with me at least the sense of the nothingness of man comes home painfully upon the spirit—what are we in our best array! The procession passes slowly along beneath the lofty arches. The music seems to tell its tale

of all that the lifeless body might say if it could articulate, while attended with the accustomed paraphernalia of death. I was never so deeply affected before. I had seen the dead under many forms, disguised and undisguised by pomp and circumstance, by suffering and dismay; but its influence was never so striking to me as at that moment, and at that funeral. Wherefore, except from a habit of deeper reflection than in earlier years, and the recollection of when I first saw the gallant officer and his fine frigate, and was one to cheer him when he returned from Basque Roads, after the most effective of achievements on his part,—not so complete as it might have been had his valour received the support to which it was entitled. Years consecrate in the human memory incidents that at the time they occur make comparatively slight impressions. They are revived and magnified by that agent, which, notwithstanding, often renders them obscure, like objects seen through mist which become exaggerated on the vision, and that not always in proportion to the worthiness of the visibility, yet we would not willingly lose the object thus beheld.

All mortal things cleave even to the remnants of their mortality.

Two generations of men had for the best part passed away since the exploit in Basque Roads occurred. Tardy justice had been done to the gallant dead. He had lived to witness it. He was beyond the ordinary age of man, but he did not die unconsoled. Justice, however tardy, had been done to him. How many other great names had left them to posterity before he departed, that had been his companions. What political changes had occurred, and how many things that had once been great had become small, and how many little had grown into greatness, since he began his career! How many ensanguined fields the crimes of rulers had stained with the outpourings of being! How many names once known were forgotten, or only remained “to point a moral and adorn a tale!” How public liberty had advanced in the world, wealth augmented, the arts of peace and fresh inventions appeared, domestic peace been maintained, and social intercourse enlarged —all since that gallant officer’s flag waved over

the noble frigate which he commanded when I first beheld it! I cannot close these memorial notes, for they pretend no further, without adding the opinion of the noble service to which Cochrane belonged, recorded by an officer of the navy, descriptive of his professional character and what competent judges thought of him; because the ideas of those out of the service regarding him, may be challenged by the friends of those ministers who were his persecutors, who merited the oblivion history will never concede to their tyranny and incapacity as a government. And although a ministry more generous and just than that which composed the persecutors of the noble lord has prevailed, yet the boon of oblivion must not be theirs. Of the well-known work of Captain Brunton, R.N., the following is an extract, showing the ability of his lordship in the operations, to which ability I have alluded above:—

“The career of this young nobleman has been marked by a series of actions, useful to his country and honourable to himself. Their value was always greatly enhanced by the skill and judg-

ment with which they were executed. The effect of this was particularly observable on reference to his lists of killed and wounded. No officer ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises with so little loss. In his attacks upon the enemy, the character of *vigilans et audax* was entirely his. Before he fired a shot he reconnoitred in person — took soundings and bearings — passed whole nights in his boats under the enemy's batteries—his lead-line and spy-glass incessantly at work. Another fixed principle with this officer was never to allow his boats to be unprotected by his ship, if it were possible to lay her within reach of the object of attack. With the wind on shore, he would veer one of his boats in by a bass hawser, (an Indian rope made of grass, which is so light as to float on the surface of the water:) by this means, he established communication with the ship, and in case of a reverse or check, the boats were hove off by the capstan, while the people in them had only to attend to the use of their weapons."

It must be remembered that in these pages I

only design to give what I have seen myself, or what has come to my own notice from others who were witnesses of what is stated ; but I could not avoid giving this extract, as it supports that which was stated to me in regard to Lord Cochrane's remarkable foresight and care in operations, thought by many of the temper of Admiral Gambier to be rash even to madness. Such men are unfortunate when they are condemned to fight under the cold, blighting shade of an aristocracy of incapacity, and that species of preference in the matter of promotion, without regard to service or desert, which is as rife as ever. Cannot rulers do right without forcing violent changes ? Are violence and revolution in other empires no warning to aristocracies at home ?

When Cochrane and Paul beat Sheridan and Elliot for Westminster, I was then connected with the *Pilot* newspaper, and in the midst of the *mélée*. Paul, who had returned from India with thirty or forty thousand pounds, soon found that sum melted away in his election contests. I remember that he lived in Charles Street, St

James, where he ultimately cut his throat, having got into debt. The next day a considerable remittance arrived from India. Sir Charles Wolsely told me many years afterwards at Wolsely, that he was one of the securities of Paul, I forget for what purpose, and had to pay for it. I well recollect Paul's duel with Burdett, in which the baronet, who had much of the coxcomb in him and only courted notoriety, got the worst of it. Paul was a little man, marked slightly with the small-pox. His father was said to have been the son of a tailor, or he had been so himself, I forget which. In those days, had he been the apostle of the same name and a tent-maker, such a relationship to honest labour would have put him down from Canterbury Palace to that of York. The aristocracy of that day mainly, as indeed in almost all times, gloried upon half-drunken pretension. They got Paul in at Carlton House to make a cat's paw of him, and then kicked him out in the true character of party scoundrelism, having cockered him up to the last moment, for their own purposes, by a man-debasing duplicity. Paul was to have

brought the conduct of Lord Wellesley in India before Parliament. They pushed him forward at Carlton House to the last moment, and it was *actually* when calling at Carlton House on his way down to open his case, for which he was backed out there, that they coolly told him they could not support him. They withdrew at that moment all their declarations, and flung him overboard. All these his promised supporters abandoned him, because the ministry at last made concessions and came to their terms only at the hour when the motion was to be made. Paul was another victim to Carlton House duplicity. It was in 1812 that, in the moving of the address by Lord Jocelyn, who began his speech with a show of pompousness which he took to be solemnity of effect, Burdett, catching the Speaker's eye, displaced him, and in lieu of the address moved a redress of grievances. It was an excellent hit, and should have been supported, but such was the spaniel-like temper of the House, that none would go the length of sanctioning what was well known to be true. Only one member remained, while Cochrane and

Burdett divided the House. All the others went out. Those in opposition out of that *bienseance*, which is made to cover so many parliamentary sins. They were well rewarded. Soon afterwards it was that the most inconceivably narrow-minded of political lawyers, Perceval, announced himself premier, and fixed even with waverers the unsteady character of George IV., who now stood high in the estimation of an unreformed Parliament from a natural congeniality of feeling, cunning, and lax principle, among the ministry. The morality of men in power is a subject worthy of a new Machiavelli, if illustrated by the later examples. Cochrane was never a court favourite, for he addressed himself to notorious faults, in place of flattering courtiers and their venalities. Times have wonderfully mended since those days. The emendation began at the death of Castlereagh.

“The English soldier,” says Sir William Napier, “fights under the cold shade of the aristocracy;” and he might have added, “so does the seaman.” The time is coming when desert like that of Coch-

rane dare not be so treated. Desert must lead, and a reformed Commons, not one composed of lawyers, railway schemers, and loan contractors, must act up to the letter of the public expectation and of their political duties.

Lord Dnndonald, for he should be so styled after all, wrote with great simplicity, and always to the purpose. One of his letters to a friend in office, from whom he wanted a favour for a brother-officer, may be worth inserting, as it will explain his straightforward style and conciseness as well as a hundred :—

“LONDON, 11th Nov. 1846.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I can never find you at home, and so I despair of hunting you out in time to ask you to search, or cause search to be made, for the testimonials of service of Captain F. A. Reid, who gave them to you (Lord, preserve us!) the tenth part of a hundred years ago!

“If you cannot find them, will you attest the copies which are extant, for Captain Reid will be

put to the greatest inconvenience if one or the other is not done. He is a worthy good fellow, and deserves well.—Believe me ever, yours truly,

“DUNDONALD.”

The hit at the delay, “Lord, preserve us,” is not bad.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

I WAS one day walking near Hampstead Church, and finding the gates of the churchyard open, I was tempted to enter. There are two spots of ground railed in, one on the north side, away from the church, where three of my old and very particular friends, cut off much within the allotted age of man, have found a last resting-place. The other part of the ground is around the church itself. There must be some as well as myself, who, having entered a churchyard by chance, fell in with the records of remembered individuals, recalled by the unexpected memorial that marks where his remains

have found their final resting-place. I had gone round to the west end of the building, and stumbled suddenly upon a stone over the remains of Ineledon the singer. Not only had years of forgetfulness regarding a man who had no claim to be remembered in himself, but his pleasant sea songs, heard in town on the boards of London, I fear to say how many years ago; and then again remembered at Plymouth, when he visited there, and I had once joined with two or three officers of the navy to invite him to dine at the Pope's Head Inn, to hear one of his sea songs in private,—all this started into my mind in an instant as I halted before the stone that covered his remains. What a proof is memory, on its recalling in a moment such incidents, of some portion of our nature at least being immaterial—a proof before all others of that verity,* when we reflect on the quality of matter and its inconsistency with that faculty. I soon after passed round to the south side of the church towards some

* “ Sie mihi pesuasi sie sentio : cum tanta celeritas sit animorum; tanta memoria præteriorum futurumque; prudentia : tot artes, tot scientiæ tot inventa; non posse eam naturam quæ eas res contineat esse mortalem,” &c.—*Cicero*.

old yews. Seeing a table-tomb fallen on one side, I went to find over whom it was placed, and read the name of Mackintosh, and also of his daughter. There they lay together. Their memory in a moment recalled Sir James, and where I had last seen him. In a moment his image was before me as perfect as the life, though thirty-three or four years had passed away since he left the world.

I never knew him but by repute until some time between the years 1824 and 1830, and the last time I saw him was not more than about a year or two before his decease. My knowledge of him was slight even to the last. Campbell and he were old acquaintances. The former had, I knew, a high opinion of his countryman ; but as the Scotch are in general given to praise each other vehemently, I took the poet's praise of him, *cum grano salis*, especially as I had heard Dr Parr jest about his Greek, and doubt whether he was up to a verb in μ . There was another reason too why Parr was not over-eager to praise him ; but as it is of no moment now, and time should obliterate remembrances of what is not praise of the dead, where the

best traits of character may fairly preponderate, it may, without harm to the dead or the living, go into the stream of Lethe. But I was well aware he had never justified the expectation formed of him by his masterly reply to Burke in earlier life. He started nobly, but could not keep up his pace, as jockeys have it. That he took up the law as a profession is well known, and that he increased the madness of Burke about the French Revolution, when he justified the doctrine of reason respecting Church property, which is not *bond fide* that of the Church, as Churchmen insist, but of the nation directed to Church purposes, a doctrine very unpalatable to every priesthood. Burke's jeremiade over the property of the French Church, and the non-supremacy of the secular authority, which, according to him, should be secondary, shows how his mind had ever been secretly inclined. He cherished divine right in kings, and thought the people could only be secondary in direction. He was always an absolutist, but the principle remained latent while it was not a subject of discussion by his friends. He should have lived under Charles I., with Laud

for the chief dignitary. It was when his sympathy with the despotic principles of the European courts blazed forth, and his servile spirit could no longer contain itself, that “thrones by God only appointed” were shaken, priestcraft dishonoured, and established practices and nuisances about to give way to novelties, and to the popular right of choosing a ruler. This was contrary to old usages. Kings were from God ; and to shake the authority even of tyranny, if long established, was an outrage. The absolutist unmasked himself, broke with all his friends, and put forth his eloquent semi-lunatic work on the French Revolution. Deserting old intimacies with insult, he drew away with him the pretentious Windham, once a Whig,* if he ever knew what he was himself, which Sheridan seemed to think he did not. He was the advocate of cock-fights and bull-baits. A place for Windham under Pitt of secretary at war was the reward, with a pension for Burke ! They reviled their old friends,

* No man was ever so overrated as Windham, affecting originality, aping Burke's eloquence, and writing and publishing his own speeches. He left nothing behind him but evidences of his want of principle and weakness.

because their friends supported sound principles in place of existing abuses, as time has shown. They valued constitutional freedom, and refused their assent to support despotism and a rotten policy in favour of things as they were in past time, however opposed to justice and freedom. Pitt answered facts as to political freedom, and reason itself, by pleading policy, and punishing men for what he himself admitted in essence to be incontrovertible. It was at such a period that Mackintosh came out with his "*Vindiciae Gallicæ*," in which he treated with such blasphemy, in the view of Burke, the character of that pompous tyrant Louis XIV. The work of Burke was well and ably answered by Paine. But argument was not admitted. Pitt himself declared the arguments of Paine incontrovertible and just, but that they were "impolitic," and should therefore be put down by law! "Policy before justice" was his motto, to please George III. I remember seeing a doctor in divinity, at the head of a Latin school, attending to see Paine hanged in effigy, amidst a Church and State mob, for all then was "bishop and king." I see the flash of the

squibs and hear the explosions at this moment, though I was very young at the time. People scarcely dared express a sentiment, at least in the country, favourable to freedom, lest the justice and the parson should note their names as disaffected to the wisest and best of all monarchs whom God had set over us, and who was doing all he could for his brother thrones on the Continent, in binding and keeping the rods of despotism in flogging condition. Then it was that Charles Fox and his friends so nobly vindicated the principles that are now everywhere triumphant. Then it was that Mackintosh returned from the Continent, wrote his celebrated work, which was so opposed to the doctrines of the aristocracy and the crown, and planted himself in the front rank of opposition to Burke's ravings, for they partook much of that character. An aristocracy too often, and such as existed at that time, really paid no attention to reason, governed by its crooked teaching, its ingrained prejudices, and its overweening loyalty. It had no quality of judgment, and was ruled by what had been, in place of what should be.

“ He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused ! ”

But the wise men of the day were of an opposite opinion, and determined they would never suffer reason

“ To come before the wind
And their nobility.”

The answer of Mackintosh to Burke had the advantage that it completely set down Burke's declamation in the view of the reasoning and unprejudiced portion of the people. The majority of the people of England were not then judges by reason, but judges by the past opinions of their affected superiors ; not their superiors in intellect, but in the good things that constitute bodily enjoyment, and give them a more elevated social station ; not, indeed, in understanding, but in feudal notions, or in the gifts of fortune. Paine had a bad name among the Churchmen, and though he was unanswerable, he was “ impolitic.” Mackintosh was free from such a charge, and Pitt eajoled where he could not coerce. Pitt warily flattered Mackin-

tosh, who had only done in substance what Paine was prosecuted for printing and publishing. Pitt flattered Mackintosh to his face, and no doubt Mackintosh was grateful, but he was not to be cajoled. He was a canny Scot.

It would be well for those who have leisure to read Burke, Paine, and Mackintosh, now passion on the matter is no more, and to read them all, too, with the reflection on the results which have followed, and the wonderful advance of the people of the present time, in the more enlightened nations, compared with the past, with the falsifications of what the advocates of old things upheld. The French Revolution, the attempt to repress which by the European despots cost France and Europe so dearly, and a monarch his life, may be now tested, and the continuance of the old system, as supported by Burke, contrasted with it. Were Charles Fox and his party wrong? Has progress confirmed divine right, and justified the freaks of despotism?

Burke, seeing the result of the “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” affected to admire what was so damaging to his own philippic against the freedom of

every people, some portion of which, such was his eloquent madness, is unmeaning in imagery, and, unlike himself, as, for example, his passage relative to the Queen of France, which is stark nonsense, and yet it was received as an astonishing burst of eloquence, and in return for that he put on an affectation of magnanimity.

Coleridge was of opinion that Mackintosh was not a man of first-rate ability in a first-rate line, if he were in a line of his own. He seemed to think he was not original in anything, for he said nothing worth preserving. He admitted he was candid in argument, but for a man of his reputation he wanted power, while he had learning enough, and more than he needed, in the application. When Grattan died, Mackintosh moved for a new writ for Dublin. He was as anxious as Romilly to reform our barbarous laws, but was violently opposed. It was through Campbell that I knew anything of him personally. I remember that I considered him every way a native of the north. He had it in manner and in brogue; in fact there was no mistaking his country. He

had no humour in his composition, and he was generally dry and scholastic. He was tall and well-looking, but his health was not good at the time I was introduced to him. He carried a small phial of something in his waistcoat pocket, from which he every now and then wetted his tongue. I speak this of two or three years before his decease. He certainly had the art of talking to great perfection, but his voice was not pleasing. Still he had what Sydney Smith called “a forty-parson power” of conversation.

The last time I ever heard him speak in public was at the meeting for the purpose of founding a University in London, of which Campbell was the original proposer, and published a prospectus of such a foundation. Lord Brougham, too, was there, ready to support the undertaking. I could not help admiring how dexterously he attempted to engross the idea, as belonging in a good degree to himself. The poet was no orator, and the masters of that gift had the advantage. Lord Brougham spoke, if I recollect rightly, of the singularity of their both having hit upon the same

idea. The poet had called upon me to attend, and we walked to the meeting together. I was not much edified. Mackintosh spoke up to the purpose, but not equal to my expectations of what he should have done with his fame at his back. Perhaps Brougham's superior address took off a portion of what was due to him as a speaker. I confess he did not equal his previous reputation. I never heard him in the House of Commons. He was too good in the sense of learning and argument for pleasing, where "a flash in the pan" in later times will produce a more powerful effect than Pitt, Fox, or Sheridan would do now. The eloquence of the House of Commons as a school of oratory has disappeared.

Mackintosh was most to be valued for what obtuse country gentlemen and city traders can scarcely be got to tolerate, such as depth, learning, philosophy, and deep political knowledge, but delivered with a bad intonation for an orator. His illustrations were not food for the groundlings in the House, whether it comprehended them or not. Correctness, such as would do to print off, in lan-

guage of a choice selection too, was found in Mackintosh; but such speeches in the House of Commons were thrown away there in later times. Nor had Sir James any idea of managing an audience as O'Connell would do, even when he looked down contemptuously upon his audiences. Learning does not do where most of an auditory, after leaving the grammar school, if ever they have been at one, have never applied to any use that for which they had been carefully furnished with the key.

The celebrity Mackintosh first acquired was for some lectures delivered in Lincoln's Inn, under the title of "Discourses on the Law of Nature and Nations," and also, I believe, upon English Law. He was called to the bar in 1795. His defence of Peltier for a libel on the French ruler added to his fame. I well remember reading that trial in my early days. Mackintosh had been a professor at Hartford East India College. After that he went to India, from whence he returned in 1811. After his arrival he got into Parliament. His voice prevented his being an orator. Its sharp

tone, and Scotch accent, so broad, and an unpleasantness in his delivery were impediments. It must be acknowledged, and I cannot help thinking it myself, that he was, on the whole, an overpraised man. In society he was too much in manner like a dry lecturer. He was fortunate in his primary efforts, but they were not sustained. He fell off after his debut. A very slow writer, ever endeavouring to command a high degree of taste beyond that which he possessed, he brought little to pass, while he raised high expectations. He early got into the best society, among the more noted Whigs of the day. My old acquaintance, Dr Parr, characterised him in his usually elaborate manner, though, as I have said before, he much questioned his scholarship to any great extent. All the world knows the story of the doctor's retort when Mackintosh said no one could be a worse character than the Irish priest accused of treason. "Yes, he might, Jamie! He was an Irishman, he might have been a Scotsman; he was a priest, he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor, he might have been a renegade." The greatest merit of Mackintosh,

perhaps, was his meeting and foiling Burke at his own weapons. This he did beyond all question, not that he had the genius of Burke, but he had reason and justice on his side. The Scotch have a remarkable tenacity for each other, because a Scot knows no greater or better man than a Scot. He will make virtues of faults sometimes if the question be a national one. Campbell would never suffer me to slip in a word edgeways to the disparagement of Mackintosh. I have too much respect for the memory of the old friend with whom I was so long connected to relate several incidents regarding Mackintosh, which I had heard, but did not mention before him upon that account.

Great preparations were made by the booksellers in the city for a historical work by Sir James. Again and again the public expectation was aroused about its appearance, but it came to nothing, at least to no work worthy of his fame. He was one of those lawyers who, like Romilly, full of kindness, as I have said, denounced, even abhorred, the sanguinary laws of England as they were left at the death of George III. He always argued

for their amelioration, and was in advance of his time in most things. He would not, however, agree with me in an argument in conversation—namely, that we are either the Christians we pretend to be, or we are not. If we are, we have no right to take life for any offence whatever. Vengeance does not belong to man, but to Heaven. The principle of Christianity is clear. Self-defence alone can justify taking life, because we can prevent a repetition of crime without the immolation of the criminal, even where human life has been taken. The reason drawn from terror by example, it is allowed, is now abandoned, despite the Ellenboroughs of the hour. Still less can we be justified in taking life for encroachments upon property. The Christian law is clear enough. The torrents of blood poured out upon scaffolds, in the faces of men who affect to be ministers of Heaven, in sanctioning such disrepancies, showed how much more they were moved by that devotion to secular advantage, even when under the mitre, than by the tenets of the religion they profess, and by which they should alone be guided. Statesmen only re-

gard religion as a means of ruling those over whom they hold the reins of government. Mackintosh would neither openly assent nor dissent on this point. For he was in reality a very kind-hearted man.

To conclude, he was to me a man who would not attract regard socially. There are persons whom I have known, and known far better and longer, who, but for the reputation attached to his name, would have outshone him in conversation. Some men start, to their detriment, with too bright a character at first, and thus, later in life, do not only not come up to promise, but darken the radiance they first exhibited by that continued expectation which in the end falls back upon itself, and aids in deadening the illumination by which it had previously raised high expectations. Mackintosh, after all, failed in the realisation of the expectations formed regarding him, clever and learned as he was ; like a taper that burns too fast, he became very early exhausted.

It was more than a year before his decease that I had last seen him. His health was much shaken,

and he bore marks of his approaching end in a species of debility. As a lawyer he is said to have been shrewd, and to have been exceedingly humane; of his ability as such I cannot presume to judge. His last years were spent under decay, and in attempts to bring to pass designs which he was unable to compass. Campbell spoke and wrote in his defence, rather, I should say, with partiality in regard to his shortcomings. He also justified Mackintosh in a point which he had overlooked in his "*Vindiciae*." Burke, in his enthusiasm in favour of despotism, no matter whether of State or Church, was lachrymose over the robbery of the last in France, as already said, and he would insist it to be a robbery of Heaven! Mackintosh wrote in reply: "The fate of the Church, the second great corporation that sustained the French despotism, has peculiarly provoked the indignation of Mr Burke. The dissolution of the Church as a body, the resumption of its territorial revenues, and the new organisation of the priesthood, appear to him to be dictated by the union of robbery and irreligion, to glut the rapacity of stock-jobbers,

and to gratify the hostility of atheists. All the outrages and proscriptions of ancient and modern tyrants vanish, in his opinion, in comparison with the confiscation of the Gallican Church. Principles had, it is true, been on the subject explored, and reasons been urged by men of genius, which vulgar men deemed irresistible. But with those reasons Mr Burke will not deign to combat.” “ You do not imagine, sir,” says Mr Burke to his correspondent, “ that I am going to compliment this miserable description of persons with any long discussion.” Here Burke ought to have known, perhaps did know, but in his monarchomania concealed it, that the parties he was thus attacking in revolutionary France, the Jacobins, were not the authors of “ Church spoliation,” as our high-fliers had it here in England. The principle that Church property is State property to the last farthing, was not promulgated by the Jacobins, whom Burke so contemned and affected to scorn. It was the doctrine of Turgot, who long before promulgated it when the revolutionists were unknown. It is the doctrine of reason and of just rule, unless the

secular power is to be put down, suppose in England, and neither the Crown nor the Houses of Parliament are to interfere with such property ; a doctrine which our constitution, reason, and the experience of the boundless rapacity of State Churches must forbid, through past experience for long ages, and of the justice of which Italy has just been setting a proper example. Burke either ignorantly or in the blindness of his clericophobia forgot what he was uttering. He might have found the principle to be supported by Turgot in the French Encyclopaedia long before the revolution there. The passage in Burke, however, seems to derive its support in his view only from the lowness of the origin of some of the supporters of the French Revolution, on the principle that an argument depends for its validity upon the position in society of him who advances it, as it does in England in most cases at the present time. But enough, the work of Burke can no more serve its cause. It has perished with all its denunciations and ardent desires to sustain rotten despotisms. Constitutional monarchies are becoming everywhere

the mode of government, and the mad passions of kings and ecclesiastics will be controlled and kept within bounds to an extent, even upon the Continent in other states than France, that will render the diatribe of Burke, as time advances, still more like an outburst of insanity than the work of a rational mind.

G. H. C. EGESTORFF.

EFFORTS are often made by individuals who feel a confidence to undertake tasks of the weightiest nature without perceiving that important requisites, foreign to their own volition, are necessary, was never more strongly exemplified than in the present example of perseverance fruitless of reward. When, as in the present case, the object is meritorious, if the execution be on the whole singularly good under the circumstances, the reflection of the labour bestowed in vain is not the less painful. Yet how is the merit of any work to be judged but by publication? The attempt is perilous, for with-

out collateral aid even the best efforts may be vain, since the mere publication of the best work, especially if abstract in its nature, is no security against obscurity. Milton would not have got fifteen pounds for his immortal work now, and Shakespeare would remain unknown. It is the ignorance of the danger such individuals incur, under the prompting of an honest enthusiasm, that too often becomes the source of bitter and unmerited disappointment. Ardent spirits in humble life form ideas of the most fallacious kind regarding the public perspicacity. However meritorious he may be, the writer has little chance of attracting the attention of modern criticism without some preponderating influence on the part of the trade in paper and print. Full of ardour, confident of righteous intention, the uninitiated may set his heart upon some literary labour, selected with little judgment, and, executing it with ability and energy, he may be so sanguine as to expect justice will be done to his labours. Perhaps for one in his circumstances it may not be the most judicious choice by which he proposes to make his *debut*, and in the end

discover that he has only been toiling to meet neglect and disappointment, neither, it is very possible, at all merited. Besides, the public is fickle, and the many ignorant stifle the voice of the few capable of judgment. Of these truths, the present work and its author are a remarkable example. Sanguine feeling and extraordinary patience have been thus exhibited in a task scarcely possible to any foreigner, though a scholar. The labour was enormous. Before making any further observation on this part of the subject, I must give an account of the humble man himself, who, in all probability, has by this time been gathered to his fathers. His history will serve as a counterpart to that of my old friend Mentelli.

G. H. C. Egestorff was born at Osterwald, a considerable village of Hanover, on the 23d of May 1783. His father, Heinrich Andreas Egestorff, was the eldest of the four sons of Ludolph Egestorff, who had been an officer in the Hanoverian Foot Guards, and was well remembered by the grandson, when only three or four years old, as a venerable man of eighty years of age. Two of the sons of Ludolph, and

uncles of the subject of this memoir, were officers in the First Regiment of Hanoverian Infantry, and one of them was wounded in Flanders, when the late Duke of York unfortunately commanded the British and Hanoverian forces there against the French. The fourth son of Ludolph, Ernest, was a farmer. The eldest brother, Heinrich Andreas, was designed by Ludolph for some learned profession. He was too short-sighted for a soldier or even a farmer ; he, therefore, received the education of a scholar. He was to be the genius of the family. He married early, and had four sons, of whom the subject of this memoir was the second. While still young, he removed with his father to Hanover, where, till his death, he practised as an attorney, for which profession he was too conscientious to succeed in making money. He remained in low pecuniary circumstances all his life. His sons were, therefore, indifferently educated.

Young Egestorff, with whom alone the present remarks have a relation, was sent early to a school, where at first his quickness was commended by the master. Notwithstanding this, he soon found him-

self so ill-treated that it reacted upon his spirits, and the school became his abhorrence. He still had a desire to learn, but made little progress. He was fond of hearing his father read, at the commencement of every New Year, some poems usually published at that time. So much was this the case, that he continually longed for the returns of the same season.

At eleven years of age, an individual named Lahr, a very old man, and a musician in the Hanoverian regiment of Horse Guards, was discharged, and had the place of a receiver of taxes given him. Though a good musician, he had no knowledge of arithmetic, and used to call on the elder Egestorff to receive a little instruction. This he obtained from the son, and in return taught him music, of which young Egestorff was very fond. He was furnished by Lahr with an old flute to begin. The notes were acquired, and "God save the King" speedily learned. A few other pieces only were mastered when Lahr left off instructing his young pupil. Another musician taught him the French horn, but though old Egestorff opposed the making his son a musician,

the son persevered until he was seventeen. He learned the violin first, and soon became initiated in the science, not without great labour and perseverance. On this part of his life he remarked, using his own words: "When I take a retrospective glance at the years of my youth, I discover no part of it on which I can dwell with pleasure. Were I to describe what I suffered, I should have a sad tale to repeat."

In the summer of 1800, while receiving a lesson from his instructor, he was overheard by a musician, who told him if he were in his place he would avail himself of an opportunity that then offered of going to England on liberal terms. A small band of musicians was then forming for the English Admiral Paine, to be with him on board ship. The admiral daily expected to be appointed to command a fleet. His teacher thought him too young, but he determined to go, and secretly engaged himself. This was on the 4th of August 1800. Keeping his engagement secret until about to embark, he left on the 23d of December. Six German musicians embarked with him, of whom one was Kramer, the

best musician of the seven. He saw his relatives no more after his leave-taking ; his father dying the following year, and his brothers becoming dispersed far and wide. The ship in which the party embarked sailed in January 1801 ; encountering a gale of wind, to the terror of the young Hanoverian, who well described his fears. On the 23d of that month they anchored in Yarmouth Roads, and reached London February 2. Admiral Paine received them kindly. They now found that in consequence of a weak state of health, the admiral was not going to sea, but if they chose they might remain with him at his residence, or enter the Prince of Wales' band, the prince having expressed a desire to that effect. The party accordingly entered the prince's service for five years. Two, however, returned early to Germany, one died in England, and another returned home after his engagement had terminated, so that Egestorff, Kramer, and a third were all that were left. Egestorff renewed his engagement, and his salary was twice augmented. The prince himself repeatedly expressed his satisfaction with the conduct of the young musician.

On first entering the admiral's service the band consisted of seven performers only, and in consequence each had to play several instruments. The French horn and German flute were the instruments Egestorff selected. The prince's band being more numerous, each musician was confined to one instrument, and Malsch, the master of the band, insisted upon Egestorff playing one of the small flutes, a sort of fife, in place of the horn, his favourite instrument. Malsch, it appears, was a man of a good disposition, but insolent and weak-minded. He said he could not otherwise employ Egestorff. The latter then applied to a page, named Lindemann, who was directed to attend to all matters relative to the band. Through his interference he obtained his wish, but naturally incurred the animosity of Malsch, who felt his *amour propre* wounded, and lost no opportunity of showing it. He actually got another horn-player engaged at Hamburgh, who came in the train of Baron von Eben. The baron, Malsch, Captain Quentin, and Colonel Leigh settled on the dismissal of Egestorff, but did not venture to send him away until the

prince was informed of it. Thus, scarcely knowing the language, and destitute of friends and resources, the young musician would have been turned adrift. The matter was stated to the prince, who asked what distinct offence Egestorff had committed. His enemies could allege nothing, upon which his Royal Highness desired to hear no more upon the subject. Egestorff remarked that the conduct of the prince was highly generous and honourable, as the new horn-player might have been a better hand than himself.

Such are the miserable intrigues in palaces, and among those who meddle with courts. The prince having set all right, it was not long after that, for some reason, Colonel Leigh resigned, Baron von Eben was no longer seen in the British army list, Malsch was dismissed with a pension, and Captain (afterwards colonel) Quentin experienced himself a similar kind of persecution in his own person, to which he would have been a sacrifice had not the prince interfered and saved him. Malsch and Egestorff afterwards became reconciled. The duty for one part of the year was easy, and left the

musicians many leisure hours. Egestorff devoted his time to reading and drawing. In the latter art he succeeded but partially, being self-taught from drawing-books. Still he grew fond of the art; but finding it detrimental to his sight, was obliged to relinquish it. Before he did so, he drew the prince in pen-work, which, with an historical drawing, was presented to his Royal Highness, who had them placed in the drawing-room for some months, with flower-pots around them. Several pecuniary presents were made to the artist by the prince's command, who always spoke to him with the greatest kindness; but, as usual in such places, the kindness and condescension of the head of the establishment attracted the envy of others. Contemptible artifices were continually used to circumvent him who was thus honoured by his royal master, and to prevent notice of him by the prince in future.

By this time Egestorff was a tolerable master of the English tongue. He could read Milton, Thomson, and even Shakespeare, and well comprehend them. He began to feel something higher

and more worthy of enjoyment in English reading, and the love of it grew upon him. He perused and studied the best authors, and the German as well, that is, all of the latter which he could obtain for that purpose. He had before known nothing of the native authors of his own country while resident there. This disposition to study was observed by some of his fellow-musicians, when he was told "he was a d——d fool not to make a better use of his money than to buy books—that he should buy a pianoforte, give lessons, and get money!" Nor, if money was to be the sole object of his existence, was the advice to be spurned by those who adore the god of this world, the "lowest spirit that fell." Egestorff's colleague, who played the second horn, acted under the advice thus given, soon afterwards left the band, and gained in one year seven hundred pounds by teaching music.

"Let it not be supposed I was dead to the charms of music at any time, quite the contrary," said Egestorff. "But I acknowledge, on the other hand, that I sometimes deemed it unworthy of a contemplative and studious mind to have no men-

tal object, for music is mechanical after all. Standing like a machine piping for the amusement of other people, I thought poor work."

He was awake to the charms of poetry, and had a taste for literature, which seemed to come by nature. Now the drudgery of teaching music is far inferior to the task of performing on an instrument, in which some ability is displayed. The former deadens the feeling for music itself, rather than increases any pleasure the science can impart. It was impossible. "I could enjoy music more fully in my then existing situation, but that was very different from the horrible drudgery of teaching," was his remark.

"Here, too, in regard to performing, King George IV. had a very delicate and correct ear for music, with much judgment in the science. We had none but the choicest pieces to perform, which rendered the duty of a performer much more agreeable, if he possessed taste. No one ever heard the king praise an indifferent or censure a good piece of music, which many continually do who pretend to be amateurs, and know nothing about it. The king

had a predilection for the compositions of Handel, perhaps from having been accustomed to hear Handel's works in his youth; and after all who will dispute the merit of Handel? Not that my royal master was at all insensible to the excellences of Mozart's and Haydn's compositions. We often, too, had Beethoven's choicest pieces played, and selections from favourite Italian composers. These were generally introduced to fill up intervals between the longer compositions. The royal band was at that time unrivalled of its kind. In the performance, the king's ear was not to be deceived by anything false, however slight. Again and again he showed himself enthusiastic in praise of the performances of his band, which it took great pains to merit, and oftentimes it did merit the praise that he bestowed upon it."

Having served ten years in this band, Egestorff had a disagreement with a fellow-bandsman, Kramer, with whom he had come from Germany, and who has been mentioned as also entering the prince's service on arriving in England. Egestorff had been engaged for Admiral Paine's band before

Kramer full four months. Kramer, engaged in November, boasted of having brought over Egestorff, who had signed his agreement so long before, evidently wanting to play the patron. Kramer was a good musician, and very plausible in his manners. He had availed himself of the habitual indolence of Malsch, the master of the band, to interfere with it, and to improve it considerably. The good Kramer did make him many enemies, who intrigued to remove him, and he told Egestorff that he thought they must soon be separated, though they had been so long together, for he fully expected to be dismissed. He was envied, and all kinds of calumnies, after the manner of palace intrigues, had been broached to injure him. Egestorff told him "that some people might fall into the pits they dug for others." Kramer was of opinion that those who dug the pit for him were too numerous and powerful, and he feared would gain their end. Egestorff was right. The prince had discovered the merit of Kramer, and he was soon made assistant-master, and before long became the principal of the band in all but the name. At

that moment Kramer had, or reported he had, an offer to go to Russia, and requested dismissal in consequence, expressing, at the same time, his great regret at leaving the prince's service, but he could not neglect so good an opportunity of promoting his fortune. The prince said, "Kramer must not go." What was to be done. "Well, let him be appointed one of my pages." Thus Kramer had indeed mended his fortune. Soon after this he married a young widow with some property. A glass and china man, having one shop at Brighton and another in London—who served Carlton House and the Pavilion with such frangible ware—growing old, sold his business and goodwill; and Kramer, contriving to purchase the whole stock, became a musical chinaman.

It was soon after the foregoing incident that the prince was called upon to assume the reins of government as Prince Regent. Kramer was now the prince's musical page. He thus had an opportunity of introducing his shop cards wherever he pleased about the court. He supplied the queen and the royal family with his glass and china. The queen

had driven to his shop at Brighton and made purchases, and in a little time Kramer had amassed considerable property. No one rejoiced at his good fortune more than Egestorff. Unfortunately, as he became wealthy, so he became purse-proud and arrogant, and too frequently considered himself at liberty to trifle with the feelings of others, after the usual insolence of upstart wealth. In the present case it was needful to show that his conduct was felt in the way any man of spirit must feel it. Charges were made against Egestorff of not being sufficiently respectful to his superiors, and of showing capriciousness in the discharge of his duty. Thus, on one occasion, when a grand symphony of Mozart had been arranged for the band, the Prince Regent being expected at the Pavilion in a day or two, it was two or three times rehearsed. There were two first and two second-class horn players. Egestorff had played the first horn together with one of the musicians named Rehn. When the symphony had been once played over, Egestorff having played it alone, and wishing to hear the distant effect of a symphony so eminently beautiful,

thought it but fair that Rehn should for once in turn play his part alone, and withdrew to a little distance, where he remained listening until the piece was concluded, delighted with what he heard. It was in one of Mozart's finest symphonies. During this interval he little thought he should be charged with having laid down his instrument in a passion, and then withdrawn from the discharge of his duty; but so it turned out. In such a state of things as this, and surrounded by so much ill-nature, when blameless, what was to be expected when he really did act with impropriety? Of this he had as yet no ease for self-accusation, although so many years had elapsed in the service to which he was attached. He now admitted having in one instance, when the temptation was great, behaved with impropriety, though his example would have been followed by eight persons out of ten in his situation, and of a similar temperament. In such a narrative as the present, designed to relate the career of any who achieved extraordinary tasks, things of small importance in themselves are of interest.

A fair one whom Egestorff loved, and whom it was his intention to marry, was about to leave Brighton on a return to her parents, who lived some distance beyond London. The evening before her departure they spent in company, and the next morning the lover accompanied his mistress the first stage, about fourteen miles from Brighton. Loath to part, and calculating he could be back by the time it was necessary to appear at the Pavilion, the Prince Regent not being down there at that time, he went without asking leave of absence. At the end of the first stage the temptation was too strong to part. He thought he might as well accompany his mistress to London, and come back by the night coach. The evening hours in town flew too fast in the delightful visions of lovers. The coach left him behind, and he was obliged to remain until the next morning. His mistress had to set off early in the same morning, and, when ready, a porter had carried her luggage to the wrong place, so that it was late in the day before she left town, or the lover returned to Brighton,—where Kramer had arrived in the interim, and found Egestorff had

been absent the best part of two days without leave. He made an apology to Kramer, who treated it with a huff. Nothing further took place, nor was the offender aware how the matter was reported to the prince; but there is little doubt it was reported in that good-natured mode for which court minions in palaces have been famed throughout all time.

Another circumstance occurred some months after the foregoing event, which widened the breach between Kramer and his compatriot, and, in fact, decided their official relationship. Egestorff was sitting among some company in an inn at Brighton, when one of the drummers attached to the band, and no further a musician than his drumsticks made him, came in very tipsy. He went up close to Egestorff with an insolent air, and seated himself at his side. He then began to be unruly, noisy, and offensive in his conversation. He was answered in monosyllables, and went away; but soon returned, and became more unruly and annoying than before, grossly insulting Egestorff, so that, in his own defence, he was obliged to knock him down. The

fellow remained quiet during the rest of the evening, but for several days afterwards exhibited a black eye. The next day Kramer came to the Pavilion, and in all the arrogance of his new authority, and in presence of a lady and her daughter, to whom Egestorff was giving some instructions in German, said, "I hear you have been making yourself a very astonishing blackguard, and I shall make a report accordingly." Egestorff turned away from him abruptly, making not the slightest reply. He might have spoken on the subject when they were alone, but surely not in the presence of ladies whom Egestorff was instructing, and in whose family he had been teaching German for a considerable time. In the next place, if he intended to make any report of the circumstance, it was no less incumbent upon him to hear what the offender had to say, and to examine into the particulars. This the self-sufficient leader of the band did not deign to do. He could not, from the uniform tenor of Egestorff's conduct, use the terms he did, insinuating that he was in the habit of misconducting himself during so many years that he had been in the

prince's service. Not only was this galling, but the more so as at this time Kramer, grown proud, affected to patronise his countryman. The father of Kramer was a musician in the Hanoverian Foot Guards, in the same regiment in which Egestorff's grandfather had been an officer. Kramer himself had been an apprentice to one of what are called "town-musicians" in Hanover; in other words, men who have the exclusive privilege of furnishing music to the journeymen bakers, joiners, smiths, and other handcraftsmen when they have their dances, or to wait upon their masters on similar occasions. Thus there was no just claim on the part of Kramer to that idle notion of superiority by birth, which is made so much of in German and in all despotic states. The charge of blackguardism was a calumny. On leaving the Prince Regent's service afterwards, in proof of this, Egestorff received a certificate which confirmed his good conduct.*

* "CARLTON HOUSE, Dec. 8, 1811.

"I certify that G. Egestorff served above ten years in the Prince Regent's Band, during which time he conducted himself with sobriety and attention to his duty.

"B. BLOOMFIELD."

Kramer, it has been stated, was a good musician, and contributed materially to the improvement of the band. He affected at times to be a composer, and even a virtuoso, but here he had no claim whatever either to originality or profundity. In his performances on the clarionet and flute he was somewhat heavy. He pretended also to literary discernment and taste, to which he had not an iota of claim. There is little doubt that a full purse renders an unfurnished mind equal to anything in its own idea. Thus, until he acquired wealth, Kramer, with his musical knowledge was also a reasonable, and by no means the presuming and conceited personage he became after his shop enriched him. This shows how painful the discharge of any duty became under such circumstances, which, long ceasing to affect him, had marred Egestorff's prospects in no inconsiderable degree.

It has been stated that Egestorff devoted all his spare time to acquiring a knowledge of the English language, and with such ardour that he attempted to fly before he had learned to walk. In the course of his reading he met with a prose translation of

Klopstock's "Messiah" into the English language. It was a most imperfect work. He at once began a translation prematurely, and even most inconsiderately to print it. This involved him in pecuniary expenses, and rendered him anxious. With a natural hastiness of temper, he was somewhat agitated at times as to how the pecuniary obligations were to be met. Nor was this all ; he had to support the banterings, sneerings, and scoffings of some of the other musicians, a race never remarkable for intellectual power or acquired knowledge out of their own line. Thus his situation in a laudable pursuit, however inexperienced in the mode of proceeding, weighed heavily upon his mind.

In this state of things the Prince Regent came to Brighton. It was in October 1811. When the prince was not there the duty was easy enough, but then it became arduous, and the more so from the relaxation during the absences of royalty, which lessened the habit of exertion. From a concurrence of circumstances at this time the duty was excessively hard. Still it might have been sup-

ported by the subject of this memoir had not his mind been kept in a continual state of excitement and irritation. His companion horn did not take an equal share in the discharge of the duty, either from indifference or habitual laziness. Thus the duty of two was often thrown upon him. In this state he acquitted himself for some time so fully to the satisfaction of his royal master, that one evening having played the overture and minuet of Handel's "Samson," of which the first horn part is difficult, and requires a Samson of a horn-player to perform it well, the prince came into the anteroom, and directly honoured Egestorff with a "bravo" for his performance, thus showing his knowledge of the difficulty of the part and his satisfaction with the performer. The weight of such a position soon became almost physically unbearable, besides that it generated insupportable anxiety and uneasiness at being thus left alone. It at length aroused his anger, until he scarcely knew what he was about while performing. He put down his instrument one evening, went to his lodgings, took to his bed, and lay there two

nights and a day, almost in a state of stupefaction. On coming to himself, and feeling matters could not continue as they were, and not deeming it right to trouble the prince with his ease, who was just then much perplexed with public affairs, he wrote a note to Kramer, expressing his regret that he found himself under the painful necessity of soliciting his discharge.

Had the foregoing request been stated to the prince in the way justice required, it would have caused an inquiry into existing facts, but this of all things was to be avoided. Not a word was said to the prince upon the subject. Several evenings passed away. The prince ordered the performance of a piece of music, in which Egestorff's presence was absolutely needful. The reply was it could not be performed because Egestorff was not there. "Where is he?" demanded the prince. "We do not know—all we do know is that some evenings ago he put down his instrument in a disdainful manner, walked away, and we have not seen him since." This could not fail to render the prince angry, though he always showed himself the best of masters.

He, in consequence, solicited and got his dis-

charge. He then resolved to relinquish the musical profession, and foolishly, without any consideration of its perils, to devote himself to his writings. He proceeded to London full of extravagant hopes, doomed, as might be expected, to disappointment. He took with him a trunk half full of manuscripts, his head equally full of projects, and his purse ill supplied with money, so that, in fact, as he phrased it, he "was literally worse than nothing."

Of the designs which were to redound so much to his advantage, the fallacy may be judged when it is stated that it was the translation of Klopstock's "Messiah," a poem of twenty-six thousand lines, of which a portion had been already translated into wretched prose under the auspices of those verse-haters, the booksellers. Miss Baillie attempted in vain to excite an interest in Klopstock. A long and truly serious poem, however noble, especially stamped with a religious character, has no attraction among a people who, in the forms of religion, are, according to their own account, the most religious in the world.

“Who reads Milton now?” say those whose self-sufficient ignorance mingles so largely with our existing literature. What chance, then, could the holy strains of Klopstock have in a day when Milton is scarcely tolerated, and even Shakespeare finds his admirers principally in foreign lands, his glorious march being stayed by the lowest farce or comedy, and by the preference for buffoons, fiddlers, and capones!

Inexperienced and sanguine, Egestorff, having translated a goodly portion of the work, and certain, as he dreamed, of encouragement, began with high hopes to realise his project. How ill the poor man understood the court of Carlton House may be judged by what follows, which was only the customary usage in such cases. He foolishly thought that his services might entitle him even to royal notice, and, full of his translation, he waited upon Colonel Bloomfield, and solicited him to represent his design to the Prince Regent, as an undertaking for which he ventured to solicit patronage, if it were properly understood and explained to his late royal master, who had so

often noticed him while in his service. Colonel Bloomfield replied that he "could not make any statement of the kind to his Royal Highness. You have got a profession, and I can by no means consider you a proper object of charity." The idea of "authorship," of course, at court, suggested his asking charity; for what then and now were authors but paupers to court nobles! Poor Egestorff was thunder-stricken, and inwardly exclaimed, "Charity! O my God!" He told the colonel that he totally misunderstood the nature of his application, that he merely solicited patronage to an undertaking which he imagined was possessed of general interest, and that he hoped he might be pardoned for presuming that his project was not perhaps an improper object of the Prince Regent's patronage. He then took his departure with no considerable degree of abruptness. He afterwards made several fruitless applications in other quarters without effect, and the result was, that, in despair of success, he put all the writing he had completed into the fire, which he kept up at a roaring point for nearly two hours. The

labours of some years, whether worthless or meritorious, he saw consumed with a species of apathy, until they were reduced to ashes. Then with feelings better imagined than described, he deplored the time he had lavished in a pursuit unquestionably of a character to exalt him above his late fellows as a man, if he succeeded, though his comrades sneered at his efforts; while as to Carlton House patronage, no one could expect it to rise above the character of Captain Morris's exemplary and chaste songs that took the colour of the time and the princely patronage.

It is difficult for those who know nothing of that mysterious impulse which prompts such individuals as Egestorff, to be aware of the pains and throes, under similar circumstances, of the victims of such errors, of hopes blighted, and designs which, however impolitic in the world's opinion, are not on that account less innocent or less cherished by those who indulge them. Such aspirations are in themselves virtuous and elevating, if hours of labour, cheered by the mistaken expectation of public applause, and finally de-

pressed by the miscarriage of such objects, neither degrading nor dishonest to pursue, should disappoint hope. There are but a very few in the social body, fortunately, who are doomed to encounter such disappointments, with the reflection besides, that they must expect no sympathy, that they must bear the evil alone, and, if possessed of that high sensitiveness which is too often the concomitant of genius, that they must succumb under the weight of an evil which nothing can remedy. This, in a nation where mental pursuits are very little comprehended, and the lofty discoveries of science are duly estimated and valued by a comparative few. Nor can it be otherwise when the quest of gain is esteemed the most estimable venture in practical life.

Egestorff, having relinquished his papers in despair, had the misfortune to burn with them unwittingly a number of letters from the female to whom he was attached, and who has been already alluded to. This mistake was the cause of "a painful incident which he had to encounter, an incident so singular that he could not have be-

lieved it had it been announced to him by an oracle." But to return to the narrative. He had made the acquaintance of the master of the good Duke of Kent's band, and through him he obtained an introduction to the master of the band of the Horse Guards Blues. A first horn-player was wanted there; he applied to fill up the vacancy, and was at once appointed. As in the sequel, his agreement for the performance of that duty is of some moment, it is given below.* It shows how little regard is paid by military despotism even to written obligations.

Thus terminated the visionary prospects of poor Egestorff. The delight he had anticipated in the commendations of the public were at an end. He was now expected to find pleasure in gold-laced hats, velvet caps, coats of crimson velvet, gold-plastered, as tasteless and uncomely as could be

* "WINDSOR BARRACKS, Decem. 21, 1811.

"The within named person, George Henry Egestorff, is engaged as a musician in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, and to act in that capacity only, for the space of five years, for which he is to receive six shillings per diem.

"By order of Major Althorp.

"TAYLOR, Adjutant."

conceived for Bartholomew Fair. Yet he thought the post a place of “refuge from the storm,” where, if it might not be perpetual sunshine, he would at least be out of the reach of intrigue and envy, and not as before. He might now enjoy a contented mind. Such were his ideas about his new post. But these views were deceptive, and the prospects thus indulged soon melted into air. “I was now forlorn, and went about in a state of gloomy despondency.” He quoted the British bard, whose knowledge of nature was so profound, and who admitted that life is in jeopardy from incidents, and may make a man “do a desperate turn, yea, curse his better angel from his side, and fall to reprobation !”

Egestorff thanked Heaven that he had stopped short of any violent step regarding himself at this moment of distress. Soon afterwards, in 1812, the Blues received orders to proceed to the north of England, in consequence of threatened commotions in the manufacturing districts. The poor fellow found this change beneficial to his health. The regiment next received orders to march and embark

for Spain, the band returning to Windsor. Here he began again to translate Klopstoeck's "Messiah," and had completed to the eighth canto. There are twenty in all, some of which are fifteen hundred lines in length. Here the difficulty of the task overwhelmed him, and for above a year he ceased to work at it. In the interim he translated "Kleist's Vernal Season," and published it at an expense of ten pounds. He handed the copies over to a bookseller, novice as he was in such dealings, and found, sell or not sell, that the trader had got all the copies bound, securing of the binder some per centage for himself of course, and the poor translator had as much again to pay as he had paid for printing and paper.

The Duke of Northumberland now resigned the command of the Blues, and the regiment, on which he had bestowed great cost, was given to the Duke of Wellington, then only entitled lord. On the conclusion of the war, the duke went to Windsor and inspected the regiment. He observed the band, which the Duke of Northumberland had rendered very effective, to please the royal family—the king

being a captain in the regiment. The Duke of Wellington ordered the band to be reduced to the level of a common regimental one, utterly regardless of the written engagements of the performers as mere musicians, who should have had notice of discharge on the change. No notice was taken of that circumstance. Orders absolute were given that no musician should be paid more than three shillings per day, those not satisfied might go about their business. The musicians then demanded their discharge, on the strength of their agreements. The officers consulted together, and not liking to lose their fine band, agreed to offer all who would stay four shillings per day. Egestorff and two others objected to this breach of agreement, and two of the three quitted at once. Colonel Althorp sent for Egestorff, and in thek indest manner urged him to stay, saying that four shillings per day was better than nothing. He also pledged himself that if anything turned up to yield him a better prospect, his discharge should be ready for him. Egestorff assented, and continued his translation of Klopstock.

In 1815 the regiment was ordered to Belgium, and was in the battle of Waterloo, having left the non-combatants at home. Sir Robert Hill, wounded on the field, returned home. Horses for the augmentation of the regiment were brought in, Sir Robert Hill ordering the band to be mounted on the horses, unbroken as they were, and the musicians were set to groom them, despite all agreements! Egestorff found Colonel Althorp was in France, and a musician's agreement was nothing to this Sir Robert Hill. "They are my orders," was the reply to any objection, no matter what, and Egestorff was now made a decent rider and groom as well. This grooming knocked up most of the band, except Egestorff and one other man; but he was often near fainting from the fumes of the stable and dunghill in August, to which he had never been accustomed.

He attended to this duty, obeying orders, and kept his horse in trim condition. Meanwhile the officers of the corps suffered for Waterloo, though the suffering there had not always been in proportion to the danger, as a private, who was known to have

brought down five or six of his enemies, while the powerful horse he rode could not rise the next day from fatigue, never had a scratch. The two colonels were severely wounded, one major killed, and the other a prisoner.

Egestorff continued to allude to the breach of agreement with the corps, having the document still in his possession. He was detained until December 1816, with his agreement violated, and then cast upon the world. If this be correct, there can be little doubt but a court of law would have relieved him, had not the cost of the remedy been worse than the disease. It was a tolerable exhibition of the nature of that "aristocratic" shade under the cold and arbitrary power of which, to borrow of Sir William Napier, the British soldier fights.

The musician now proceeded to London, but could make nothing of his translation. He then thought of teaching music, but he wanted a harp, and it was objected to his teaching German that he spoke English too well. He could not, in short, succeed for want of means; and from a country, become almost native, he embarked at Gravesend,

for Hamburgh, in 1817, after nearly sixteen years' absence, the prime of his existence. He reached Hamburgh with half a dozen ducats in his pocket. There for three years he became a tutor in an academy. He returned again to Hamburgh in 1820, and in 1822 printed his translation of Klopstock in that city, where he continued to earn a scanty living by teaching the English language. The reverse of the former objection was made to him there—namely, that he spoke German too well to teach English. Such was the singular history of a man, who laboured at a work that never could be appreciated but by a scholar in England, and could never be popular as a poem, however well executed. That history is painful. Some passages are finely rendered, but the translator had not the vernacular hold of the poetical association and use of the English, which only very long habit and feeling can impart to a stranger. But that was not all, a serious, semi-religious poem, even a second Milton, would not be read in the present decadence of the public taste.

The translation, with all its disadvantages, is the best for the scholar which is ever likely to be

published. Miss Baillie, as long ago as 1826, was the means of getting published the first seven cantos of the "Messiah," in blank verse, the only attempt besides worthy of the name that occurs to my memory. No more than seven cantos ever appeared, and this portion is not at all superior to that of Egestorff; but it must be borne in mind that the latter translation is not uniformly turned, nor with equal excellence. This might arise from the assimilation of some portions of the original more readily with the English than others, or from the less command over the measure in the German than that rendered by the English translator. Copious selections from a poem of such a length would ill suffice to convey an idea of the whole work and of the machinery, together with the ideal personages, so varied and yet so well characterised, which it includes. The analysis would be uninteresting except to those who understand the German critically, since the poem is very unlikely ever to appear in an English dress again, except in a reprint of the common prose translation—wretched, besides being deficient an entire book.

The work, too, would not suit readers in general, in a time when the public taste is directed to themes, the more welcomed as they are foreign to lofty imagining, purity of taste, and simplicity of faith.

For the sake of contrast I will give the opening lines of the poem from M. Egestorff, and the translation recommended by Miss Baillie, followed by two or three other extracts,—the translation under Miss Baillie's patronage proceeding, unfortunately, no further than the seventh book, failed, we presume, for want of encouragement. It will be seen that Egestorff's is the less diffuse and more energetic of the two translations, at the opening of the poem. The other is smoother, but not better nor more agreeable to the harmony of the English tongue:—

“ My soul, degenerate man's redemption sing,
That the MESSIAH in His human state
On earth accomplish'd, by which suffering, slain
And glorified, unto the love of God
The progeny of Adam He restored;
Such the divine, the everlasting WILL!
The infernal Fiend opposed Him; Judah stood
In opposition proud; but vain their rage—
He did the deed—He wrought out man's salvation ! ”

The other translation, more diffuse, begins thus:—

“Oh ! sing, immortal soul ! the glorious theme
Of sinful man’s redemption ! That great work
On earth accomplish’d by the incarnate God,
Whose sufferings, death, and resurrection, raised
The fallen sons of Adam to the love
Of His Almighty Father. Such the will
Of the Most High. In vain did Satan strive
Against the Son of God. Judah in vain
Tumultuous rose against Him ; He pursued
His gracious purpose, and fulfill’d the work
Of reconciliation.”

In sublimity of imagery Klopstock excels, as before observed, and in some passages has reached to a height rarely surpassed ; as, for example, Homer tells us that the steeds in the chariots of one of his deities, we forget which, bounded at every spring as far as a shepherd could descry from a mountain’s summit. Milton’s personages “sail between world and world,” or fall, when flung over the battlements of heaven, “nine times the space that measures day and night,” through the immense void beneath, before they reach their resting-place. The German poet makes the passage of the angels to the earth from the abode of deity a thousand “solar” miles, the space of each mile being from “sun to sun the measure,” or from the centre of

one planetary system to that of another. There is something wonderfully grand, too, in the description of Christ in agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, which is rendered thus—

“ All the seraphim, who trembling
With half averted countenance till now
Had view'd the sufferings of the Son of God,
His agony not longer could behold—
All felt their being finite, turn'd and fled !
None now save GABRIEL remain'd, himself
Involving; ELOAH likewise stay'd,
And sunk his head into a deeper gloom.
Earth stay'd—the Judge gave judgment—*earth thrice
mored to flee,*
And thrice Jehovah stay'd the trembling world!”

The absorption of a planetary sphere in the burning lustre of a solar orb is finely described. Abbadona, one of the most melancholy and pitiable of fallen spirits, who had scarcely sinned before sincere repentance and remorse coming upon him, separate him from his rebel compeers, and make him a lonely wanderer among the heavens, alights upon a bright orb of day, from whence he beholds—

“ Innumerable stars
As blazing oceans on each other thronging,
And soon descried among them, still remote,
A wandering sphere, which, from its orbit hurl'd,

Approach'd the blazing sun on which he stood.
The approaching sphere, with madden'd motion moving
And ready for destruction, kindled, smoked."

Abbadona flung himself upon this kindled orb in hopes to perish, but vainly, and it disappeared, with all upon it, like a mountain engulfed by an earthquake, that had been white with the bones of men who fell in battle. How fine is this allusion to the sons of genius :—

"He much resembles those immortals, who
Their labours to posterity devote,
And who become, from age to age, still more
Immortal. Oft their fame beyond the globe
Divulges, passing on from star to star,
And if their works the righteous ways unfold
Of God, and of His providence profound,
Ye know with what delight our heavenly choirs
Their hallow'd names resound before the throne."

Sometimes the poet illustrates his theme by happy allusions which are connected with the mercy and justice which he would establish as the attributes of his divine hero. Thus when the Messiah is alone and in presence of the evil angels, He is described as being—

"In thought absorbed among the lonely tombs,"

when—

“A leaf brought to His feet a dying worm—
He gave it life. But with the look that spared
The expiring insect, He smote, Satan, thee,
And with amaze o'erwhelm'd !”

What a description is the following—how characteristic of the King of Terrors; not indeed the miserable skeleton of common metaphorical description, but the magnificent, gloomy Azrael of eastern personification :—

“So spake Death's angel, and his awful brow
With wrath contracted like a lowering cloud,
His lofty eye, denouncing vengeance, flashed :
Down o'er his ample shoulders sable locks
Like sinking Night descended, and his foot
Stood a dark-resting rock.”

The descent of the two angels of death to the cross, on their mission to terminate the Saviour's sufferings, is one of the most awful and sublime descriptions that ever came from the poetic fancy. They descended to the hill of suffering,—

“Their look flame, their countenance destruction.”

They at first, “face to face behold the dying Saviour,”

“Then they turn'd
One toward the right, the other toward the left,

And with prophetic silence seven times
 On wing sublime pass'd round the lofty cross,
 Boding mortality. Two wings involved their feet,
 Two fearful wings their faces ; with two more
 The immortals flew, and these expanding wide
 Resounded back the iron clang of death !

Jehovah's terrors hover'd on their pinions,—
 Jehovah's terrors fill'd the air around—
 While the terrific ministers of heaven
 That towering cross encompass'd. Six times they
 Had wing'd their course, and now, once more they flew !
 The expiring Jesus, faint and dying raised
 His drooping head—death's angels he beheld
 And look'd to heaven—then with a voice not heard
 By man or angel, from his inmost soul
 He sinking cried, 'Desist, nor agonise me,
 Marred as I am with wounds ! ' "

Elim telling how he bore the gentle essence of life to animate Lebbaeus, about to be borne into terrestrial being,—one eminently virtuous who followed the Saviour, says :—

" I gently bore on balmy clouds of morn
 The immortal essence to its earthy dwelling :
 In shades of palm the mother brought him forth,
 Then I descended from the rustling boughs
 Unseen, and fann'd him with a gentle breeze :
 And even then I saw that he wept more
 Than babes are wont, when with sensations sad,
 They *feel that they are born again to die !*"

This is beautiful imagining, and recalls that passage

in Müllner's "Guilt," where he raises the dreamy image of an antecedent state, in an allusion to an apartment and its decorations, situated in a land of which he could have known nothing but through the undefined image his mind must have imbibed in a preceding unconscious state. The rising of the Sadducees against the high priest, is depicted in the true spirit of the noblest Homeric poetry:—

"They all against
The Pharisees with furious vehemence
Tumultuous rose. So on the battle-field
Before the iron car, war's bounding steeds
Prance madly, when the whizzing spear lays prone
The vaunting chief who lash'd them to the fight—
They neigh; they menace with their flaming eyes;
They paw, and stamp the ground until it trembles;
They toss their manes; they snort against the storm!"

I have only space to select another passage; indeed, I have selected the lines merely to afford an idea of the quality or nature of the translation. Any disquisition upon the merits or defects of an original work, that has taken its place among the higher efforts of genius, would be superfluous in noticing a translation. The description of the death

of Judas is strikingly rendered. Judas rushes to the temple,—

“ Before the holiest of holies now
The sacred veil beholding ; he, appall'd.
His face averted, stood and shook with terror.
Then furious and pale with dire remorse
He rush'd towards the priests, exclaiming—“ Here.
Take back your silver ! ” At their feet he dash'd it—
‘ The righteous Jesus whom I have betray'd
His is the sacred blood of innocence,
And now it gushes on my guilty head !
He spoke, and roll'd his eyes aghast—then fled
The Temple and man's sight —the city gate
Rush'd through—fled—stood—fled—stood again !
Look'd with distracted countenance around—
Stared—watch'd if human eye observed him still.
And when he saw no human eye was near.
Nor heard the distant city's ceaseless din.
All silent nigh, he there resolved to die,—
‘ I cannot in the future after death
Feel keener anguish than this nameless torture !
Torture, too, insupportable—rage on, rage on !
Rage while thou mayest ; for when mine eyes are closed
When every sound is dead upon mine ears
I shall not see His blood, nor hear His groans
And dying agony !—True, He on Horeb.
Supreme, has said—Thou shalt commit no murder !
He is not mine, my God ! I have no God.
No refuge now ! Thou nameless misery ! Thou
Thou art my God ! Thou dost too loudly dictate
Death, torture ending—I thy word obey ! ” ”

The angel of death, Abaddon, with Ithuriel—the

latter once the guardian angel of the traitor—approach him. The former with his flaming sword pointed upwards, repeats the awful words which the minister of death pronounces over suicides.

“ By the dread name of Him who is eternal,
This man of earth I, Death, to thee consign—
His blood be on himself ! Wretch, here dost thou
Extinguish thine own light. Thou hadst the choice
Of life or death, and thou hast chosen death !
Quench’d be his vital spark ! Ye agonies
Of dissolution, seize him ; and thou, grave,
Receive him ! Prey on him, black corruption—
His blood be on himself ! ”

Judas imagined the sentence to be the voice of the Saviour whom he had betrayed, and so suddenly that—

“ Even Abaddon
Stepp’d back astonish’d when the traitor died.”

His disembodied spirit is then conducted to the abyss of those souls which have departed from existence in the same mode.

The translation of a poem so long, and demanding such strong devotional feelings to relish, would never bear a currency in England. The very genius of the work is against it. The translation, so laborious

in execution, is a lamentable instance of misplaced labour and of honest enthusiasm. We never remember a more remarkable example of perseverance, nor of an enormous task better completed under such adverse circumstances. The history of the performance, with its connecting biography, is indeed extraordinary.

I quoted cursorily, rather to recall the attention to a poem that in this country—in a time when no meaning in poetry is the order of the day, and that no meaning which pleases more than sense—is little remembered beyond the name. The *Messiah* is a great work, not to be characterised as it has been by some, a middling effort, lukewarm, full of polemical dissertation, in which “God the Father turns the school divine.” On the contrary, the “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” are there in all their energetic warmth, their glowing effulgency, pregnant with the outpourings of the true poet; rich in invention; abounding in the graces as well as the sublimities of the noblest verse; grand images, fervid illustrations, touching apostrophes, deep pathos, sustained loftiness of

thought, seraphic purity, heavenly communing, the terrible and majestic equally with the calm, subdued beauty, which all attach to the many-coloured and ever-varying changes that characterise the labours of the higher poets,—the pervading tone unvaryingly hallowed by that spirit which prefers “before all temples the upright heart and pure.” This must be some commendation in a Christian sense, of those pictures the offspring of a rapt imagination, which embody to the eye the mysteries and sky-wrought visions of a heavenly-imbued intelligence, rendering them palpable and enduring. The laborious translator, the unfortunate, enthusiastic man of talent, of humble life, but mistaken zeal, is, I believe, no more.

END OF VOL. II.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

EMINENT MEN.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

AUTHOR OF "PAST CELEBRITIES," "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS
LITERARY AND PERSONAL," ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------|------|
| LADY MORGAN, | 1 |
| DUNN HUNTER, | 42 |
| ADMIRAL VINCENT, | 55 |
| LORD HATHERTON, | 79 |
| REV. JOHN MURRAY, | 108 |
| SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, | 152 |
| REV. BLANCO WHITE, | 173 |
| GENERAL PEPE, | 193 |
| COUNT SCIPION DU ROURE, | 217 |
| THOMAS PRINGLE, | 235 |
| GENERAL TENCH, | 259 |
| CAPTAIN OLDREY, R.N., | 279 |



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF
EMINENT MEN.

LADY MORGAN.

IT was many years ago, so many that I fear to attempt naming the period exactly, that I became ardent in my youthful desire to peruse some of the novels which made a noise at the time among the ladies of a family with which I was acquainted. Novels were then banned by the tutors of youth, perhaps not unwisely, when they draw off the mind from better literature, or tend to corrupt the heart, and reject works of utility for those of

imagination. They could be of no use to such as had to obtain their living either by a trade or profession, so it was argued. They always died beggars when they gave themselves up to such fancies. They would absorb, too, the attention which should be devoted exclusively to business. We had to deal with realities in our progress through life. The Scriptures said man was born to labour, and a man could never die rich by building castles in the air. Everything in the way of reading should be repelled that had a tendency to draw off attention from the main end of existence, or in plain language, from attempting to make a fortune by that unwearied diligence that would require the whole man. These were some of the arguments intended to deter me from reading such books or giving rein to the imagination. What if I do not die rich, thought I, it can be no matter as long as I can live comfortably by a reasonable degree of toil. I was not clear of a master's pupilage. I had a great desire to read works of fiction, for of other descriptions of reading I considered I had had quite enough before me.

The prohibition whetted the edge of appetite, and the natural consequence was that I set myself to elude the observations of those around me, and to read in secret what I was not permitted to read openly. It may be worth while to reflect whether, in such a case, it was not better to have directed a youthful inquirer to works of harmless fiction rather than to prohibit them, especially as parental kindness had provided me with a new edition of “Robinson Crusoe” in two volumes, denominated the “new” from having been somewhat lengthened or changed in form. My imagination therefore could, and did, expatiate over Crusoe’s solitary island until I half envied him. The end of suppressing the action of the youthful imagination was therefore defeated, if curiosity were not really strengthened by the denial. More than that, I had recourse to clandestine readings in the evening hour, and as I rose early, I filched an hour or two that way to devote to reading such books. I shows how ill judging are some teachers and parents, for I myself possessed besides “Crusoe,” “Philip Quarl,” “Peter Wilkins,” “Pilgrim’s Pro-

gress," and "The Siege of Mansoul," with another work or two, all which I read as stories. How should I comprehend Bunyan's allegories?

Thus I stole hours from slumber, and occasionally from play, to peruse works of fiction. I had not read Smollett nor Fielding, it is true, and it was well, from their coarseness and even profanity, I had not. This is the misfortune of copying vulgar life to the letter in writing tales, and on this account low life verbiage should be as little used as possible. The details of the two first-mentioned novelists are certainly not fit for youth, however true to nature. The same may be said of too many fictitious works recently in vogue; those copied from the French are still worse, as their tendencies, bad in phrase, must also tend to corrupt morals. The Minerva Press in Leadenhall Street was the great mint from whence issued the favourite novels of the hour, at the time to which I allude. It was not yet the age of realities with me, nor had I begun to sink into worldly-mindedness. The more generous spirit of youth still ruled; and what could better agree with such a

spirit than reading of lovers in peril, bandits, hannted houses, castles held by savage lords, and gentle damsels always in love troubles, the more perilous the more welcome. A second order of fiction too existed, much more sentimental, having nothing fiercer about it than a love crossed by lack of fortune on one side or the other, the most coincident of the two with the social character of the hour, and therefore the more multiplied.

Then, as now, there was a fashion in novels as well as in dress, changing at indeterminate periods, equally as capricious, and like those regulating dress, going out of vogue without a definite cause, to be succeeded perhaps by no very superior order or description of works. There was always a decency of language preserved. “The lewd earls and rake-hell baronets” of an earlier time, had either disappeared, or wore a garb of greater decency in their intercourse. The superlative of the existing gentility was always kept up, and a delicacy and sensibility exhibited with which the most frozen prude could not cavil.

I first met with the novels of Ann Radcliffe

and those of Charlotte Smith. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" and the "Old Manor House" delighted me. From that time I read all that came in my way. I soon got the "Novice of St Dominic" of Lady Morgan, published in 1805. Her "St Clair" was not published until 1811, but that "St Clair," I presume, was a second edition in two volumes. It was, I believe, her first work, as the sequel will explain. This accounts for its not being noticed until the second edition appeared. It was, I believe, "St Clair" to which, as will be seen, she alluded when she told me about her first essay at writing in Ireland; but if she told me the title of the work, I have forgotten it.

Though the school of novel writers continued to send out its works by shoals, the difference in style and aim was continual. For a time, at a much later period, a great number of them were utterly obscured, and for ever, by the appearance of Scott upon the scene, and the artful mode in which he contrived to excite public attention, so truly Scotch. Lady Morgan, however, continued to write as before, but she did not confine herself

to novel writing. A memoir, too, has been published of her life by the son of a Dublin bookseller, which I have never seen. My purpose here is to do no more than allude to what I remember regarding her personally. I found her a very popular writer and amiable woman, who had an additional claim to notice on the part of her country-folk, in that her father, a proprietor of theatres, was a near relation to Goldsmith, who had introduced him to Johnson and Garrick. I never could ascertain Lady Morgan's age. I tried several times to obtain from herself by stratagem that important female secret, but I could never put her off her guard. She must have published "*St Clair*" in 1803 or 1804, and she must be supposed of age at that time. Had she not been of age, and published so early, her appearance before the public would indicate precocious talent. It is true that her writings were not the result of study, but rather of a vivid fancy. In fact all her works were of the latter character, or else they were descriptive of passing scenes at home and objects abroad, that chanced to come before her. She had not read to any extent,

and she stated as much, and that she painted only what she saw. I had been at a party in town, of which she made one. I left at half-past eleven P.M. On calling on her the next day, she told me she did not leave until three. I rallied her on being out so late night after night, and she replied that she came to town so seldom, and remained so short a time, that she must needs supply herself with materials from fashionable life in London to work upon at home. She was not an adept in the circle of her own walk in literature. Thus she invented most of what she wrote, and coloured from life. She read, too, works easily accessible when she intended to write upon any particular topic, but upon that alone, and often hurriedly and without digestion of the materials; but, then, her style and her writings, as I have observed before, made no pretence to any thing profound. They were lively sketches, more especially those touching upon Irish manners; but they had the merit of being faithfully drawn, and not without humour. The public is capricious, and is always satisfied with extravagant or lively pen-cillings, no matter for the exact truth, while it is

exceedingly uncertain, and does not estimate merit according to its intrinsic worth. This may be seen by the fluctuations in authorship before alluded to, and by the fact, that a work highly applauded to-day is the neglected and slighted of to-morrow, in comparison with another very possibly much its inferior.

Never was that caprice seen more than in perusing the class of works which have overridden the time of our older novelists. The day of the Minerva Press has been named, when it was in the full tide of its labours, as the era when the later school of novel-writing, or rather of its publishing, appeared. By "later," I mean those who succeeded Smollett, Fielding, and Goldsmith, no long time afterwards. It is true I have not space to enter upon the differences here, it suffices that I trace my old friend, Lady Morgan, up to a very early period among the lady novelists. The late Sir Thomas Talfourd treated early of the female novelists of his time, and to his remarks I might advert, but I am doubtful of his having had a personal acquaintance with her, for she was not of

the circle to which he was attached, and I do not recollect her name coming upon the carpet in any conversation with him regarding the novelists of the day, during our intercourse. Sir Thomas drew her character as a writer. Sir Charles Morgan had contributed a paper on the morality of newspapers, towards the close of the first year of the *New Monthly*, after I was connected with it. I imagine I was indebted to an old friend, Pat Murphy, who was afterwards a judge in an Irish court, for an introduction to Sir Charles, and by him to Lady Morgan. It was possibly Colburn himself might have introduced me. The bibliopolist then lived in Conduit Street, and gave dinners, at one of which I was introduced to Felix Bodin and Sir Charles. I had never met Bodin in Paris.

Lady Morgan did not make her appearance in the *New Monthly* for the first year. Of this I am tolerably certain ; still, I have a personal recollection of her in that year or early in the next. She published her “Novice of St Dominic” in 1805, or rather it was published for her. Her statement

to me one morning in St James's Place was, that she being then Miss Owenson, and staying with a family in Dublin, I am not certain whether she did not say as a governess, she was one day reading a novel, and when she had perused it, she thought, "Well, I think I could write as good a novel as that—I'll try." I cannot remember the title, for in the middle of the conversation the Duchess of Northumberland's card was brought up, and the conversation broken. When she resumed it, she said she got to work at once, and completed her task rapidly. She kept her labours a secret. When the manuscript was ready, in order to secure her incognito, she borrowed some of the dress of a waiting-maid in the house to disguise herself, and set out to find a bookseller who would publish it. She might have named the bibliopolist at the time, but that I cannot remember. The family in whose house she happened to be, left Dublin for a distant part of the country. What was her surprise, some time afterwards, to find her novel printed, and in a circulating library. When at length she returned to Dublin, she called upon

the broker in the brains of authors, but only succeeded in getting a dozen copies out of his hands for her pains. This novel, I believe, as before mentioned, was "St. Clair," printed in a second edition, in two volumes, in 1811. I remember she told me, that upon handing the MS. to the bookseller he balanced it on the palm of his hand, as if he would determine the merit of the work by the weight of the paper.

Her "Novice of St. Dominic," published in 1805, I read in that, or early in the following year—I know it was before the time I saw Pitt laid in his last resting-place. Her "Wild Irish Girl" delighted me. From that period she continued her career of publication with success. A fertile invention, and a lively imagination, with a habit of catching the salient points in what she heard or saw, and of depicting them in a vivacious manner, were the secrets of her success. Nor was she without some touch of the romantic in her disposition, but her movements in the world of fashion obliterated much of that feeling, as nothing can be more opposed to it. She confessed that she still had a tendency

to cherish the ideal, from which everyday things continually drew her away. Some of her writings are of the class that may be taken up and laid down again at intervals without losing the connexion of the incidents, which is but slight. The leaving off and the resumption of reading a work will be detrimental where there is an intimate chain of connexion between all the parts. "Now," as a lady once said to me, "one can take up some works and lay them down again while waiting for the carriage, and not forget one's place when we return to them again." Novels to be thus taken up for the fraction of an hour must have short chapters, and not be of the sensation order. Lady Morgan's answered tolerably well for either purpose. The old Leadenhall Street class of novels rarely admitted of this convenience. A ferocious bandit with uplifted sword, or a ghost in the midst of a mysterious revelation, could not be put aside. They must play out their parts. Indeed, some novels could not be laid down conveniently at all, and others were placed on the pillow to be read through in bed of a morning or in a noontide dishabille.

It was remarkable that in the day when the class of novels of which I have been speaking appeared, they were not alone in character. Various "orders," if I may so style them, appeared at the same time, and all were eagerly perused. Since then they have appeared in the way of the fashions —one species follows another, and disappears to make way for a new description. Hannah More's "solemn" stories, which, in such a situation as to company with others that were much the opposite way in freedom of details and light language, made one think of a Quakeress, in the costume of her sect, in the rooms at Bath, dancing a minuet with the fair pupils of Beau Nash, among the extremes of the fashionable costume of the hour. Peter Pindar called her "Parson" Hannah More. We had too, on the other side, the novels of Mary Robinson. Miss Edgeworth might be said to have held a middle station in the class of writing to which I am alluding. Then what a catalogue might thus be made of those different "orders," if they may be so styled, before Scott appeared upon the scene! —and he is now gone out of fashion because

he is above the present taste. Lady Morgan, however, began early, and continued her publications through a longer series of years, and with as much of welcome, as any of her female contemporaries. There was a great liveliness of temperament about her, characterising her country ; but when I last saw her in King William Street, five or six weeks before her decease, she appeared exceedingly feeble in body and oppressed in mind. She conversed as if she felt under a great depression of spirits, but when she got into conversation for a little time, she retained somewhat of her old cheerfulness of manner. Novels have been written and published “to order,” as a tailor would say of his goods. Nothing could be more convenient. Yet, in designating the changes in this kind of literature from the glory of the Leadenhall Street fictions to those of the “misses in and out of their teens” who now flourish in the market, the classification of the species and their peculiar uses have been omitted, when, in fact, both are more varied than ever they were before.

To resume. The novels of Lady Morgan met both these demands, and Miss Owenson before,

as well as Lady Morgan after her marriage, became a favourite with readers in general, and not the less because, in her earlier works particularly, she was original. This might have been seen in her "Wild Irish Girl," though the "Novice of St Dominie" introduced her as a writer more immediately into the circles of fashion. Some of her characters, essentially Irish, were sketched with a masterly hand, but in her inexperience she made her characters too imaginative. This, however, was amended by time, and few female writers of England became more popular in their day.

I have said that I first met her in society about the year 1821. She wrote for the *New Monthly Magazine* occasionally, seldom more than an article in a year. They were lively and piquant, but it was easy to see that the necessity for condensation and a continued variety of topic were obstacles in her path. She remained an occasional contributor until nearly all those who had written in the magazine from its commencement quitted it in 1830.

It was about that time, too, on visiting a friend

of very long standing in Picardy, that I ran on to Paris for a day or two, and found Sir Charles and Lady Morgan at a hotel in the Rue Rivoli, just condoling with some French friends for the loss of the venerable old Denon, whom, though he had expired the year before, they had not seen until then after that event. Denon had always shown a great friendship for Lady Morgan. I returned to Amiens, and left Lady Morgan and her spouse going off on a visit into the country to the Marquis Lafayette.

As her attachment to Ireland was strong, knowing the faults as well as the virtues of her countrymen, she took her stand upon the liberal side at home, and it was the same abroad. Her conduct in this respect made her a butt of the ultra-Tory *Quarterly Review*; Gifford, the ostensible editor, attacked her with that vulgarity of character and coarse virulence which was natural to him, both from birth and the society of those men of the class with whom he kept up a clandestine intercourse, and to whom he owed a good part of his pecuniary accumulations, a thing he artfully concealed during his life. Lady Morgan accused Croker of being her

secret foe ; but it was a mistake. Croker, forward and presuming as he was in most things, was innocent here. I had this fact from a source which could not be disputed. I had it from Murray's. The attack was vain ; it did not affect her popularity. In "Florence Macarthy" she attacked Croker as Crawley, and he never forgave her. The portrait was good, though the charge was erroneous. I convinced her she was wrong, but it was not until after the retort "not courteous" was given to the world. I could not state the fact until I was certain of its truth, which was not the case until confirmed by direct evidence.

Croker, however, determined to be avenged, if guilty of being innocent of the attack, on Lady Morgan. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had the right, never till then questioned, of knighting individuals as the sovereign's representative. Sir Arthur Clark had married Lady Morgan's sister. A second knight had been made in the person of a gallant captain in the navy. This captain did not, as was the case with the navy generally, hold Croker in any degree of respect, commensurate with his

hauteur to the cloth, of which officers complained. Croker had nothing to fear for himself. He was too clever a hand to lose where clever hands were so scanty as with his party in the Government. It happened that a relation of Secretary Croker arrived at Holyhead, on his way to Ireland. Seeing a vessel of the Royal Navy there, and finding it was going across to Dublin, without more ado he took a boat with his baggage alongside. The captain happened to be ashore. The stranger was challenged. He replied he was a relative of Mr Croker's, from the Admiralty, and wanted a passage across. At the demand the lieutenant admitted the stranger, startled at the name of the formidable official. By and by the captain came on board. He asked the interloper for his order, if he did come from the Secretary of the Admiralty. He had none to give. "I do not know that you are Mr Croker's relative, and if you were I would not give you passage without an order. You must go on shore. A boat, there," said the captain to the officer of the watch. The boat was quickly ready, and the interloper, handed out, was left to wait for

the first packet. It was about that time the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had knighted the captain, and Sir Arthur Clarke, who, as said before, had married the sister of Lady Morgan, who died before her. In manner, person, and conversation she was agreeable and accomplished. Was such an excellent opportunity to be thrown away? The law officers were soon set at work to examine into the right of the Lord-Lieutenant to confer the honour of knighthood upon anybody after the Union. If the lawyers were successful, Croker trusted to kill two birds with one stone. Such an inquiry with the law's delay has not, I believe, to this period been concluded. This bespoke the man of the *ære perennius*,* who spared no opponent in the time of his health and success. There was an

* It has transpired that while Croker had the credit of contributing some clever articles to the *Quarterly Review*, he often disguised what he obtained from French writers, almost literally, in a mode not very complimentary to his honesty. His mind showed itself in his remonstrance to Lord John Russell for observations which a high-minded man would never have noticed in so whining a manner, just before his death. Why should Lord John spare him, who never spared any political opponent, much less a distinguished Whig, so inveterate was he as an opponent?

innate meanness both about Gifford and Croker, that marked no other recognised contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, which work, on points not political, was thought a high authority, particularly in classical literature.

In respect to Lady Morgan's novels, generally speaking, I should prefer giving any opinion rather than my own, which might be deemed partial. I know of no one better able to characterise the novelist than Talfourd. Sir Thomas long ago designated Lady Morgan's novels—I give his own words—"as affording a view of Irish nature as seen by female eyes. Their style, manner, sentiment, and passion are characteristic of the land of her birth and her affection. There is in her works all the boldness of outline, with all the delicacy of touch—the quickness of perception of both truth and beauty, with the occasional adoption of their contraries—the proud carelessness of some portion of a work, and the exquisite finishing of others—which may be so frequently observed in the best productions of Irish genius. She differs from Miss Edgeworth, as she has more heart and less judgment; deeper

glimpses into the soul, and less consistent views of superficial character; more passion and less prudence; higher power to abstract us from the world, with less of practical wisdom to direct us in it. Her 'O'Donnell' and 'Florence Macarthy' are the best works which she has yet produced; and, as these are among her later, we may reasonably hope for more perfect specimens of her genius. There is a wild grandeur about the first of these, especially in its earlier scenes, which are laid among the magnificent varieties of the northern shore of Ireland, which makes an awful and an indelible impression on the reader. The latter is more rich on the observation of manners and of character; but disfigured by personal allusions, and by caricatures of those from whom the author conceives she has received insult and injury. We do not deny that she had ample cause of complaint in the gross and unmanly attack on her feelings and her fame by the *Quarterly Reviewers*. But she might have chosen some other mode of taking vengeance on her Gothic foes than that of turning a romance for their sakes into a kind of intellectual pillory.

The spell of a most enchanting fiction is broken for ever by the introduction of vindictive satires on real or imaginary offenders. Her 'France,' which called forth the criticisms to which she was thus unfortunately tempted to reply, is, with all its blemishes, a very lively picture of a very lively people."

The excuse for her very venial fault is to be found in the difficulty of answering a writer who, under the anonymous, strikes, as it were, in the dark, with the full command of weapons and a view of the individual he tries to assassinate, while the victim, powerless under such circumstances, is often tempted to take the first instrument that comes to hand for repelling the ruffianism. There was a cowardice in the *Quarterly*, and a certain style in this more noted attack of Lady Morgan, which had struck me it came not from Croker, but from Gifford, to whom it was more natural. An accident revealed the truth some time afterwards, and I communicated it to Sir Charles, one day when dining with him, over the after-dinner wine. The mode I got the information was unexpected and singular.

When Lady Morgan began her novel-writing, it was one of those lucky accidents which happen sometimes at an outset in life. Haunted houses and spirits, old castles and robbers through trap-doors, daggers and prison-bolts were going out of fashion ; and she selected, without any consideration of that kind, the romantic scenery and unknown incidents characteristic of Irish life. It was almost a new field. Her affections were eminently those of her country ; and in her “Wild Irish Girl”—if I mistake not, her third publication, in 1806 or the following year—she touched a chord which could not but arouse the affections of her countrymen, of which the appliances and story were new to the people of England. She had early in life been accustomed from her father’s profession to the wild and melancholy notes of her country’s music, and she was not of a nature to resist their effect. Several of the native airs she published in London with English words. They suggested to an old friend, Moore, the idea which he afterwards carried out. She had long been on intimate terms with him from a very early period

of his career. The last time I ever saw Moore—before he preceded Lady Morgan to the grave—so as to converse with him, was at an evening party, given by a mutual friend in the New Road, when, the weather being very warm, and the crowd great, we sat for a considerable time on the stairs, opposite the drawing-room. I never met him but once afterwards, when, in an open car, he passed beneath a window in Bath where I was seated.

Lady Morgan's love of her country was indisputable, and she became the mark of the slander and turbulent faction that has made Ireland what it is, and which the Whigs have not had the moral courage, nor the Tories the desire, to reduce to their proper position, and secure the peace of the country. The newspapers of the Orangemen slandered her, while yet a mere girl, for the truth regarding themselves which she noted. That was deemed a just ground for uttering any falsehood against her.

But her better works having been long before the world, had been received, at least the larger part of them, with the public approbation. The first incident I recollect regarding her publicly, was

about the time of the re-issue of her "Italy." I refer here to attacks made upon her writings. This work was of course damned by Gifford, for the sin of her opposition politics and the love of her country. Of patriotism, the jockey reviewer* had not a spark. The most unjustifiable abuse, which her entertaining book no way merited, was poured upon it. There was, it is true, her mention in terms of praise of some of the more enlightened nobles of Milan, who dared to improve where they could, and had the audacity, in the face of the Holy Alliance, to introduce Lancastrian schools and gas into Milan. For which, and similar atrocities, my old friend, Count Porro, was obliged to leave his country, while the unfortunate tutor of his son (a son unoffending, peacefully walking, was butchered in the street by an Austrian soldier) was sent to the dungeons of Spielberg, which the Emperor Francis himself "personally superintended." Poor Silvio Pellico has made

* It was remarkable how sneakingly close Gifford kept his turf transactions, which he no doubt entered upon after his schooling at Lord Grosvenor's, where he had plenty of "female" society.

known his gaoler's treatment of him to the world. Porro happened to be at a distant chateau of his own on the Lake of Como. His family were luckily in time to despatch a messenger to him, and he crossed the lake at once in a boat into neutral territory, and from thence escaped to England. Even the notorious Prince Metternich was so convinced of the shameful tyranny of the act, that he got him restored from exile, and to his large estates, on the death of the Austrian despot.

Here it was again that my poor friend Lady Morgan, with the warm blood of her countrymen, could not refrain from noticing it. Colburn gave me one day unexpectedly her letter to the reviewers of her very amusing work on "Italy." Whoever replies to an anonymous reviewer, the chance being that the reviewer is as likely to tell a falsehood as to speak truth, (I refer to political reviewers,) does a very silly thing. It is ten chances to one but that he thus reloads the assassin's pistol, that will be discharged once more against himself. Reviewers by trade are generally persons who are unable to figure as authors. At this hour we have some

such upon the town, who will review works in foreign tongues which they cannot read, and pay others for what they cannot do themselves, taking up the reviewing itself because they have a page of original matter in their heads, good or bad. It was the more imprudent in Lady Morgan, because the crime of which she had been guilty was not a literary offence. She wore no orange in her dress. She had a sincere love for her native land ; and could a crooked-minded critic pardon such an offence ? Again, in replying, there are many things a cowardly unprincipled anonymous writer may say to annoy a female which she cannot notice. It was idle to reply to political writers, all of one colour, wholly reckless of truth. Even in open controversy many of them could not act with the decency they never acquired, especially where truth and falsehood are considered weapons equally lawful. I am not certain whether the public cares one straw about the justice or injustice of an attack if it will supply it with amusement, nor does it matter if the work attacked be next to the Bible itself in truth, and of the first order in merit.

It was natural Lady Morgan should not think with me upon a point where she was so much interested. It was amusing to be consulted as I was by Colburn. "What do you think? Has not Lady Morgan answered the *Quarterly* well? I hope the attack upon her work won't hurt the sale; what do you think?" How it painted the Lintot of the hour!

"It will make it more talked about, Mr Colburn; it will be as good as a column of advertisements for you!"

Then the bibliopolist would look as if there might be something worth while in my opinion as I wished him a good morning.

It would hardly now be possible in a day when the virulence of party spirit has been so happily softened, for the baneful feeling of personal hatred in man or woman, on the score of a difference in a religious or political colour, to exist in such a degree. Even the Dennises of the hour now show better manners. It was a merit in Lady Morgan to have drawn down upon herself, as well as the rage of the *Quarterly Review*, that of the Austrian ruler

Francis. He ordered that the *New Monthly Magazine*, because of Lady Morgan's works, should be excluded from the limits of his arbitrary authority. This proceeding doubled the sale of her book, although the Pandours and Croats were forbidden to read her volumes. People charged this as the act of Prince Metternich, who, knave as he might be, was not such a fool as his master to waste his spleen in that way.

The papers that Lady Morgan supplied to the *New Monthly* were not numerous, and generally had her name affixed. I remember "An Account of old Dublin," including legends of "Tara" and "Emania;" for the Irish annals go back to the flood of Noah. She sent a paper upon old Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill, and some account of the different Irish Lord-Lieutenants, and an article called "Ireland as it Was." Her name, she requested, might be affixed to most of her articles. Hence it was, as above, that the Emperor forbade the *New Monthly Magazine* to enter the territories over which he had authority, excluding Lady Morgan by name, with one or two other ladies, while

the only Englishman who had to boast of the same honour was Lord Holland. The despot could not bear the relative of Charles Fox within his unenviable domination. This exclusion caused a great demand on the Continent for all her works, which would never else have arisen, and her publisher profited by it. Her works of the more recent date were at once translated into French. What is become of Austrian and Holy Alliance power now? All the treasure and slaughter expended to establish in Europe the worst despotisms that ever ruled. Where are those fruits now that were dreamed secured for ever at Waterloo?

In her work on “Italy” she had thoughtlessly printed the purport of conversations she held with one or two distinguished persons. This was certainly an indiscretion, for though the conversations were innocent enough in reality, yet, as Voltaire observed, “Tyrants never sleep;” and the persons to whom allusion was thus made were placed by the Austrian tyrant under police surveillance. The Emperor, too, ordered that no Austrian subject should print his own works, either in Austria or

abroad, without the permission of the imperial censor! Engravings, maps, music, and geographical works were to be included. That Lady Morgan should be worth an imperial decree of this nature, did her far more good than the *Quarterly* could do her an injury. Thus the imperial gaoler of Spielberg excluded other publications by an additional decree, in order to keep out knowledge from the country, and sustain the aristocracy of the worst informed nobility and people in Europe. The effect of such a career of legislation, time proved. The imperial keeper of the Spielberg dungeons became an advertiser. I told Colburn I thought he was highly honoured. The bibliopolist well knew how to put a profit upon similar contingencies.

Lady Morgan once mimicked Colburn exactly, and expressed her opinion to me that he would die in harness, as he did. She wrote me that he "is the most ambitious of God's booksellers, but more likely to be the Robespierre than the Napoleon of his trade, for he murders good authors by puffing the bad." She insisted to the last on the verification of her prediction, and called herself his Cas-

sandra. Many years elapsed after she quitted him, as did all his connexions of previous note, and not a great while before his own death he sent a message hoping she would forget the past. After many years they met again, and it was not long before a dispute arose, which, had he lived, would have produced a Chancery suit. It was not long either before she herself followed her old publisher to the grave.

During ten years, from 1820 to 1830, before she came to reside in London, she paid occasional visits to the capital, as she told me, to gather up ideas.

In that decade of years there existed, and for a few years afterwards, a circle of ladies in London that some denominated literary, but only two or three had a fair claim to the title. All, however, if not active, were passive members of an imaginary body of the sex, including writers, talkers, critics, and wits, who made literature a main topic of conversation. Some of them were what would be called silent sharers in the coteries, as far as literary topics were concerned. Others were really clever

and agreeable, while all were equally eager to hear the latest literary intelligence. One night at Lady Cork's, in New Burlington Street, a party, not exactly of blues, the noted colour being hardly intense enough, determined to have little Colburn among them to catechise him about the latest literary news. I suspect Lady Morgan was at the bottom of the mischief. Lady Cork lived but a few doors off, and in due time Colburn was ushered in among a party almost all of the fair sex, many of whom were of the order of deep blues, and they almost questioned the little bibliopolist to death. I see his bows, I hear his confused answers. Lady Morgan took off the little man exactly, and all who knew him and his peculiarities were certain to find them copied or very little caricatured. They drew from him all the intelligence they could obtain about forthcoming works, anonymous authorships, and who of the supposed were the real authors of certain literary undertakings—the bibliopolist wishing them all at Jericho under their catechising.

There was really something pleasant at those

times, and there were lady characters who, not able to attempt authorship, were fond of the society of those who practised the ungentle craft. Then there were some who were a little eccentric, others ruled by curiosity, and several who came to collect materials for conversation in circles where they led in place of listened. There were also fashionables who, in place of cards, preferred picking up literary and personal intelligence from curiosity.

Lady Morgan once or twice brought over her nieces, sweet and accomplished girls, who came to see London. Lady Cork used to press the young ladies into her service to write billets for her, and detain them indoors in place of going abroad to see the lions, the short time they had to remain in town.

Of the ladies noted at that time for literary tastes, or the assumption of them, or a fondness for such society, was Lady Caroline Lamb, who was a lion for her eccentricities. Lady Charleville used to mingle in the same circles. Lady Charlotte Bury was a star of court glories. There was poor, good-natured Miss Benger, and I know not how

many others, who have nearly all gone to the land of shadows. This kind of company was amusing, and being well bred, with the tone of good society, was pleasant now and then. It was singular how great a desire was shown, and I believe a regard really felt, for literature of the better order at that time. Tom Moore led the muses in company, and there were several young men of great promise at that period on the town. Campbell was rarely to be caught, Luttrell used to make a noise, poor Praed was cut off by death. One and one dropped through the hole in the bridge over the waters of oblivion, which Addison described so well, yet so figuratively. The ladies who figured in the period I allude to disappeared. Death made his usual havoc; and having quitted London for six or seven years, I found on my return a great change in society. It is astonishing in how short a period even a capital like London will thus change. What, then, must a long term do in this way !

I had been absent from town several years. How many vacant places I discovered; how many were missing I was destined never more to greet !

Sir Charles Morgan was laid in the narrow house. I called a second time on Lady Morgan after my return, and found her much altered. I had called and missed seeing her, but she wrote me, and I was surprised to see the change in her penmanship. In her last note but one she said: "I am in very delicate health. My sight is become weak. I still inhabit the old house where I have been for now nearly twenty years.

"I thank you for what you have said about my blessed husband, and the justice you have done his merits. For myself, I am overwhelmed with your partial nature. I must tell you that I am still very unwell, and confined by a severe cold. In the hope that I may be better on Monday next, the 18th, if you feel inclined do come and pay me a visit at two o'clock, and lunch on some soup and cutlet; at that hour I shall be glad to see you."

I went accordingly, and found her much altered, and decidedly weaker than I expected. I took leave, and saw her no more. Lady Morley had just quitted her. I had known the countess at Saltram, forty years before. I regretted missing

seeing her once more, and both were laid where the “weary rest,” and “the wicked cease from troubling,” before I had sought another interview.

For between thirty and forty years I had known both Lady Morgan and her husband. I had marked the invidious bearing of political profligacy, in many cases too rife, on all sides, but here towards one of the best natures and cleverest women I ever knew. She had, as a writer, no pretensions to profundity of thought, nor to the learned lore, which many females may have acquired ; but she knew how to interest all classes of readers, and how to paint in a lively way what she saw. In short, she read the book of the world. She was in temper kind and charitable. She was peculiarly Irish in her works, her manner, and mode of expression in society. That those who knew her not, and her political enemies should have traduced her for her honest speaking, and that the Orange party in Ireland should have persecuted her with their hatred, was to be expected. Their day is now drawing rapidly to a close, and the sooner the waters of oblivion overwhelm them, the better for Ireland and for hu-

manity. It cannot indeed be denied that the spirit of party is much amended.

Thus it is, that whether known or obscure, mankind continues to pass off the stage of existence, and well-known or obscure, to teach the lesson of all time to survivors,—life still, after all, the great puzzle. Poor Lady Morgan could not reconcile it with any known theory. She feared that the Supreme Being, arguing from the prosperity of the vicious, and the misfortunes of the worthy in this life, was a Being of severity even to vengeance. She was puzzled, as all are, about the origin of evil. She could not see that only a part of the designs of the Deity might yet be developed to mankind; that a part might still remain to be made clear. At times she stated that to her mind the subject became more and more difficult of solution. She granted that the distinction of the superiority of virtue seemed to mark that there were secrets in the matter as yet concealed from our humanity.

She had about her all the natural kindness of her country people. She once by great personal exertion saved the life of a criminal. If it was a work of

mercy or charity I never knew any one who went about it with more good will, or more perseveringly. In the sanguinary reign of George III., in law as well as war, death was the penalty for almost every offence. A letter-carrier of good character, in distress, with a large family, was condemned to die for opening a letter containing a very small sum of money, for, under George III., America and Europe were not the exclusive arena for wasting human life. Law aided the battle-field. She appealed to the lawyers in vain on the case. She then tried the judge, who took much of her view of the matter. He hinted that if she got from the foreman of the jury a recommendation of that jury to the Crown for mercy, as the evidence had been merely circumstantial, he would sign the application—he could do no more. Unflaggingly she exerted herself wherever there was a hope of aid. She also memorialised the Duke of Richmond, the Lord-Lieutenant, and finally succeeded in getting the poor man transported to New South Wales, where he lived the rest of his days with his family in comfort, and

with respect. She had seen at once the true nature of the case.

She survived to see most of her personal enemies —for personal as well as political they were—need a charitable judgment towards them. I am convinced she was ready to forgive them, for I am certain if questioned she would at least say, with Horne Tooke, very differently from some of her later maligners' that mere “personal enmity was a motive fit only for the devil.”

DUNN HUNTER.

I HAD returned from paying a visit to a friend who lived in the Chateau la Vallée, at Amiens, near the Jesuits' College. I had not been long at home when my friend, who had a considerable grant of land in America, pressed by urgent business, came to London, and took lodgings for a short time in May Fair. One day I received a note from him inviting me to dine with him, if I wished to be introduced to a very singular personage. I accepted the invitation, and was introduced during a short time spent in the drawing-room before dinner was

announced. That individual was the celebrated John Dunn Hunter. He was a strongly built, well-looking man, about the middle size, and of a grave carriage. He was of American parentage, according to his own statement; indeed, his manner spoke it. He was born in a village near the frontiers of one of the states, which happened to be attacked by Indians, and all the whites were murdered except himself, who was taken by an Indian woman. She bred him up with her tribe, and he loved his adopted mother, he said, as much as ever he could have loved her who brought him into the world, speaking of her in the most affectionate terms.

There was in his carriage that peculiar, almost gentlemanly, and in general taciturn manner, which is so marked in the bearing of the better American-Indian chiefs. He told me that he had no recollection of any one of the sex before he saw the mother who adopted him, and that no mother could have loved him better. He had been in Paris, and was there well received, as indeed he was by a circle of friends in London. He told me he would not

exchange an Indian life for the most luxurious in Europe ; that such a life was very far preferable, and was a scene of perfect enjoyment in the bosom of freedom and nature. There was but one drawback—it was a fearful one—and that was the insecurity from the attack of a hostile tribe, which obliged continued and unwearying watchfulness to be kept up. He also said that among other enjoyments in the bosom of nature was the early morning when awoke from sleep, the sun rising, and all nature infusing fresh vigour into the animal frame : it was a sort of intoxication. I observed that there might be danger in the night from animals and snakes. He said no ; they feared only their enemies stealing upon them. As to rattlesnakes, they never killed them, because they never bite but when provoked. He informed me that on awaking one morning he found a large rattlesnake coiled up against his body for the warmth he imparted. He remarked, “ We never kill them.”

“ But you might have moved in your sleep unconsciously ? ”

“ I only know that I was awake and found the

snake lodged against me, so I rolled myself away from my quiet but unwelcome friend."

I observed to him that no civilised man, it had been long known, who had gone from civilised to a wild life in the woods could ever be got to return to civilisation again. It seemed as if the change was a return to the condition from which the civilised man had been drawn away, in fact as if it were his own original and right state. He said the enjoyment was really very great.

There is a certain period in life, as I have myself been aware, in which a peculiar species of exhilaration is felt amid the open country, more particularly when left alone with nature. I myself experienced it about thirty years of age. Once, I remember, at Malvern, I imagined I was levigated, and could fly off into the air. The effect of the fresh breeze was like an intoxication, or, more correctly, exhilaration, under the effect of a draft of liquor impregnated with carbonic gas. Now in conversation with Hunter I found that kind of exhilaration was similar to what he felt at awaking, and moving about in the freshness of the morning. He told

me that the misery of the life he had led among the Indians was the anxiety lest they should all be surprised. Food in the part of America where the tribes lived, to which he and his adopted mother belonged, was plenty, for they were residents in tolerably good hunting-ground.

Hunter was accused of being an impostor. If any one born in the United States becomes a distinguished individual, from connexions little known there, he is often the mark for slander. My friend who had introduced him to me had bade me remark particular motions he made, and more especially one of the hand towards the ear at times, of which he said Hunter was most likely unconscious. He had seen no white but Hunter having it. In the Floridas, among the tribes there, he was struck with the same movements, which were unobserved among those not situated as Hunter, save the natives. All Indians were given to the same attitudes and movements. Hunter, too, was as unconscious of being regarded, or judged by those points as he was in any others, that were noted for the purpose of discovering whether he was an adventurer or not.

Such proofs, contrary to the stories set afloat to his disadvantage, were all in his favour.

He returned to America full of a project to turn the attention of the Indians to the cultivation of the ground, and to settlements, as less precarious, and easier than an existence by hunting. He spoke to me of this with considerable zeal, full of the advantages that would accrue from it to his Indian connexions. He expressed his determination to exert every effort he could make for the purpose. He greatly desired, on account of many noble qualities nature had conferred upon those wild people, to see them more comfortable, less liable to be decimated by wars with other tribes, and preserved from extinction. He was a very quiet man, apparently self-possessed. His manners were perfectly simple, and his temper said to be amiable ; his garb plain, with not a shadow of ostentation, intelligent as to all that he noted. I do not credit a word of the slanders spoken against him, as they are against all who are envied. Injustice is the price of the coin paid for notoriety. Jefferson, once president of the United States, was among his friends, and had

received him as a visitor. Such a distinguished man would have detected, and not received him as a sojourner in his house. My friend, with his Florida property, who had been among the Indians, was another man not to be deceived by one who feigned a character.

We had much conversation about a life in the woods such as Hunter led, and he acknowledged that my idea was by no means so beside the pleasure of it, with the exception above stated, ever the source of great anxiety both by day and night. He repeated that it was the only disadvantage in his view. Hunting, a pleasure in a well stocked wild, by which the Indian was supported, exposed life to a hostile attack more when separated in following the game. If the Indians tilled the ground they would become better able to resist attacks, as they would not be so far separated. In his eyes the personal security of the individual at all times, in place of a never-ending anxiety, was the thing to be most coveted. Hunter was certainly a most amiable man, and had no motive for an assumption of any other figure than that under which he appeared. If

it were not so, what object could he have had in assuming a false character? He had about him a purely natural address, and though a plain yet an intelligent countenance.

I cannot recall the replies he made to the many questions I put to him, for having at one time of my life lived on the borders of a continental forest called Boisloup, or the Wood of the Wolf, and having spent delightful days in it, sometimes alone, or with an attendance of a couple of dogs and a gun in my rambles, I had felt a degree of attachment for such solitudes occasionally, and the forests of the United States were so aged and vast that, pleased to hear Hunter describe them, they long haunted my fancy. He never did thus to me, however, without bringing in the Indians, and expressing his regard for them in an enthusiastic manner, when his spirit was affected by a reference to their state. In fact, he was too well versed in their manners and customs not to be able to detail them minutely. He died without ever knowing of the calumny which was so unjustly attached to his name.

It was clear that though sedate and calm in general, when his feelings were roused his expressive features bespoke the ill command of his passions over his bodily frame, at other times so calm. The accusation of his being an impostor was easily made, and well was it the charge had never reached his ears. But from his own statements, it is true, nothing of his history was known; indeed it could not be known, for the wild Indian is no recorder of biographies. My friend could not have been deceived, and, as before, bade me remark certain habitual movements of his limbs by Hunter, and again and again the lifting of the hand on particular occasions towards the ear when he was speaking, which R—— had observed among the Indians in the United States. That he was a man of considerable talent by nature there was no doubt. He was anxious to amend the position of the Indians, for whom, he declared to me, he had the strongest regard; they were his people, and he said, on returning to America that he should lay himself out to improve their condition. I never felt more interest in any stranger, though in a short

acquaintance, for there has always appeared to me to be something in man living in the state of his earlier history which is captivating, and Hunter by his conversation increased this feeling.

It would appear that he owed his tragical death to his efforts to serve the men of the woods, who had been promised some land by the Mexican government, and, as usual, in dealings with the whites, had been deceived and cheated. Americans had settled upon the promised grounds. A local struggle took place in Texas against the Americans, which ended in the annexation of it to the states with which the Indians had in the same cause been allied. In the struggle which ensued, Hunter took the part of the Indians, and in every case showed a superior mind and great personal courage. The allies of the Indians proved treacherous, some of the tribes arraying themselves against others. To this enmity Hunter fell a victim. Stopping to water his horse he was fired at and wounded, when he fell into the water, and was instantly despatched by enemies who had played the part of friends.

His simple manners, expressive countenance, and

strong character as to person, marked by perfect calmness of demeanour, changed suddenly when he was animated by enthusiasm or flushed by anger. If the man, in bearing so gentle, were once aroused by passion he became speechless, and lost his self-government. He gesticulated indeed, and could do no more, but that spoke louder than any language could do what was passing in his mind. Still the great object of his ambition was to ameliorate the state of the Indians, of whom he always spoke with great affection.

It is in the nature of existing societies that such a man should be slandered. Indians have said they knew him, men of the Cherokee tribe. Some other Indians, on being questioned, did not know him, hence, no doubt, the ground of the slander. My friend R——, who had lands in the Southern States, and I imagine had seen him there, and recognised him again in Europe, spoke of him to me as a very extraordinary man, who was bent upon amending the state of his country's people, and about to return to America for that purpose. I certainly felt much interested in the little I saw of

him, and was grieved to hear of the death of one who might have effected much good in the philanthropic object he had mainly at heart.

The charge made against him was founded upon the relation of a trader who had been among the people of a tribe, with whom Hunter said he had once sojourned, and they did not know him—a thing no way invalidating Hunter's statement. Some of the Cherokees stated that they had known him well. Secondly, that certain of the words and particular titles and names used, or adopted by Hunter, were not those which Hunter stated were so used; and that he picked up what he knew of the Osage and Kansas languages, after he either left or deserted a company to which he belonged in 1808. This was bold unsupported assertion in my opinion, proceeding from the same slanderous motives which have actuated the ill-natured and envious towards men of notoriety at all times. It is not possible now to decide such a question. Hunter is no more, and truth and slander are alike to him. I can only say, that while I have seen many very interesting individuals in the course of no short

experience in men and things, I have seen few that interested me more than this singular man. Be his history correct or not, the same observation will attach to it. I heard Americans, so far from ranking with his slanderers, praise him for his good conduct, and express full confidence in his history, as well as my friend R——, an extensive holder of land in the Union.

ADMIRAL VINCENT.

IT is not a little singular that the first interest I ever felt in looking into the system of Bishop Berkley should have arisen from the ideas of a naval post-captain of 1747. At the time to which I allude he was an admiral in the navy of long standing, and then eighty-four years old. If the observations I have made upon individuals whom I have heretofore noticed—some much less known than others—though not more in length many of them than the biographies of Cornelius Nepos, let the reader reflect that no more can be detailed than is known, on the principle I first laid down, of giving only what had

been matter of limited personal observation, and not biography.

My acquaintance with Admiral Vincent was of short duration in consequence of his advanced age. He was in full possession of his faculties, and after I was introduced to him in a casual manner, he alluded in conversation one day to the theory of Bishop Berkley on the non-existence of matter. I was surprised at the way in which he spoke upon the subject, never having thought much about it myself. Being young and occupied with the realities of life and the polities of the hour, I was unprepared to weigh his arguments. They appeared very strange to my young ear. Of Bishop Berkley's theory I knew little or nothing beyond the existence of such a doctrine, which to me had appeared very absurd. I listened, but did not feel convinced by the venerable Admiral's reasoning. Like the guest of the Barmecide in the Arabian Nights, who affected to eat when there was nothing upon the table before him, so I seemed at first to assent to that which I did not comprehend. At length I began to question some points upon which

I was little or very ill informed. The Admiral strenuously maintained the certainty of his doctrine, and asserted that 'pride and prejudice could alone prevent a general belief in the validity of his opinions. Pride and prejudice, he asserted, were the foes he had to combat, and but for them he was of opinion his arguments would be all-prevailing. There was this consideration, too, that his theory would not affect any animated creature. All things would appear as they do now. The sun's rays would enlighten the earth in the same manner; plants would grow as before ; and all the operations of nature be unchanged. It was equally in the power of the Deity to cause sensations in the minds or souls of men, whether or not they were excited by external objects. All would be done exactly in the same manner as far as human perception went, and the beneficent attributes of the Deity would be equally evident.

The Admiral then met any objections raised by the Mosaic account of the creation—not that they are of much moment to the point—proving that the world was external or otherwise. The Jewish writer

did not anywhere state that there was aught to contradict the theory thus advanced, though his statement might seem to bear that colouring. The whole existence of man was a mystery, and the Creator the greater mystery of all, for man could have no idea of his nature or of the extent of his power. Man and the universe he inhabited were mysteries. It would be necessary to keep in mind, in any consideration of the subject, the vastness and the immensity of the impressions that must be continually made upon the souls of all animals under such a theory.* This seemed at first to stagger the Admiral, as he said, on reflecting upon the principle of the doctrine. But upon the sublime definition of the Being "whose centre was everywhere and circumference nowhere,"† it seemed to remove such a difficulty, all things being possible to Omnipotence.

The venerable Admiral would then argue upon the difficulties that attend the supposition of the existence of matter. He quoted the ancient philo-

* *Deus ut anima brutorum.*

† A definition of Blaise Pascal.

sophers in their utterance of certain opinions that gave strength to his theory. He took no notice of Beattie's answer to Bishop Berkley, nor that of Reid and others, but quoted Berkley on his own side of the question. He was by no means an angry disputant when attempted to be controverted.

He reckoned up the difficulties in the way of his opinion, and the points in its support. A grain of musk might emit its effluvia for a hundred years, and not lose anything of its weight. What could then be the minuteness of that portion which must fly off in a second, or that which flies off in a million millionth of that short space of time? Is it conceivable? No one would deny that parts do incessantly fly off in equal times.

Another difficulty existed—that every single grain of wheat first sown must contain the germ of all future grains that should be produced as long as the world endured. If it were not so, all the production of future crops would cease. If matter really subsisted, it would be needful, however incredible, that the number of germs in each of the first grains sown must contain all the rest that were

sown afterwards,—a thing that overwhelmed the imagination. Therefore the Admiral argued that God must create afresh every single grain until a period be put to the existence of the great globe itself—a thing not probable.

There was a third difficulty. A person on the summit of Mount Etna, for example, might in fine weather see a circuit of some hundreds of miles, and the amazing number of objects in that space at the time. According to the common hypothesis this ensues by the reflection of light from the objects, and their images, passing into the pupil of the eye, and being from thence conveyed to the seat of vision, where the mind is situated.

The exceedingly small nature of a ray of light must still occupy space, and from the prodigious number of objects that must enter from such a vast scene before the vision, being reduced, and entering an orifice not the tenth of an inch in diameter, must cause confusion and jostling. Hence the common hypothesis of vision seems not correct, and as a consequence that commonly credited of the existence of matter was not correct.

Another difficulty, arising from the supposition that matter was created, is that it must be infinite in extent, and consequently endowed with infinite divisibility. This appears inconsistent, and hence the Admiral was much inclined to believe that the creation of matter was not an object of power, for if it be said to be eternal, it must be infinite in extent. It would be a strange idea to suppose a part of space left out. The result would be, that the whole, filled up, would become one solid, immovable, impenetrable block.

Again, if cohesion were to cease from matter, or, in other words, if God were to abstract His superintendence from any part of matter, it must be annihilated. It might be supposed that a real substance would not require foreign means to support its being.

The next point which the Admiral attacked was the principle that every part of matter attracted or repelled other parts reciprocally. They attract when they get to a certain distance, and then they repel. This the worthy Admiral deemed an absurdity,—that is, if it be ascribed to any power lodged

in matter itself. Hence he argued that if two contrary qualities resided in the same substance, they must be intelligent to know the exact time when they must repel and attract. What it was that renewed the strength of the centrifugal force he could not understand, or how the centripetal and that force could agree. Attraction might do for one, but not for the other. Then there was the difficulty that when, as supposed, the substance of matter was composed of atoms that were imperceptible and indivisible, still a number of them put together would be divisible, and more than that, this indivisible would be divisible *ad infinitum*, without advancing a single step towards annihilation. There was no escape from this dilemma but the non-existence of matter. The next difficulty was, that spirit acted upon matter. This the Admiral thought was impossible. It was a question to him whether the creation of matter was in the power of omnipotence.

The Admiral then quoted Count Rumford to support the opinion that the sensation of heat did not proceed from matter. He also believed extension

to be a primary property, the *sine qua non* of matter, which was supposed to be a congeries of atoms so extremely minute that it would be an absurdity to suppose them less. How then could they be expanded or stretched?—a thing only to be supposed possible by the parts being separated from each other. What in that case could be said of other properties of matter, as evaporation, expansion, elasticity, and the like? It was true that Sir Isaac Newton, or some other noted philosopher, had said that a cubic inch of solid matter might be expanded to such a degree as to fill the whole circumambient space of the earth's atmosphere. This appeared incredible. A solid piece of matter could not occupy a larger portion of space for being expanded; the interstices between the divided parts must be proportionally numerous and minute. The velocity of matter was another point, of which the truth was in his opinion to be doubted. The rays of the sun darted forth, but what propelled them? at the rate, too, of ten millions of miles in a minute? The flame of a candle emitted light at the inconceivable rate of two hundred thousand times in a

second, its light filling the space around it for a diameter of two miles.

Such were some of the doubts this veteran disciple of Bishop Berkley expressed, as showing, in his opinion, that there were grounds in opposition to the existence of matter. His mind seemed clear, and his age not to affect his intellect. He made one think of Fontenelle in regard to prepossessions, a writer whom I began to read early in life ; but the Admiral had of course no resemblance to a man devoted wholly to courts and literature. A naval life was not that which might be supposed best adapted for abstruse arguments after a post-captainship sixty-two years before. He was so made at the time they were torturing, mutilating, and putting to death, with the most disgraceful inventions of miscalled justice, the numerous Scotch rebels that the Duke of Cumberland had taken, who had been fighting for their “rightful” king, according to the reasoning of George III. in making war upon France in 1793, lavishing so many millions, and causing the destruction of myriads of lives to support the divine right just before contravened. It

was strange to hear many anecdotes and relations of incidents the Admiral had then witnessed that seemed incredible. But to return to the principal topic. The difficulties were eleven in all to which he made allusion. They led the admiral to advance them in support of his principles as reasons why those who heard his advocacy of the doctrine he supported should not be still unwilling or afraid to part with their former opinions upon the subject, or even to hear him with attention.

Bishop Berkeley had shown that the intuitive connexion between sight and touch or feeling was the result of habit. This was doubted, until accident proved its perfect correctness by the restoration of sight to a youth who was born blind. The admiral thus became a more decided supporter of the bishop's principle. He openly declared, to the wonder of unthinkers, that the common notion of the existence of matter was false, and that sensible objects were merely mental impressions, produced by the Supreme according to what are denominated the laws of nature. The mind discovers nothing but powers or qualities, and Berkeley endeavoured

to trace their origin, and certainly did not succeed, because there was a want of data on which the foundation of such an investigation could be rested. The fact was, that the truth or falsehood of the doctrine was alike beyond the reach of human attainment. To oppose or support it was involved in precisely the same difficulty, and in consequence it could neither be pronounced false nor true, and it seems likely never to be otherwise. But enough, the truth or falsehood of the theory is not to the present purpose, but rather to hear what a venerable naval officer detailed to his friends as his ideas upon the subject.

The difficulties which, in his view of the existence of matter, having been thus enumerated, he dwelt upon its declared divisibility *ad infinitum*, and the supposed power of spirit to act upon it, as things inconceivable, and in fact impossible. A consideration of the whole question made him ask those who were not convinced by his argument, "Was it to be supposed that a thing was not so because it was seen ever since a man was born as it now appeared, and had not been doubted?" But

no writer upon the subject imagined an external world, supposing such, to be visible. "If this observation should startle the hearer," observed the Admiral, "let him make himself well acquainted with the theory of vision, and his surprise will cease. Should he be driven from that hold, he would probably plead that, although he should allow he does not see a thing, yet he is certain he feels it. But what could make him feel it, were it not real? Will he not believe that, if he pleased, God could make him have the same sensations as if there were no external objects to excite them."

But the worthy Admiral did not end here. "If," said he, "the visible, sensible, external world be not really so, the appearance of it to our minds must be by sensations impressed by the finger of God. It cannot be done by any power less than infinite. If any one denies this to be in the power of the great Adorable, he will not act conformably and in analogy with the operations of nature as above mentioned, if he should continue to hold the popular doctrine of an external world." To himself he said,

"The non-existence of matter would be an irresistible proof of the existence of the Deity."

The Admiral, finding that a friend had censured him for saying that the creation of matter was not an object of power, he alleged in reply that he was misapprehended. He therefore repeated his arguments, as already given here, stating that the first point he had in view was to make others sensible of the improbability of the existence of matter. This he did by exhibiting the sentiments of those who had employed much time and thought upon the subject. Then he referred to the old metaphysicians, and also to Bishop Berkeley and Baronius. To what particular works of the last of these writers the Admiral referred I do not know. Baronius was an estimable man, and had a cardinal's hat conferred upon him. He was a very learned native of Sora. He published "Ecclesiastical Annals," but I cannot find that he touched upon any subject connected with Berkeley's subsequent theory, or anything advanced by the Admiral in his notes. In regard to Berkeley, it was probably his "Theory of Vision," that was published in 1709, which led to the doc-

trines the Admiral so strongly advocated. I mean his work entitled "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," which, no doubt, led to the conclusion that sensible objects are merely mental impressions produced by the Supreme Being according to certain rules called the "Law of Nature."

Admiral Vincent rested strongly upon the argument, "that if matter were created, it must be finite; but notwithstanding that, it had an infinite quality—that of infinite divisibility. This appeared inconsistent, and therefore it was no derogation from the power of Omnipotence to suppose the creation of it not to be an object of power. Finally, the affairs of the universe may be carried on by God himself, the absolute Being or Master of all, without the assistance of an external world."

Under the principle for which the Admiral thus contended, the appearance of everything in the world would be unchanged as at present, or as if there was an external world. The objection here seems to be, that if God operates everything Himself, it would be strange, if not impious, to imagine that He should permit to emanate from His own

immediate hand a *lusus naturæ*—for example, animals with more than one head, defective infants, monsters, and the like. This objection was of no moment, because all that was done would still be done under the plan and supervision of the Deity, as it is done in the present “natural way,” for so it is called. There is the same difficulty as to “why,” under both hypotheses. The operations of nature are carried on in the most simple manner, as far as man can judge. God has the power of causing sensations on the minds of animals just as if they were excited by external objects. The apparatus of rule by an external world is not so simple a way of carrying on the affairs of the universe as it would be by the mighty Creator himself—that inconceivable, incomprehensible Being, whose energy and comprehensive vision is ever active over the whole extent of His vast universal domain, regarding the minutest particle of matter throughout the universe.

“Many will think,” said the Admiral, “that what I advance is an absurdity, especially those—and they are a large part of the social body as a matter of course—who are not capable, from habit,

of reflecting upon what is new to them, or out of the every-day routine of conversational topics, or who do not converse or reflect at all, except on the common-places of business, or do no more than give out that unmeaning waste of words upon nothing by which time and language are wasted. Such will think what I state an absurdity, being ignorant that the question regarding the existence or non-existence of matter has been often argued. I perceive in my memoranda, now of long years' standing, that the Admiral noticed Sir William Drummond's "Academical Questions," and several other authors. Sir William attempted to prove the existence of matter by its properties, as if such properties were self-evident. Seeming to exist and really existing are very different things, and the eternity of matter absurd if in reference to one particular state.

The Admiral repeated again and again, as if to secure those to whom he addressed himself against all mistake, that if his principle be admitted there would be no difference in the appearance of things. We may talk and argue as if all were really existent,

and as the Author of nature designed it should appear to our senses.

The objection against the actions of the Deity Himself, or that mean and wicked actions must as well be performed by Him, is at once met by His apparent assent to such acts in the present theory. This, however, is a point to be answered at once, because in any case wicked actions committed by evil persons are tolerated by Him as it is, though our finite knowledge cannot reach the "wherefore;" and hence that can be no objection. Not an atom of the universe moves without His divine will. All is kept together by his incessant energy. Nothing is independent of Him. Why He suffers evil to be an active agent in the world is, as just observed, unknown, but that so it is. There is some great secret here. Perhaps this state of being is but preparatory to one more advanced, only attainable by passing through the gates of death. However that may be, the main point is of another character.

The doctrine is here only given to mark the peculiar ideas of an individual who devoted himself to consider subjects very abstruse and puzzling to

our common nature. With his disquisition, there was shown as well a mind far from common among his order and profession in life in making such a subject his study.

The universe, he farther contended, was a universe of effects, the cause being kept out of sight. He said that he doubted whether a created being could be said to be possessed of any power whatever even for an instant. He had an idea that the wills of all beings were executed by the Deity, if the wills themselves were free, which he did not doubt to be the case.

The Admiral seemed to make little of any arguments that might be brought against his theory; while he confessed himself unable, of that he was fully convinced, to combat prejudice deeply-rooted against anything not common, so pernicious was its action, and so much cherished socially. It arrested all attempts at investigation, and prevented important discoveries of all kinds. He was well aware that in the present case it would operate against himself. He was naturally anxious to obtain the assent of others to his own views, and recommended

that people should converse with each other upon what he advanced on the subject; for if such a course were not followed, however a man might be convinced in his own closet of the non-existence of an external world, he would most probably find that conviction became weakened when he went out and mixed in society. In proof of this being the fact, he quoted Cicero, who acknowledged that such was his case after he had been convinced by the arguments of Plato of the soul's immortality.

The mind, he said, discovers nothing but powers or qualities. That Bishop Berkeley had no idea of supporting principles contrary to reason or religion was very clear, nor had he the Admiral in following him. The Scotch had opposed his theory, as it was very easy to do when the truth or falsehood of it was equally unsettled. Thus they might seek to obtain credit where none was due. The Admiral was aware of this fact, and so far of the doctrine being merely speculative, the truth or falsehood of which it was beyond the reach of humanity to establish. None could dispute, from the character of Bishop Berkeley, simple, truthful, and disinterested,

his belief of a doctrine which the admiral took up no doubt under the idea that he saw farther into it than other people, because it crossed his sensorium at a moment when the novelty made a deeper impression than was natural in reply to the question, “of what benefit can that doctrine be regarding which no certain proof of its truth can be obtained?”

It was singular that this naval veteran should have thus occupied himself in his later years, and that the secret which was soon to be opened to him in another state of being should have so strongly fixed his attention. It was not a great while before the common enemy, of the gifted and the incurious alike, took from life one much respected, and not the least missed in the circle to which he belonged.

There is no doubt a great variety in the understandings of men, as Locke justly observed, but it is equally remarkable that their understandings should sometimes be so singularly directed where they follow uncommon or abstruse subjects, apparently the most out of the way of their customary track by nature, or their professional career from habit.

It is the observation of this, and the want of a satisfactory reason for it, that so often leads to the notion of some secret inspiration, when after all no concealed truth remains in the back-ground. The power that moves the mind to the adoption of any particular or uncommon opinion is often as incidental as it is prompted by a chain of causes when it follows any uncommon direction, or one foreign to current opinion and school logic. The variety in the human understanding may in some degree account for this, when it arises gradually or grows up, as it were, in the mind. But there is reason to believe that sometimes it owes its birth to spontaneous action, and is nursed by a species of selection when it displaces other ideas, or is pressed by them so that they seem to require to be used up for the end in view. Newton said he made no discovery worthy of note which was not the result of deep and searching investigation. This is evidence telling against all fanciful theories becoming truths.

That a seaman advanced in life should have become imbued with the doctrine of Berkeley is a curious example of the differences in human char-

acter. These no doubt arise in many from the inequality of capacities to educate them in any mode. How many are unable to reason who are well educated ; and, on the other hand, how many seem to come into a habit of reasoning well by nature ?

In the case of the Admiral the power of reasoning seemed no way deficient. The curious doctrine of Berkeley cannot be controverted, although it has been attempted ; and, on the other hand, it is equally difficult to prove. The tenacity with which Admiral Vincent maintained it seemed to be supported, on his part, by the consciousness that the refutation was not so easily practicable as those supposed who attacked the Berkelian system, without perceiving how ignorant they were of the main points of the doctrine they imagined they had or could refute. The Admiral was not insensible to the ground on which he might have proclaimed the power of his principle, for to refute that which was as incapable of refutation as of proof, placed its advocate upon impregnable ground. However unequally furnished with truths a man may be, he

cannot, between the want of means, the lack of a place on which to rest a lever for overturning the obstacle he would fain remove, do more than the admiral did ; and, while he would refute or support, equally complain of his incompetency for doing either from the impossibility of demonstration, with all the means in the power of humanity to bring it into action.

The remembrance of this singular example of mental devotion—for singular it was—struck me as one worthy of record, though inconclusive, adding one more to the peculiarities of the rational part of the animal creation, and to the infinite variety of character of which it is constituted.

LORD HATHERTON.

THE noble lord, of whom the present is but a passing record, is introduced here because memory is ever impressed with the recollections of those whose names are worthy of preservation, if not for wasteful, unchristian, and worthless achievements in sanguinary battle-fields, still for the more valuable conquests of peace. The success of ambitious men in other walks of life that have little tendency to exalt our humanity, or the pliant statesman who holds office to prove for how small a share of honest principle the applause of the multitude may be obtained among a people saturated with corruption, will be often repeated, but that of those whose

course has run in a uniform course placidly and calmly along like a smooth gliding stream, which carries health, fertility, and freshness through the land, is the less regarded, because the habit of reflection, where it exists at all, is seldom directed to that which is not agreeable.

Perhaps it is the frequency of death that renders us less regardless of it. "We must be struck with that which is rare or sudden, or, with the vulgar, not think about it."* On the other hand, familiarity subdues apprehension in those necessitated to interfere with its accompaniments. The generations of men pass away as at the beginning, and the social state is ever changing its aspect. Fresh actors appear upon the stage, while memory in the multitude is as short-lived as its virtue. The most fragile things are often the longest lived; the most perishable materials alone contest with time on his own course. But for that the Cæsars had passed into darkness, and the actions of the dead ages been

* "Le remede du vulgaire c'est de n'y penser pas. Mais de quelle brutale stupidité lui peut venir un si grossier aveuglement?" says Montaigne.

wrapped in oblivion. The strongest monuments fall to pieces.* Friends and enemies no longer contest. Yet the human race passes the iron gates of death, and “all men think all men mortal but themselves,” while yet inhabiting the “universe of death.” Even the stars, “which are the poetry of heaven,” go out, and worlds themselves expire. Benefactors as well as tyrants die off—those who have enlightened mankind, and those who have carried with them imprecations not unjustly bestowed. The social state is for ever changing its aspect. Nature in all its beauty continues, but the life of man need not be very prolonged to see in some well-known town or city of his youth no recognisable face. The past has taken away all remembered, and youth by memory is made a regretful and painful reflection. Those who once lifted their heads high, flashing like meteors upon the youthful gaze, have passed away for ever, and left no beneficial traces of their meteoric track. In fact, death is ever that secret, if unseen, irresistible power that the Roman poet described as a certain latent actor

* “*Nec solidi prodest sua machina terris.*”

who sets at nought all human enterprise, who humbles the pride of the haughty, and employs itself in mocking and offering defiance to the proudest and most exalted of sublunary dignities.

But I am led away from the main object by reflections which force themselves upon the minds of all who think when they write, of which the number is not so great as is in general conceived. The present remarks are suggested by the remembrance of a nobleman in one of the inland counties, in which there dwell some of the older families in the kingdom among its nobility, and not those so often mistaken for noble because they are titled. The Crown cannot make a nobleman, but it can make a peer. The nobility of England are the country families that have resided on their estates before the heralds' visitations ceased. Of these nobility was the family of Luttleton, settled in Worcestershire in the reign of Henry III.,* and it was the decease of the late

* The fifth in descent from Henry III was Thomas Lyttleton, who first spelled his name in that manner about 1464. He had three sons: William—whence come the Lords Lyttleton—Richard, and Thomas. His eldest son succeeded him as Lord Lyttleton. The second son, Richard, spelled his name Littleton.

Lord Hatherton of that family which caused the present notice of one of those characters whose loss is most likely to be of those not easily replaced.

I had the honour of meeting his lordship first in Staffordshire, where he not long since expired, much lamented. It was twenty-seven years ago that I had for the first time the introduction to Lord Hatherton, having gone down into Staffordshire for the purpose of aiding in that aristocratic, but most important county, in the cause of liberal opinions. The old families of moment there, of every phase of political opinion, were kind and hospitable, and their manners marked by much amenity. The liberal interest ranked as leaders. The late Lord Anglesea, the Earl of Lichfield, Lords Hatherton and Wriothesley; General George Anson, who died Commander-in-Chief in India; General Sir George Anson, who commanded the heavy cavalry in Spain under Wellington; Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr Buller.

and resided at Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire. The last of this branch (Sir E. Littleton) dying in 1812, the baronetcy became extinct, and the estates passed to Edward John, his nephew, the grandson of his sister and her husband, Moreton Walhouse, Esq., son of Mr Walhouse of Hatherton.

and others, on the liberal side. Lord Hatherton was about that time active in support of the free-trade movement, as were most of the other gentlemen on the liberal side. Sir Robert Peel had not then altered his opinion on the free-trade question, though his father, a strong anti-liberal, always saw the question in its true light. As with the Catholic question, Sir Robert was not converted until what Lord Brougham would call “the eleventh hour.”

Lord Hatherton vigorously supported that measure with the spirit of unostentatious regard for the public good which, in a country like England, is a most valuable qualification. From his first taking his seat in Parliament, immediately on coming of age, he had ever exhibited the independent country gentleman. No one ever accused him of shuffling in his political life, nor of defending opinions which he did not sincerely believe. He could not, like Lord Palmerston, change with every opponent principle of party to hold a place, only one instance of which so much injured Sir Robert Peel. Some, however, can contrive to fall in a most politic way, and get on their legs again before the world is

aware of their stumbling. Lord Hatherton was one of the small stock of liberal landholders left, who dared to vote as their consciences directed them, not having anything to crave from place but what an honest ambition would fully justify. The true bearing in his own view of the question was his guide, unawed in the early part of his career by the fag-end of the Pitt and Addington administration under the honest mediocrity of Lord Liverpool.

There were few more capable men of business than his lordship in Parliament. It is extremely probable that the independent party to which Lord Hatherton—or rather, at that time, Mr Littleton—belonged, saved the country from those permanent encroachments upon popular freedom which the ignorance and unscrupulous disregard of every form or practice of the constitution that stood in his way made Lord Castlereagh (Londonderry) be regarded with such just suspicion during the whole of his career. When efforts of this nature were made, Mr Littleton, and those who took the same view of the different questions brought forward by that minister, at once threw themselves into the breach, and if not

successful in resisting the efforts made, and supported by flagrant corruption, still acted as a restraining power. Mr Littleton was the origin of many useful and important measures in Parliament connected with trade, manufactures, and the working classes, all which he thoroughly understood. His residence was situated in one of the most remarkable districts of England for the magnitude of its iron trade. A little way, too, north of his residence lay the curious district named the "Potties," of which so much has been heard, where such beautiful productions have been made, and yet so little is known.

Lord Hatherton had the sagacity to perceive how remarkably the extension of manufactures, and the value of land, act upon, and benefit, and enrich each other. The conveyance of agricultural produce to the larger manufacturing places was rendered easy and rapid by canals before railways were known, and these tended to improve the previous advantage on all points. Manufactures increased agricultural consumption. Teddesley, extra-parochial, in the parish of Penbridge, Staffordshire, or closely

adjoining it, was thus invited as it were to improve itself, and its noble owner did not want sagacity to perceive, what neither his own example nor that of others far-seeing could be brought to discredit, that free trade in all commodities was a great spur to the benefit of the nation at large, and the land-holder particularly. In vain had Mr Charles Villiers, long before Cobden appeared on the stage, stood almost alone in the House of Commons, semi-reformed as it was at that time, laboured to make the House sensible of what the plainest unshackled mind could comprehend, but all in vain. Lord Hatherton not only saw the advantage, but acted upon the principle as far as it was in his power. He restricted his game-preserves, and improved his land in place of breeding animals to mangle for sport. He reflected on what markets he had nearest, and the facilities of conveyance. He dismissed or set at nought those old prejudices of county gentlemen, embraced by them so strongly as to caricature reason, only founded upon their oft-repeated argument, “Consider the wisdom of our ancestors,” in place of reflecting that the older

the prejudice the more absurd. His lordship set his shoulder to the wheel, and the result fully repaid his perspicacity. Some individuals of the oldest standing in the county could not see the advantage of free trade nor even of railways. Sir Charles Wolseley, except the Bagots, perhaps the most ancient family in the county, told me at Wolseley that he could not see the benefit of the measure. He feared it would do much mischief to the country. I could make no impression upon him by all I could say, yet in all cases else he was a decided liberal, as the world knows. Others in the county remained neutral, and would not support nor oppose Sir Robert Peel in his opposition to free trade. Not so Lord Hatherton of Teddesley. When the battle raged furiously, his lordship comported himself with that quiet moderation which attaches to clear-sighted individuals who are conscious of a sound cause, relying upon the strength of those arguments and the certainty of an ultimate conclusion effected by time in favour of the side they espouse.

Before, and while the question was pending, Lord Hatherton farmed wisely and extensively.

He “rolled away” in his wheelbarrow, as that noble-spirited independent peer said,—I allude to old Earl Stanhope’s simile,*—he rolled away a number of petty, injurious, and vexatious legislative measures which had grown up out of the trading and manufacturing superstitions of the past time—I may not inappropriately call them so. His lordship possessed no inconsiderable weight in committees in the House of Commons, for he was well read in parliamentary lore, and his judgment was sound. He saw at a glance, before free trade became so important a question, with what a number of small and vexatious enactments the superlative “wisdom of our ancestors” had crippled not only the master-manufacturer but the laborious

* It was at a time almost matching the present rage for bishopping, (not honest Cambridge “bishop” of wine and nutmeg,) but such as are holding a “pan” or caucus just now, that the bishops in the Upper House were opposing a measure he introduced. “I love,” said the honest old earl, “to argue with my lords the bishops, and the reason is because I generally get the better of the argument.” The earl told them on one occasion that if they would not let him cart away their rubbish, he would endeavour to wheel it away by barrowfuls. The mitres were shocked at their dignities being so lightly treated, and by a temporal peer too.

workman. He brought in a bill to change the notorious truck system, declaring that the masters made fifteen per cent. by the abuse. "I know some masters who employ five or six thousand men," he observed, "who were about to leave off paying in money." His lordship added that a great sensation had been raised by that injurious practice, and it was necessary to relieve the workman from its baneful and demoralising influence.

Strange enough, he was opposed in this useful measure by Mr Hume, a measure, too, so clearly needful to protect the workman from injustice, and thus Sir Robert Peel, Mr Sadler, and Mr C. P. Thompson supported Mr Littleton. Hume divided the House against it, and lost his motion.

It was upon the foregoing bill that some reflections of Mr O'Connell respecting the Truck Bill were erroneously made. The member for Waterford told O'Connell that Mr Littleton slighted Ireland, or words to that effect. Mr Littleton replied that he deemed it a duty as a public man to expose such a misrepresentation. The fact was, that Sir John Newport, who sat for Waterford, if I re-

collect the affair as it took place, had addressed Mr Littleton, and concluded by asking him if he had any objection to omit Ireland from the bill. The reply was given in a careless way, "Well, I do not care about Ireland!" In truth, meaning that the measure was of little or no moment in that country. This the Irish members construed into a slight—"nobody in England cared about Ireland." Mr Littleton answered that he had a right to allude to such a misrepresentation. "I have," said he, "a just right to complain that, having done all I could to advance the interests of the Roman Catholics, and after the manner in which I have always endeavoured, for the last eighteen years, to benefit Ireland, it should now be necessary to defend myself against the charge of caring nothing about that country, and of being insensible to the interests of the Irish people. I did not believe that any man could have given utterance to a charge so unjust, so utterly unfounded, and so injurious to my character."

O'Connell apologised, and expressed his regret that he should have misunderstood the honourable

member, though the remark had at the time the effect which he had ascribed to it. It is the only instance on record in which Mr Littleton's equable temper was tried in the House of Commons. He was at all times and of all men the most amiable and self-sustained. He was punctual in everything, and from his placid but firm conduct upon all occasions little likely to excite or even to merit the personal animosity of any man, except when an opponent broke out of all reasonable bounds. No one of his time ever did so little to offend or to provoke rudeness from another.

The manufacturers of Staffordshire will long retain a grateful recollection of Lord Hatherton, as who will not that had the honour of his acquaintance. His lordship's success in putting down Extents in Aid was a ground of obligation not to be forgotten. He had to combat in his operations for that purpose one of the most obstinate, ignorant, and wrong-headed of official men, in a time when people of common judgment and fair information upon most topics, seeing such persons in public posts, exclaim as of the fly in amber :

“ The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there ! ”

It was a proof, too, of Mr Littleton’s sense of justice, as well as of his patient perseverance, that at last he was successful, by the aid of a strong party of friends, pertinaciously keeping the object in view. It need not be asked whether, in all that could promote the interests of the people of every class, he was not the foremost. Chairman of some of the most important undertakings, he considered as well all that was submitted to him by those who were inventors or projectors of things likely to be conducive to the public benefit. He reformed the local currency by his influence, which consisted at one time of little more than tradesmen’s tokens under a certain value, and, in short, brought his own clear intellect to bear upon questions the benefit or evil of which involved no light responsibility. He was far before his earlier friends in his views upon political measures, particularly that class which seemed only to feel, not see, their way, and to go onward, led more by instinct than reason.

Lord Hatherton was one of the early supporters

of parliamentary reform. He had seen quite enough of the existing system of government, through corrupt borough agencies, to convince him of the necessity of a measure which caused the most flagrant abuses, and tended to place ignorant officials in too many of the departments, or to which the government, for the sake of support or patronage, promoted similar persons. He advocated religious freedom, and supported the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation. He was, in fact, a sincere reformer at a time when party clamour proclaimed national ruin in a return to a purer system of representation. He smiled, as every individual did not interested in the preservation of a vicious system, at the prognostications of those who could find no other argument for the existing corruption but that staying it would bring on national ruin. There is something noble in such a consistency of character, and in that strong principle which, although perceiving obstacles of moment in the way, and power of no mean extent barring it, will not retrograde; but, with the belief of ultimate success in a just and necessary cause, never once

falters, and having the conviction of ultimate success, seldom or never fails to see it in the end. "*Possunt quia posse videntur.*" An early reverse only serves to strengthen the spirit and renew the contest with Antean vigour.

When Canning came into office after the sun of the ministry that preceded him had set in darkness for ever, Lord Hatherton saw in his accession to office the prospect of a grateful change in public affairs. It was not until several years after that event that I first met his lordship, who had then become a member of the Upper House; but whether of the Lower or Upper, his political principles remained unshaken, and put to shame the waverers and time-servers of the hour.

There is no higher source of honest exultation for a man in public life, when approaching advanced age, or treading upon the verge of existence, than the casting a retrospective glance towards objects and actions fast fading amid the dimness of departed time, and without self-reproach to be able to say to himself, "I have never had occasion to change the first view I took of public affairs

nor the principles which I then adopted. Thus far they have been in accordance with the advances of the age, the improvements made, and the more accurate views now prevalent. I have ever acted for what I thought the best. I have never sacrificed my better convictions to my interests as a public man. I can only charge myself with those failings in opinion inseparable from my nature. In my public duties I can at least congratulate myself with having a clear breast."

How few public characters can thus congratulate themselves when near the termination of life's fitful fever, yet I believe with that few Lord Hather-ton was to be numbered, and that such a declaration he might have honestly made. No cowardice marked his political character. He was too open for a finished politician, some of whose virtues are vices with those honestly scrupulous. There was no petty reservation in his conduct about that reform which shocked some short-sighted men. How lachrymose Burke would have been over the destruction of what he would have denominated the political chivalry of the age, and have poured

out with volcanic fury prophetic denunciations, and the anathema of words that die of their excess of fury. How would Windham have deplored an age that could not see the superiority of its fathers, and the heroism of Cressy and Agincourt, in the bull and bear-baiting and cock-fighting of “the good old times,” as well as the advantage he averred to exist in borough corruption and seat-selling, which he declared to be advantages. Even the Jesuitism of old Lord Eldon, proclaimed the favourite of all his subjects by George III., was in crape upon the melancholy occasion of the Reform Bill. Mr Littleton did not think with these renowned men. He knew his countrymen well. He knew the good policy, as well as justice, of the popular demand for reform, and he felt that it was right to support Lord Grey accordingly. He knew inroads had been made on popular rights, and he would have supported Lord Grey had he gone further than he did. In his part of the task, in conjunction with others, he performed his work with his customary assiduity. He was indeed one of the leading reformers of the time, invaluable for fidelity to the principles of his

party, his close attention to business, and his experience and knowledge of the different feelings and habits in the agricultural and manufacturing districts. His failing was that he was too candid and open for a hacknied political leader. Nine-tenths of the virtue of such lies in nurturing a suspicious wariness. His lordship was a good scholar, and possessed an excellent library at Teddesley, where he kept up general hospitality at Christmas too in the old way of English country gentlemen,—a position in life, if its advantages were known and felt, as they too seldom are, they might thank God for as the happiest position during the few years allotted to humanity.*

Mr Littleton was chief secretary for Ireland, under the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley, at a very trying moment in public affairs. His first wife was the daughter of the marquis, by whom he left a son, Edward Richard Littleton, his successor to the title and estates.

His lordship married a second time, in 1852, Mrs Davenport, the relict of Edward Davis Daven-

* “ *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Agricolas !* ”

port, Esq., of Caperthorne, a lady well meriting his lordship's choice.

Lord Hatherton held no office in Lord Melbourne's administration, though he sat for South Staffordshire. He soon after received the honour of the peerage, which he so well merited, for his public services. He was created in 1835 Baron Hatherton, and was subsequently appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Staffordshire.

During the time Lord Hatherton was secretary for Ireland as Mr Littleton, there was never, perhaps, a period of late years when the duties of the office were more difficult to fulfil. The agitation for the repeal of the union was at its height. The Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary were alone in unison. There were differences in the Cabinet at head-quarters, and O'Connell was wielding a most powerful influence, it could not be denied, with great effect. Still, the ruling powers on the spot, who must have been best informed, saw no need of that apprehensive policy which the agents of the Orange Church secretly carried, by false representations, to the ministry. The policy of the Cabinet

differed from that which the heads of the Government deemed it more correct to pursue. O'Connell saw his advantage, and did not fail to avail himself of it. It was a divided house, and his acuteness perceived it. In vain did the Irish Government remonstrate against the renewal of the coercion bill. The ministry differed even upon the main points. At this important moment Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham deserted from the Cabinet. The old story of "the Church in danger" was again rung in the ears of the timid by the crafty. The introduction of the obnoxious and useless act at the same time took place, and the natural consequences ensued.

It was just at this period, so untoward, from the foregoing circumstances, that Lord Hatherton, then Mr Littleton, was charged with giving information to O'Connell indiscreetly, at a personal meeting, of the disunited state of the Cabinet. Ever open and honourable, he did not imagine that O'Connell would turn what he said to the advantage of his party. The secretary had been too candid in dealing with a lawyer who united the

politician with his professional habits, and a profit was at once made of the information. The Irish secretary was not like Moloch, expert in wiles, and therefore became the victim of his candour. He could, in consequence, take no other step but to resign his post, and the ministry upon that event also resigned.

A letter from his lordship, written in his customary kind manner, and implying that he would direct his attention to certain points when he arrived in town, after the existing Parliamentary recess, was the last communication I ever received from him. How shortsighted are human expectations. Lord Hatherton had scarcely exceeded the age allotted to men of old—which we are informed has been lengthened ten years, in later days, by those who calculate average longevities—when his health began to decline rapidly. This state of things was probably accelerated by his own idea, that but few of his family had survived threescore years and ten. His customary habits and his appearance led to the promise of a more prolonged existence, which the above pre-disposition, with a declining state of health, no

doubt tended to hasten. His usual kindness of temper, and amenity towards others, did not forsake him during his illness, which at first had not appeared of much moment, but too soon assumed another aspect, and became serious. In truth, that open, kind urbanity of disposition and exceeding good-will towards others never once forsook him. Few public men had so large a circle of friends, a fact which speaks for itself. No one in public life ever passed through it, more free of evil intention, or with a purer mind. He was candid, honest, and too much above trickery for the hacknied and deceptive habits of the larger part of official men who happen to be adepts in their art. Without being a man of genius, he possessed qualities fully, perhaps, more valuable to the community in the sphere in which he moved, and in which he was called upon to act by his distinguished place in society. All his duties were correctly fulfilled up to the last moment he was able to perform them, in fact, exercised too long in aid of the insidious advance of the foe of our common humanity. Lord Hatherton was one whom society could least

spare at the moment, on many accounts, for not only were his public labours valuable, as already stated, but as a scholar, an agriculturist, and a hospitable country gentleman, no one could be more missed in a county where the majority of that class are numerous; and, with few exceptions, are of all political parties so open and hospitable.

If a knowledge of between twenty and thirty years can enable an observer to form some estimate of character, looking retrospectively at that large portion of human existence which will be admitted possible, it is not wonderful that, with the saddened feeling of others, I must add my sorrow that the country should have been so soon deprived of his lordship's services. If one who honoured the peerage much more than the peerage could honour him;—if candour, incapacity of craft—even the share sometimes conceded by *bienseance* to statesmen—generous emotion, and a perfect sense of social duty, with its due performance, a great aptitude for public business, and honesty of judgment, as well in private life as in relation to the true interests of his country, the union of these

recommended the man by the absence of all ostentation—if there are social as well as individual virtues when openly exercised, they too were the property of him whose loss was so largely felt. We have never encountered—we own it—a second example in any walk of life that could be styled his lordship's parallel in those points by which he was more generally distinguished, and could be best estimated.

Having occasion to make a request of his lordship, of no public moment, and ignorant he was not a magistrate, he wrote me, recommending me to Lord Wriothesley who was so, and then alluded to a public subject, which will show that as a country gentleman he well understood the true interest of the landowner, which the majority of the class were too ignorant, or too wedded to old things to perceive. On this subject some one on the Tory side had said that the ministers in 1849 were more deeply pledged on the corn question than on any other. It was insinuated his lordship was not sincere about it. He wrote me:—

“DEAR SIR,—Very likely a minister may have been asked, (I think Lord Melbourne was last session,) whether any intention was then entertained of altering the law, and he may have answered ‘No.’ Seasons, tempers, and means of execution, are elements of consideration in deciding upon a question of this sort. These are favourable now, and were unfavourable then. But to state that the corn question is one on which the Government is more deeply pledged than to any other is neither more nor less than a wilful falsehood.

“It is notorious that there has always been a large party in the Government in favour of an entire change of the law—an absolute repeal, and the substitution of a very moderate duty, which should vanish at a certain price. I am not sure whether one or more of the Government have not been for an unqualified free trade. How they voted last year on any motion, if any were made, I do not know. I have no means of reference at hand. But this I remember, that in 1833 or 1834, on Mr Hume’s motion, Lord Duncannon, then Commissioner of the Woods and Forests ; Mr Littleton, then Chief

Secretary ; Mr Ellice, (I forget whether he was then in office, or if he were not, he had only just quitted it,) and several others filling subordinate posts in the Government, voted on Mr Hume's resolutions. As far as the Government was concerned, it was an open question. It would be worth while to look at the lists, and see how Mr P. Thompson then voted. His opinions were strongly favourable. As to my vote on the occasion, I should not like to appear to be following in the wake of those who are proposing to tack and go round in compliance with the gale. I have, in addition to the hundred motives of public policy, always felt it to be especially the interest of large landowners to give no just cause of complaint to consumers.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

“ HATHERTON.”

The above will show how his lordship, a large landowner, understood that momentous question, so strongly opposed by those who are guided by the hornbooks of their forefathers.

His lordship's judgment was sound in the matter of our defence against foreign attacks. It was to

strengthen our artillery. I had said that the army might soon be made efficient in case of war, but that the navy could not, and that with steam we were doubly safe. A person had asked me how I felt when Bonaparte was at Boulogne with 100,000 men. I replied—Just as I feel now. I am sailor enough to know that open boats by hundreds will make a muddle of it with only two or three small ships of war among them. Steam was our better weapon, and strengthened us. His lordship said—

“The public, I believe, are with you ; and sure I am that therefore you are right—that the only sure defence of our shores is in our sailors, and especially our mercantile marine. No country like ours was ever sustained in a long war except by that force.”

But I must quote no further. The course of events follows that of human existence, and both too soon become the shadows of a shade in the rapid progression of everything beneath the heavens towards oblivion, so that the making such records, equally evanescent, demands *cui bono* ?

REV. JOHN MURRAY.

THERE is a body of Christians in the United States of America denominated “Universalists.” They are divided into two sects or divisions, one differing little from some of the Unitarians in this country, the other almost peculiar to the American States. One of these sects believes in the ultimate salvation of all men ; the other, with distinctions we cannot exactly define, holds a doctrine somewhat similar, except that the wicked who die in their sins will be punished for them—

“ — Confined to fast in fires
Till the foule crimes done in the dayes of nature
Are burnt and purged away ! ”

So far, then, has this doctrine spread—a doctrine so opposed to the priest-invented or adopted word in English which has become an adjuration, for the Scripture word from the Latin is “condemn.”* The doctrine to which I allude—Universalism—is become, from its number of disciples in the United States, the fourth in the numerical order of its followers. Many, also, who are of other denominations, hold that one tenet with their own. There are Episcopalians, too, who hold that single tenet of the Universalists, but no other.

John Murray of Boston, in the United States, was a man of enthusiastic temperament, great piety, endowed with natural eloquence, ardent almost to enthusiasm, unwavering, philosophical, and ever zealous to do good. In some respects his sentiments were different from others of his persuasion ; but of his pure motives, unrelaxing zeal, un-

* *Condemno and damno.* Thus—*Condemnabo eodem ego te* criminē. *Cic.* from *con* and *damno*—*damno*, to condemn, meaning precisely the same ; but “to damn” in English has been converted by middle-age priestcraft or dark times into burning in hell-flames, and the sense thus given is the vilest curse of the vulgar against each other.

flagging labour, and true piety, there could be no doubt. He cast aside all titles of honour or respect but one by which he chose to distinguish himself—“The Promulgator of Glad Tidings.” It is no little claim upon renown to be the founder of a religious sect, when free of selfishness, with no motive but the conviction of right, with a pure life and high integrity of character. Murray laboured hard to sweep away errors alike absurd and unchristian, and to set up in their places what he conceived would bear to be tried by the standard of mercy and truth. He had no idea of approving any sentiments or opinions because they were time-worn, but rather the reverse. His career was one of general benevolence. He endeavoured to bring the moral affections of his hearers under the influence of holiness, but not out of fear of hell and the dogma of eternal punishment for the sins of a comparative moment. He sought to make mankind in love with holiness of life, not from exacerbating the terrors of future pain, but by making mankind sensible that the truth was to be found in “reconciliation” with the Supreme Being by Christ, and the medium of pardon

through penitence and a change to a virtuous and holy life. He had no regard for the violent opposition which he first met with in the United States. He was often rudely opposed at an early period after his arrival, when a stranger and a wanderer to American solitudes from his native land. He was then a disconsolate widower. He had been a convert to the doctrines of Whitfield first, and in the next place of a Mr Relly, who preached in London, near to where he resided in the city. He had been tempted to exercise his talents as a minister in a chapel in the States where a minister was wanted, and from that beginning arose the spread of Universalism in America, under this zealous and singularly-gifted man. He had been led across the Atlantic in 1770, it may be said in search of a solitude that would minister comfort to his spirit after the loss of a wife and child in England, where he had settled down.

I was a mere child, but remember the man's outline of figure as he sat in my father's parlour, at Falmouth, where he had landed from America, and was on his way to London to see his friends

He was introduced by a merchant of the town, and while he remained in the place visited at my father's house several times. Proceeding to London, after a short stay with his mother, he returned to the United States, embarking at Portsmouth. My father was so much pleased with him that a correspondence ensued between them, until death put a final stop to it on his part, Mr Murray surviving him seven or eight years.

His father was a member of the Church of England, his mother a Presbyterian. He was a native of Alton, in Hants. His father's house being burned, he visited and resided some time with relations in Ireland, one of whom was governor of the fort or fortress at Cork. He had early in life strong religious impressions, and on his father's death took his place in the family. At a very early age he defended, in an open law court, a case in relation to some land which was a family property, and obtained a verdict against the counsel that opposed him, a decided proof of his talent. He visited Cork to see his grandmother, and heard Whitfield preach at Limerick. He soon after returned to

London, became somewhat convinced, heard Whitfield again there, and resolved to give up dissipation. He then joined Whitfield's church, and not long after married a most amiable young lady, a Miss Neale, with whom he again visited the chapel of Mr Relly, of whom both soon became hearers. Mr Relly was a universalist. For this conduct, having joined Whitfield's church, he was excommunicated. He now lost his wife in childbed, and London became hateful to him. He was inconsolable, and determined to seek the woods and solitudes of the American colonies. He took leave of his mother, and thus seeking consolation he knew not how, he set sail, hopeless and aimless. He had sought for comfort in religion, and had been once called upon to attempt an address, in fact to preach, in London, and had succeeded, for he had a vivid fancy, had read much of English poetical literature, but by no means possessed a perfectly grammatical style of composition. His eloquence, decorated with apt poetical quotations, and a wonderful flow of language, singularly captivated his hearers. On making the land, as they supposed at Sandy Hook, which was

really seventy miles away, they having mistook the distance for seven miles, the ship ran ashore in a wild place called Cranberry Inlet, in a fog. There Murray found himself, purposeless, unknown, and no accommodation on shore. He was a total stranger, and left behind with others. The vessel got off, and sailed. He had nothing but the clothes he wore, his purse, and his Bible. He had no food, and had to search for it with others left like himself. Murray was fortunate at last to find a house and chapel in the woods, and to be hospitably welcomed by the farmer or owner of the place, named Potter, who was in comfortable circumstances, and a man of religion. He had built near his house a chapel for ministers of all sects to preach in if they should chance to pass that way, but acknowledged that the pulpit was sometimes vacant for months together. He, Murray, having confessed that he once had preached in England, Potter hoped he would do so there, and make his house the stranger's home at least for a time.

It was true he had no object elsewhere ; he was bowed down by his domestic calamity in England,

and all places were alike to him. The wild woods and solitude were around him, and thus he had the seclusion he desired. He had noted how in London his friend Mr Relly had been persecuted for his “damnable doctrine” of universal salvation, and he was too honest to preach what he did not believe. He was not without fears as to the result. He had never attempted before to instruct others, though he had preached. He conceived that he was bound to try, was successful, and much pleased the people. After the lapse of a little time he proceeded to New York, his mind still heavily oppressed. The news that he had preached, and his peculiar doctrine, had reached that city. He became a novelty, and in a little time believed he might be useful. Letters of his wife he bore about with him, a melancholy treasure, a sort of charm that urged him on. He soon became popular as a minister in New York, still supporting his doctrine of “universal redemption,” for so he styled it. In 1774 he visited Boston, where he was heard with great attention. He was of course slandered and abused for his “damnable” doctrine of the ultimate salva-

tion of all men, but he was well supported by those who became of his opinion. He visited Gloucester, where he was also calumniated and insulted for his doctrine. There it was he became acquainted with General Greene, so well known in the unfortunate war with England, who urged him to become his chaplain.

In 1775 he was named chaplain to the Rhode Island brigade, a detachment of the Revolutionary army. He found little pleasure in the appointment, though honourable to him. He accompanied a detachment to compliment General Washington, on taking the command of the army at Cambridge, and was received with the usual urbanity of that immortal man. He devoted himself to break the habits of swearing, too much indulged in by the troops, and numbers yielded to his remonstrances. In one case, finding a sick soldier could not proceed on his march from weakness, where a stream was to be forded, Murray took the poor man's knapsack and all his accoutrements, and crossed it with them upon his own person, so that the poor fellow was

able to pass himself. A number of similar anecdotes were told of the chaplain of the brigade. He often parted with his last shilling to aid sufferers, and left himself without pecuniary means. General Washington ordered that he should be particularly respected. He was appointed chaplain to three Rhode Island regiments by that General, who said, "Mr Murray is a young man now ; he will live to be old, and repentance will be the companion of his age." The prediction was verified ; for while he was with General Greene and his family, his presence was considered as a favour, and his pay or ratio would have accumulated, as he resided in that distinguished officer's house. He might have retired on half-pay or commutation in that case, and in years of decrepitude have been easy in his circumstances. But he seemed to have a wish to be clear of the abodes of affluence, thinking that a state of dependence was not consistent with his views of personal comfort. He continued in the army until a bilious fever brought him nearly to the grave. He recovered, however, only to renew

his efforts for the good of others, and the relief of the sufferers during that calamitous war, being at the moment still resident in Gloucester.

When he recovered from illness he became most useful in alleviating the wants of the population. He laboured in a severe winter to collect food and money for those suffering from the calamity of the war, where he had to undergo many trials, one of which was from certain persons who, under the spirit of the old government and State Church, demanded his authority for presuming to preach, having no regular credentials to show, although the commander-in-chief had appointed him a chaplain in the army. In 1790, he became a regular minister in Gloucester, a chapel having been erected in which he promulgated that "damnable doctrine," so styled in London, and in the States, by those who would only admit themselves to be right. But they were not content with abuse. The barbarous laws of the old country as to religion, as well as its prejudices, were still in force in the States, and persecution in the courts of law, or rather an appeal to the civil power ensued. To the "law's

delay," as usual, there was an appeal on both sides, and at length the verdict was given in favour of religious freedom, and on the side of Murray. He soon afterwards set out to visit his mother in his native land ; and it was upon that occasion, on his landing at Falmouth, that he was introduced to my father, and while there that he visited at his house. In 1785, previously, he had been placed at the head of a chapel in Bennet Street, Boston, not without some opposition from other sects. In Philadelphia, New York, and in the State of Massachusetts, he was much sought for and valued. The old law relative to marriages out of the Church of England was still in force, and Murray had married in his chapel. He was therefore prosecuted under the old law for more than one infringement of it, and he was advised to withdraw himself from the ruinous fines which the old tyranny of an Establishment had enacted, until the State should formally abrogate the law. The legislature was addressed accordingly. Mr Murray then embarked for England to visit his mother, and evade any fresh measures against one who had incurred the anger of other sects for

preaching that God was more merciful to sinners than they would have Him to be. Yet was the doctrine of Murray highly praised by the excellent Dr Franklin as being consonant in principle with a merciful God, as he said, “Restoring a lapsed world to Himself,” being the words in which that great man expressed himself upon being asked his opinion of the doctrine.

The senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts soon passed an act of indemnity on behalf of Mr Murray, to secure him from such prosecutions, or rather persecutions, from the old Episcopalian law, in future. I believe it was about 1790, or a little before, that he once more trod his native shores, where he was well received, and when his acquaintance with my family commenced personally, though only for a short time, but by correspondence, until a death in England alone terminated it in 1807. Those who heard him preach in England described him as possessed of a power of natural oratory that bore away the affections irresistibly. His fervour was great, his language highly poetical, and yet he often violated some rule of grammar.

He had evidently read more works of imagination than of fact. It was by the display of a rich fancy, a great flow of language, intense feeling, and an admirable power of winning the affections, that he acquired his popularity. I possessed a number of his letters to my father, which I recently returned, to where a great value was set upon them in the United States. They were remarkable for testifying warm friendship, elevated piety, and a temper exceedingly equable. On quitting England he returned again to America, as before observed, and finally settled down in Boston, where he continued until his decease in 1815. He was early looked upon by his countrymen with jealousy. They were not yet in matters of faith emancipated, even in the city of the pilgrim fathers, from the bigotry and prejudices of the old time inherited from the mother country. He was regarded with revulsion, and even insulted. His creed soon made way notwithstanding. His chapel was denominated in Boston the "Independent Church of Christ." He kept up a correspondence with several ministers of the Church of England, as well as of the old country

dissenters, of which the natural warm-heartedness of the man contributed to the preservation until death terminated it.

The Government of the United States wisely resolved not to legislate for religion, further than to protect all peaceful sects in the exercise of their duties, or what they so denominated. This resolution was not followed by any decline in the duties of religion generally. The truly faithful of all creeds are as numerous there as in England. In the old country, the established creed was a means of rule, although not more than half the population held by it. It was ever there as much a political as a religious institution, and its use was never spared for secular purposes. In the United States, no particular creed was arrayed for or against the ruling party of the time. The consequence was, that a dominant creed not existing, religion was, and is, free from the charge of being a political engine of the ministers of the hour, to support unjust and unnecessary wars, or to enrich individuals by lucrative ecclesiastical posts. In America there is as much real religion as in the

old country, without that animosity between sects, for time has subdned there almost wholly that religious hatred, so opposite to real Christianity.

Mr Murray, promulgating his doctrine of the final salvation of mankind, succeeded at a critical moment, in regard to the state of the country, by a fine carriage, strong arguments, even temper, and reasoning on the subject. He paid no attention to the decrees of Roman emperors, councils, popes, or cardinals, nor to the assumptions of the Church grounded on the papal faith in the day of Constantine. He looked only to "The Book," as the good Bishop of Llandaff, I have before quoted, used to phrase it, for the only true guide.

Ordained the minister at Gloucester, in the first instance, where he resided for some years, he was welcomed upon his return from England by a circle of affectionate friends, who had all embraced the doctrine of which he must be regarded in the main points as the founder in America. Its followers were few, or none, before his time. When he had been ordained a minister, he at length subdued, by patience, and a peculiarly quiet mode of reasoning

with his opponents, all open opposition to his doctrine of "ultimate salvation." Still, there were those who pronounced that doctrine "most damnable." But he was not to be daunted. He, soon after his return from England, went up with a deputation to General Washington, the president. The deputation purported to be from the "Universal Church assembled in Philadelphia," and consisted of the minister of the church there as well as at Gloucester. As every sentence uttered by a name destined to be remembered to remote ages, for a human benefactor is worthy of record, I copy it from one transmitted at the time, to a friend in England, where it never before appeared. The address to Washington, merely complimentary, expressed thanks to God that He had given them for a ruler one so distinguished for his love of freedom, of free inquiry, and of universal peace and benevolence. Washington replied :—

"GENTLEMEN—I thank you cordially for the congratulations which you offer on my appointment

to the office I have the honour to hold in the Government of the United States.

“It gives me the most sensible pleasure to find, that in our nation, however different are the sentiments of citizens on religious doctrines, they generally concur in one thing, for those political professions and practices are almost universally friendly to the order and happiness of our civil institutions. I am also happy in finding this disposition ‘particularly’ evinced by your society. It is, moreover, my earnest desire that the members of every association or community throughout the United States may make such use of the auspicious years of peace, liberty, and free inquiry, with which they are now favoured, as they shall hereafter find occasion to rejoice for having done.

“With great satisfaction, I embrace this opportunity to express my acknowledgments for the interest my affectionate fellow-citizens have taken in my recovery from a late dangerous indisposition, and I assure you, gentlemen, that in mentioning my obligations for the effusions of your benevolent

wishes on my behalf, I feel animated with new zeal that my conduct may ever be worthy of your good opinion, as well such as shall, in every respect, best comport with the character of an intelligent and accountable being. (Signed) G. WASHINGTON."

The publication of this reply cannot be deemed superfluous. The glory that illumined the path of this great and virtuous man in life has only increased by the lapse of years. We have seen no ruler since, the lustre of whose glory, consul, king, or emperor, as it may be, who has a name that does not grow pale before the radiance that encircles that of Washington.

It was in 1793 that Mr Murray took up his residence at Boston. His correspondence with friends in England from that time until the common enemy of mankind put an end to the power of its continuance, never ceased. Those letters were remarkable specimens of warm-heartedness, of piety, and unbroken friendship. I cannot quote from them, for, as observed, they were returned to his friends on the other side of the Atlantic, who

thought of publishing them in the United States, where he is so universally respected. His church, for all places of worship are so denominated in America, and not those of papal origin alone, was called the "Universal Church" in Boston. There he officiated until 1809, a year or two before which his correspondence with my family had ceased. His departure to the world of spirits occurred in 1815. In the year before mentioned, or 1809, this original professor of the numerous religious body in America called Universalists was struck with paralysis; his limbs were reduced almost to helplessness, but he retained for six years the possession of his faculties, and did not expire until after an exacerbation of his complaint for a few hours, September 3, 1815. His later days were described as very touching, from the serenity of mind he displayed while under suffering. He had been a great reader of English authors upon all subjects, but ever fondest of the poets and historians. He continued to refer to, and repeat from them, to the last. He never changed one of the sentiments with which he commenced his career as a minister.

Not a feature of the doctrine he first advocated did he alter. After the attack he suffered so long he feared after all he might recover, and have to go through his suffering again. He expired at the age of seventy-five. He may be entitled to the name of the founder of "Universalism," or rather, as he termed it, of the doctrine of "Universal Redemption in America." I now regret that I transmitted the letters of this extraordinary man to the United States, when there was the expectation of their being published. He left three volumes of sermons, or sketches of sermons, behind him, but they are out of print.

Mr Murray married a second time. The lady's name was Sargent, I believe. She published a work in three volumes, called "The Gleaner," in which there were two dramatic pieces, but as literary works they show an ingenious lady-like mind, with sound views and virtuous principles, but no more. By this lady Mr Murray had one daughter, who married and resided in the Western States some hundred miles from Boston. Mrs Murray, in her widowhood, having set out on her way to visit her

daughter, was attacked by illness, and died upon the journey, a few years ago. I have nothing of her writings left but a little description of an American institution which she visited, and an account of some gardens, near Philadelphia. Her literary work, hearing it was out of print in America, I sent with her husband's correspondence collected here, that if his friends were inclined they might use them also for publication. Mr Murray was much attached to his wife, and pleased at her writings. The following description of an institution called Bethlehem he transmitted from her pen. The establishment it appears was Moravian, and from Philadelphia she wrote:—

“ Bethlehem is in the State of Pennsylvania, situated fifty-four miles north of Philadelphia. It is a beautiful village, and without the smallest degree of enthusiasm may be pronounced a terrestrial paradise.” The lady of the great American champion of the Universalists then proceeds:—

“ It is true we do not wander through orange or citron groves, but nature hath shaped here the most enchanting walks. Embowering shades, mea-

dow, hill, and dale, strike the eye with an agreeable variety. Rivers pursue their glassy course, the margins of which are planted with the highly-perfumed locusts, cedars, and chestnuts, and a variety of fruit trees. Now the fructifying stream murmurs along in a direct line—now becomes indented, still ornamented with the richest foliage, and its meanderings present pleasing and romantic views. Upon an eminence in Bethlehem the whole cultivated scene is displayed before the observer. A chain of verdant hills encircles it, and the little Eden is embosomed in the midst.

“ The town, with very few exceptions, is built of stone, and the dwellings large. The houses of the brethren as well as of the sisterhood, the asylum for widows, and the seminary for young ladies, are elevated and capacious, and there is an air of dignity and simplicity throughout. From one spring the inhabitants have the water conveyed to the places wanted by pipes. The town was originally colonised by Germans. All the various trades and arts are carried on there. The Germans still retain much of their national manners.

“ Their religion seems to be a system of benevolence, upon which their superstructure of morality is erected. I admired beyond expression their regularity in everything. The virgin choir derived all the advantages which the cloistered fair ones can boast, without involving the like restraints. I inquired of one of the sisters if it was in her power to quit her engagements. She replied, ‘ Our doors, madam, are always open, but once relinquishing this retreat, a re-entrance is very difficult.’ This circle of amiable women dwell together in perfect amity. Every one pursues her own talent, and the profits go into the common fund. Never did I see all kinds of needlework carried to higher perfection. Every flower which prolific nature produces is imitated so exactly as to render it only not impossible to designate them—I never saw them surpassed by any imported from Europe; and with the beauty, richness, and exquisite shading of their embroidery I was highly pleased.

“ The sisterhood consisted at that time of one hundred girls, who, after a night of such slumbers as health and innocence produce, assemble in an

elegant apartment, which is their chapel. This apartment is properly fitted up, and supplied with an organ and music-books. Here the female choir at early dawn, and closing evening, hymn the praises of God, and prostrate themselves as in His presence, the old offering up their petitions. All the sisterhood had their allotments, such as tutors, pupils, and superintendents.

“ The males and females were allowed to contract matrimonial engagements, but they were bound to quit their former retirements, and might choose a spot in Bethlehem where they might commence housekeeping, and hold an intercourse with their former associates. This privilege is only granted to a Moravian. No others, though they may reside, can become freeholders there. The married are not separated, but live together much in the manner of the rest of the world. Only one inn is permitted in the town, but that is upon an extensive plan, and carefully regulated.

“ The education at Bethlehem, for a very moderate consideration, consisted of the native language, French, German, reading, writing, composition, and

arithmetic. The accomplishments of painting and music were also taught, and great attention was paid to morals. Order and regularity were enforced. A bell aroused the inmates from sleep to dress, prayers, and then breakfast. Next commenced work, and amusements. Their morning and evening prayers were chanted with their guitars in a little consecrated chapel, into which no male ever entered. They rose at six, and at eight retired to rest. Lights were burned all night, and often the sound of music lulled them to repose.

“The school was divided into a number of apartments, each, according to its dimensions, containing its proper number of girls. Over each division was a tutoress, and over all these a superior. The lodging-room was on another story, well-ventilated. The dietary appeared wholesome, and was judiciously varied.

“Twice a-year the inmates passed a public examination, at which the reverend teacher of the society presided. On Sundays the whole were congregated, man, woman, and child, in the common chapel, which is neatly ornamented, and possesses a fine

organ, that is often accompanied with other instruments. The singing and music are fine, and constitute no small part of the Moravian form of worship. The service is performed alternately in English and German.

"The girls in the institution walk about under the care of the governesses, without whom they do not appear. The promenades are interesting and beautiful around the town, to which stages run regularly from Elizabeth Town, Lancaster, and Philadelphia."

Mrs Murray then described some of the scenes she "witnessed with the friends of the girls sent to the seminary for education, to which they got attached. She found that coercive measures were not adopted, that in general advice and gentle remonstrances were sufficient. If a child proved uncommonly refractory she was restored to her parents, and refused to be allowed to return. The name of a pupil who was less refractory had it recorded, with the nature of the offence, and, except in one case, no instance had been found where it was not effectual."

Mrs Murray thought if she had a daughter whom she could bring herself to resign for so long a term as from seven to fourteen years, she should place her there. She said that the most erroneous ideas had been formed of the establishment in other parts of the United States. They talked of girls being immured there like nuns. The opposite was the truth. Others had talked of the *mauvaise honte* of the girls educated there, because they were not as forward and assuming in the manners as those who had had the range of society. There was, it appears, no real ground for the complaint, and they had a sufficiency of society and great care of their morals in the institution. Dancing alone of all those called "accomplishments" was not taught there. Even uniformity of dress was not required, though all excess was avoided. White was generally preferred in the school as a colour for the dresses. A cap was worn as it was a thing which marked their order. It was of cambric, tied at the chin with a pink ribbon. It seemed becoming, and to add a charm to the countenance. It was worn by all in the institution, maid, wife, or widow. The

girls used the red or pink ribbon, the wives blue, and the widows white ; and this bit of ribbon in a knot was the only ornament known in the establishment. They never put on mourning, as they judged the dead to be happy.

Mrs Murray added, that their manner of interring their dead was striking and not unpleasing. As soon as the life had departed the body was clothed in white linen, and if a female bore the cap of the class to which she had belonged. The body was then carried to a small stone chapel used for the purpose, where it was placed upon a stand until the time of interment. One of the brethren then ascended to the top of the highest edifice commanding the whole village, and proclaimed the death through some kind of speaking-trumpet used for the purpose, describing the fact of the death, the sex, and connexions of the departed. When the time of the funeral approached, the brethren, sisterhood, and children were summoned to attend the service in the larger chapel. An exhortation was delivered, and singing with solemn music followed. The body was then borne from the chapel, and placed

upon a stand on a beautiful green, the males ranging themselves on the one side, and the females on the other. The body was then covered with a pall, snow white, ornamented with red, blue, or white ribbon, according to the character of the departed. An anthem was performed, and the body borne to the sepulchre, instruments of music accompanying, playing appropriate tunes, the whole village joining in the procession.

“We attended one of these funerals,” said Mrs Murray, “and it gave a chastened and solemn kind of satisfaction. Some religious exercises were performed at the grave, which being in German I could not understand. Then followed a sacred concert of vocal and instrumental music, continued during the interment, and until the whole assemblage had moved off the ground. The ground is regular, spacious, level, and walled in. It is divided very exactly, and the males are placed on one side, and the females on the other. The graves are laid out with great regularity. The grave-stones were not raised, but consisted of a modest tablet, shaded by the grass.”

Mrs Murray praised the decent propriety in bearing of the governesses, all was expressive. The French governess knew not a word of English. In fact, she was of a peculiar character as to her history, being of a noble French family, and having made one in the suite of the Princess Lovisa. She had been highly educated, and influenced by the example of her royal mistress, she took the veil. For twelve years she was an acquiescing sister, but possessing a superior mind and much information, doubts arose. She had been invested while in the cloister with certain dignities, and questioned those whom she supposed capable of giving her instruction about them, but she got no satisfaction. At length she effected her escape, and leaving her family, and forsaking her religious garb and name, she took that of Fontaine, a river over which she escaped into Holland. From thence she went into Germany, embraced the Moravian faith, and heard of the Bethlehem Society in the United States. With recommendations to the brethren there, she crossed the Atlantic, and had become the leading ornament of the establishment.

There was a Moravian establishment for boys about ten miles from Bethlehem, but Mrs Murray did not visit it. On the whole she was much pleased with what she saw and heard. She had a power of description, good but somewhat mannered.

Her husband often solicited the muse of poetry, but the specimens I had of his composition have repassed the Atlantic with his numerous letters, so much more valued by his friends ; there was not one of those whom he knew in England that at present survives.

This is no place for discussing points of religion or the doctrine of Universalism, in regard to which neither politicians nor mitred heads are proper parties as guides. Leaving the doctrine out of the question, the whole history of the Rev. John Murray is one of those singular chains of causes and consequences which we are apt to overlook in life because they do not present themselves prominently. There was great humility about the man, as well as singular firmness of purpose. It may be said that he hardly knew what fear was. He did not pretend to have founded any new creed ;

he only asserted that he promulgated the “true Christian doctrine.” He alleged, in support of the side he took and the doctrine he preached, that it was consistent with divine goodness, and that it cleared up many difficulties that could be answered in no other way. His character was eminently philanthropic, and his views of Christianity, intending a reconciliation through a Mediator, were certainly more reasonable than any others, to that of God “bringing a lapsed world to Himself,” to borrow of the renowned Franklin regarding his creed.

The persecution of Murray on his entrance upon public duties was not wonderful. Religious bitterness is much more intense than that of men of the world, and is for the most part bitter in proportion as the dogmas of the most worldly party in faith become more influential.

The followers of Mr Murray, who were at first thus contemned, are now among the best-informed people in the United States. They are said to be the greatest readers, having nineteen or twenty periodical works of their own issuing monthly, to nearly thirty thousand subscribers, and to three or

four times that number of readers. The Universalist Convention of the New England States alone is attended by fifty ministers and hundreds of lay delegates. In the other States similar conventions are organised, and the doctrine is largely embraced, despite the rage which the jealousy of other sects endeavoured to excite against it. All this has been the result of a sorrowing, solitude-seeking stranger for the loss of his wife, who, in 1770, was driven by accident into Cranberry Inlet, detained there by accident, preached in a ministerless chapel belonging to a rustic landowner, and from that incident proceeding still farther, became the first avowed Universalist minister in the United States, and thus obtained a lasting name.

True it is, that the opposition and abuse which met the first promulgation of his doctrine was nothing new. In matters not connected with religion, he who contravenes things called "established," no matter of what kind, is certain to be attacked by the advocate of things as they are, or by the ignorant, whose wisdom is that of the darker days of the past. That Murray did not deserve the coarse opposition

he met with too often at first was clear. His feelings are described as having been exceedingly acute, and his sympathies easily excited, so that he mourned deeply with those that mourned, and equally rejoiced with the joyous. In his conversation there was always interest, and often an innocent hilarity, which always secured him a welcome. In the pulpit he was animated, and often highly interesting, being absorbed in the subject of which he was speaking, and sometimes showing considerable excitement.

It is said that his influence has not been confined in America to the promulgation of his own views, but that it has had an effect upon other creeds and doctrines previously followed there, and has caused improvements and principles as yet not so openly acknowledged as they must be by the more liberal in their ideas of the Christian doctrine.

He was not himself inclined to bestow his labour upon any peculiar sect, for he regarded the interests of all. Some of his notions were peculiar, but on the whole genial and healing. To return to the man himself—he wrote poetry. I have seen one or

two pieces that were set to music, and sung in his chapel in Bennet Street, Boston, now rased to the ground.

I sent to the United States the two dramatic works of Mrs Murray, and have nothing of the authorship of either husband or wife that had been transmitted to England, except the letter of Mrs Murray's to a friend, descriptive of Gray's Gardens, in Pennsylvania, dated, I should imagine, about the time of her marriage. It is as follows:—

“Once more, my dear Maria, I hold the pen of familiar scribbling, to chat by it with a friend, who, I am persuaded by the consciousness of it which plays about my heart, is prepared with an indulgent candour to listen. I am indebted, on the score of friendship, for two letters, and proceed to discharge my arrears with superior pleasure. The thought is charming, borne away on the wing of exursive fancy, and you along with me, as the companion of a journey, the pleasures of which you have contributed to augment. Not a green bank, nor a shady grove, nor a glassy stream, can present itself, but

immediately, like a daughter of paradise in spotless white, I place your image, my dear Maria. In my imagination I clasp your dear form—that is, if imagination has arms, like flesh and blood—and the thought animates and colours the glowing scene around me. If my journal, transmitted for your perusal, help to brighten a solitary hour, which would else have passed in a mode melancholy enough, I shall think the moment that prompted my doing it particularly fortunate. The departure of my cousin P—— must have opened a fresh wound in the bosom of my friend. May He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand calm the waves, bring propitious gales, and crown his undertaking with success. I write by candle-light. I would not for the world be accessory to increase your sufferings. Dear is every line of yours to me, but I would not purchase the testimonies of your friendship at the smallest increase of that the aspect of which is sufficiently formidable.

“In my last, did I not promise a jaunt to Schuylkill Gardens? Well, then, my sweet attendant spirit, come along on the wings of fancy. Before

us is the road, over a beautiful level, groves and lawns on either hand—fields of grain and meadows delightfully variegating the scene. It is about four miles from Philadelphia, on the road to Maryland.

“To do justice to those delightful gardens is beyond my power. We first passed over a floating-bridge on the Schuylkill, upon the banks of which rises the pretty seat of Mr Hamilton. From the view at Gray’s Ferry we were induced to expect but little. The dwelling there promised nothing beyond a decent tavern. This, however, was only the house in which preparation for the guests is made. Ascending a flight of steps which appears on the right hand, and which with much labour is shaped out of the solid rock, we found ourselves on a winding gravel-walk, firm and well rolled. Beyond this, over a level of grass, a view of the banqueting-house unexpectedly broke upon the sight on the left. This is an elegant building of stone. In the centre and in front is a superb orchestra, supported by white columns, and decorated with a fine resemblance of the eminent Handel. The whole of the lower story is divided

into two rooms, the one a fine hall, the chimney-pieces of which are of American marble, highly-polished, and the room conveniently furnished. It is oblong in form. From the centre of the ceiling is suspended the identical civic crown which a Philadelphian youth produced, unexpectedly, over the head of our beloved President, when, on the before-mentioned bridge, he was upon his way to take his seat at the head of the government. It is now suspended over a figure representing a messenger from the celestial world. By a spacious staircase in the hall there is an access to the upper apartments. The other room on the ground-floor is called the Green Room, and is the receptacle for the exotics. It is lit by spacious windows, and heated by stoves in winter.

" Returning to the entrance, on the left of which is the stone building I have described, the right is fenced by white palisades upon a bank washed by the Schuylkill. Ascending some steps, we found ourselves directly before the door of a summer-house. In front there is a whole length of Washington, and Fame crowning him with laurel. Upon the right

again of this is a part of the garden devoted to exotics, full of orange and lemon trees. The almond fruit was already formed. I admired the pomegranate in full blossom, the aloes, thirty species of the geranium, and other plants. Seats were placed for resting in the shade. We next entered a wilderness, and crossed a Chinese bridge, coming to a delightful recess. Some of the views were romantic, the scene every moment changing. In different places were groves of pine, oak, chestnut, and mulberry, while borders of delightful flowers marked out the walks. The breeze came loaded with perfume. In one place an air of wilderness was given to the scene, and there the tall woods with their interlacing boughs variegated the landscape, and invited to contemplation. The river here and there flashed through the openings in the foliage.

“ In one place the observer comes suddenly upon a plain, and a mill with a natural cascade, which terminates the view. In another place the little Federal temple meets the stranger’s eye, the same edifice that was borne along, when the constitution

was proclaimed, through the metropolitan streets. The shape is that of a rotunda, with a cupola, supported by thirteen pillars, their bases will have the ciphers of the States, but these are not yet added, the apex is crowned with a figure of Plenty. The view from this temple is enchanting. The river, interjacent points of land, a stretch of the waters of the Delaware, and Philadelphia, are all seen here in a most interesting point of view. The view into the country, too, exhibits high cultivation. In order to give an accurate picture of this delightful scene, I should write you from the spot. My memory is not tenacious enough. I must add that the Federal ship, so called, is now moored in the Schuylkill, a well-constructed miniature, and no uninteresting addition to the scene.

"I could have passed days, even weeks, in these gardens. It would take a long time to give a brief detail of the beauties, they are so numerous. There are observed, almost at every turn, brass tablets on small pillars, requesting ladies and gentlemen not to injure the plants or pluck the flowers. The

whole of the garden, the flower as well as kitchen garden, covers about ten acres of ground. On Tuesday and Saturday evenings these gardens are lit up with two thousand five hundred lamps, and transparencies are exhibited. The arrangements of this nature are judiciously varied. The illumination of the cascade, the mill, and Federal ship, and a transparent picture of the President, upon the evening we passed there, had a fine effect, the whole closing with fireworks.

“ The admittance to these gardens upon public days is by a ticket, for which three-sixteenths of a dollar are demanded. Whatever refreshments are required are brought, of which the variety is great. These are of course a separate expense from the entrance-money. The waiters were habited well, and bore themselves much as I am told they do in Europe. I have omitted to state that both vocal and instrumental music is always added to the other entertainments. Except on Tuesdays and Saturdays, any decent person may use the gardens as a promenade without cost.

“ I fully enjoyed that terrestrial paradise. Much

well-dressed company was present ; and as I marked the different parties pursuing the various paths, as inclination led them, unconnected with, and inattentive to, the surrounding circles,—as I saw this, and as I listened to the sounds wafted from the orchestra, I almost fancied myself in the Elysian Fields. Amid those walks upon a divine morning, your friend, my dear Maria, with others, after taking a delicious breakfast at Gray's, of fruit and hyson, contemplatively wandered together. In these gardens, listening to the birds, or making comparisons between the pleasure we experienced there, and those derived from artificial lights and crowded rooms, one felt situated as it were in the bosom of nature.

“ The Schuylkill Gardens have been called the American Vauxhall, and they are certainly a little Eden, for which nature has done nearly everything, and yet taste still improved upon nature.

“ We visited Harrogate previous to seeing these gardens, but that will not admit of a comparison, though there are the medicinal springs and commodious bathing-houses, which will ever secure some attention to that place.

“ Well, my dear friend, I can fancy you will think you have had enough of the scribbler. So adieu, my dear Maria, and continue to love me.”

Here I must close my account of this good and enlightened man, John Murray—he who first preached Universalism in the United States, and propagated a doctrine under which popes and prelates must find the terrors they use in supporting their own doctrines much shaken. That support for ages meant themselves, for a rule of threatenings in place of mercy aided their secular views.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

I WAS at Bath, and having wished to visit a part of South Wales which I had not seen—namely, the country about Chepstow, Piersfield, Tintern, and Ragland—I was setting off for the purpose about the time that a note reached me from Sir William Napier, whom I had before known, expressing a desire to see me. He resided at that time at Freshford, a few miles only from the city of Bladud and its hot waters. When I paid him the first call there, I observed it was at a house not more than a hundred yards, as I can well recollect, from one inhabited by a captain or admiral in the royal navy, an old officer of Nelson's in the battle of the Nile, if I recollect

rightly. I forget his name. He was far gone in years, but still active, and had taken a fancy to look after his garden himself, in the fruit-trees of which there could scarcely be said—my authority was Sir William Napier—that there was a bud too little or too much. I have observed in several instances in the course of my life how actively naval officers will often employ themselves, and how rationally, when in time of peace living upon half-pay. In this respect they offer a complete contrast to most army men in such a position. The latter generally lounge about idly, and fancy, or seem to do so, that to lend themselves to any active employment would wound their *amour-propre*. The gallant officer to whom I allude afterwards shot himself at a very advanced period of life through pure weariness of existence.

Sir William Napier, it is not generally known, was the son of that Lady Sarah Lennox with whom George III. was so deeply in love before and at the time he married Queen Charlotte. She was very beautiful,* and no doubt far better off than if she

* See some account of her in Jesse's "History of the Reign of George III.," vol. i.

had married an individual who was destined to be so severely afflicted, for which no station in life could have compensated.

I was walking down, or rather up the street, towards my own dwelling on the south side of Bath, when the note from Sir William was put into my hands. The subject was of no other moment than that it served as my introduction and first visit to the village of Freshford. I had never before seen it, nor was I aware until I visited him there that his amanuensis was Lady Napier, one of her sex endued with wonderful patience and perseverance, for she wrote his “History of the Peninsular” twice over, if not a great part of it oftener.

There was an openness and manliness about Sir William that at once won confidence. It was felt that he was a man of principle. He persevered at that time in walking all the way into Bath by the side of his wife or daughters, who rode. It was more than his strength justified him in doing from his state of health. We are all apt to imagine that what we can do in full health and the vigour of manhood, we can continue to perform, when the

inflexible law of all things mortal should, by means of our reason, convince us of the contrary. I know it became necessary afterwards that he should qualify his idea of keeping up his earlier habit of exercise with more attention to the reduced *vis vitae* at his age and years, suffering so much from wounds as he did.

There was in his bearing an openness highly agreeable. His scorn of chicane was perceptible at a first acquaintance, and this was particularly observable when he entered into earnest conversation. It was easily discovered, too, that he was a Liberal in politics, and that he was regarded by the “serviles” in the army with a species of distaste, because he moved with the time, and lived not on the wisdom of his forefathers. There was a specimen of this, which was considered plain enough for the dullest to comprehend, in the treatment he received, and of which he complained, in the conduct of Sir George Murray, for example—a name not very well fitted to stand on a parallel with that of any of the Napiers, and of which one specimen shines so conspicuously in history for running away from the eastern coast

of Spain, and leaving his artillery behind him. The Duke of Wellington, with his loftier feeling—although little more than the soldier in other than professional matters—with that single-mindedness which distinguished him, when remarked upon by an officer of Sir George Murray's temperament, replied, in his honest and straightforward way, to the high-flier in his own ranks on thus expressing wonder the duke should lend his papers to such a radical as Colonel Napier showed himself, “He will tell the truth, and that is all I want.” What a rebuke to one of a party that had subsisted politically by chicanery and shuffling for so long a term of years ! Wellington disliked popular institutions, and was a thorough-going aristocrat, because he knew little out of his profession ; but he was nobly honest. The exposure of the treatment of Sir William by some party-men, and among them by Sir George Murray, was shown up by Sir William, on contrasting his conduct with that of Sir Willoughby Gordon and the gallant duke himself. This may be seen in the *London and Westminster Review*, in Sir William Napier's reply to an article in the *Quarterly*—the place of

refuge at that time for all the outpourings of the bitter spirit of that party, which has now pretty well died of inanition or recantation, while its worthier existing supporters have lapsed into more moderate and tenable principles.

The note from Sir William that took me to Freshford, though it related to a case interesting to the public at that time, has long since ceased to be so. It was signed "William Napier, colonel." I have several of his letters among my papers, but they are either of no present interest, or their contents are of a nature which it would not be right to make public, as they relate in one case to certain local commissioners, who are all most probably by this time no more, and their doings forgotten; nor were the steps about to be taken in their regard a matter worthy of record, if stated so as to be comprehended, without the knowledge of local affairs as they then stood.

In one instance, however, in 1836, dated from Freshford, Sir William had to make an inquiry of me respecting an individual at that time somewhat notorious, as putting on a social character to which

he had no right, and assuming the part of a gentleman in place of being an adventurer. It appeared that Sir William had very strong reason to complain of the party, and that he did so in no very measured terms was extremely probable. In reply, he got from the person an impudent answer, and resented it accordingly in terms well worthy the occasion and subject. With an insolence which could only have originated with the character to whom it owed its origin, and who hoped to establish a reputation he did not before possess by the act, he sent the colonel a challenge. Before the latter could reply, he wrote to me :—

“ DEAR SIR,—I have had occasion to bring that person to book for ungentlemanly conduct towards me, and he demands the satisfaction of a gentleman. When I remember what you told me of his affair with Captain —, I have refused him until he clears his character. It is of course necessary on such occasions that I should be able to offer reasonable grounds for my refusal, and I should feel obliged to you to authorise me to say that Captain — did (as you informed me in summer) menace

him with a horsewhipping if he did not pay a certain promissory note.—I remain, dear sir,” &c.

I sent my authority, and the colonel determined to give the personage in question a sound horsewhipping. Providing himself with the weapon accordingly, he went to every public place where he thought he might chance to meet him, but still “the better part of valour was discretion.” The hero was not to be found to vindicate his dignity.

It was at Freshford that Sir William revised as well as wrote much of his History, about which he took incredible pains to be accurate, and not like laureate Southey, whose “History of the Peninsular War” the Duke of Wellington said would “do for the history of any other war.” I confess that, not knowing a word upon the subject, except from the papers, but having been an observer of military evolutions at home and abroad, Southey’s lapses in his history astonished me, as indeed did passages in his “Life of Nelson.” It would seem as if the laureate had known nothing but from books, and had never seen ships of war or manoeuvring by sea or land. The history by Sir William is

truly a magnificent work, worthy of the subject. I can, from having known the man, fancy his conscientious scruples upon any doubtful points, and the labour he would bestow in clearing them of any obscurities that arose in his mind about them.

To calculate the labour Sir William bestowed upon this work cannot now be known. It is every way worthy of the subject, and of the great soldier who directed it, and who honoured it with his approbation as to the military portion of its statements.

Sir William complained much of the spirit that had been displayed towards him by those officers who were unable to see anything but through the glass of party-spirit. In the army, I know not how it happens, but there is a feeling with too large a part of it which has no basis beyond self-consequence. It is not found in the naval service, nor in the officers of the ordnance. It would seem as if every young martinet took his colour and guided his steps by his colonel. I speak of affairs not military. Such appear to shun thinking for themselves about anything, and those who venture to do

so—I do not mean on matters of duty, but as members of society—are not liked by their brethren in general. The army is Tory, at least the majority, and it cannot tolerate differences of opinion or free inquiry. Hence it was that Sir William was viewed with jealousy or distaste by some of the order. In the allusion just made to Sir George Murray the spirit was clear. He displayed a very small mind, according to Sir William. He said that he was about to write an account of the war himself when he was solicited for some papers which the Duke of Wellington had desired the colonel to ask of Sir George, and for the “order of movements,” to save him, Napier, the trouble of working them out. Sir George pretended to know nothing of such documents—not he! In fact, the animus shown in relation to Sir William by this official was too plain to be mistaken. Sir George seems to have thrown obstacles in Sir William’s path. He exhibited a jealous character, utterly unworthy a responsible public servant. It was not out of character, perhaps, with many in the army, aristocratic and petted as it was, that such appearances should be

presented by those who held offices, but were often no further heard of. Still the world will think there must be some kind of merit due to those names in the ranks that survive the existing generation, in the pursuit of their profession, and have at least their celebrity to leave as a legacy to their posterity, in contrast to those who live and perish forgotten, "like summer flies."

Sir William, who was not a mere soldier, but had a philosophical mind, and was an advocate for a free constitution, or those improvements in the constitution which he did not live to see carried out, while still every inch a soldier and a citizen, was an advocate for a different system from that which makes men mere machines, fighting "under the cold shade of the aristocracy," to adopt his own words.

I know not when Sir William quitted Freshford, for I had left the west, and after the lapse of a few months quitted town for Staffordshire. While there, I heard that Marshal Soult was in England, and that among those British officers who had shown him particular attention was Sir William Napier

There was a lonely churchyard in the country, about a mile and a half from where I resided. I had gone wandering there to look at the church, and read inscriptions on the tombstones, for I could never walk out merely for exercise, destitute of an object. I was mortified on my return home to find that Sir William Napier and Marshal Soult had been inspecting some extensive iron-works not far from where I lived, and that he had sent to say he had arrived in Wolverhampton, and should be glad to see me. Sir William and the Marshal remained but a few hours afterwards, and then went on to visit the Menai Straits and Bridge. I had seen Soult on the parades upon the Continent in the Place Carousel at the back of the Tuilleries in Paris, but only when on duty with the royal staff. I regretted much not having been introduced to him.

During our broken conversations I can recall little or nothing peculiar but a few generalities. I could not visit the little Somersetshire village again without recalling to mind the able officer and his History. The latter is destined to be read for

ages to come as the historian, when as the soldier he is forgotten, since very few names, save of great commanders, exist either for glory or disgrace. Sir William will inherit his well-earned fame, and the glory of Wellington be in his hand for transmission and remembrance, as doing him the justice he merited. Nor could cotemporary envy, political or otherwise, affect the well-grounded renown of the Peninsular historian. Literature is the only permanent vehicle of fame, though not the most glittering. So true is Horace in his ode beginning, “*Vixèrè fortès ante Agamemnona.*” The miserable jealousy of Sir William’s labours by inferior officers will pass with its holders into the gulf of oblivion. Time justifies its more honourable children.

Attacks were made, and more distaste shown to Sir William and his work than are above alluded to, because he was asserted to be incorrect in some of the views he took of things in the Peninsula. He was charged with underrating the power of the Spaniards to resist the French. He showed that the Spaniards, while in many cases they exhibited the noblest qualities of fortitude and persevering

resistance individually, were incapable of combined action against the French, and alone would have had no chance against them ; nor perhaps, even as it was, had the main strength of France not been at a vast distance away in Russia, and only a portion of its force been brought to bear against Spain. The strength of France was divided. Spain was aided by England. She was the fag-end of the old European aristocracy, and supported by the whole strength of that of England. But it was all in vain. The triumph of that aristocracy for a moment under the Bourbons, the work of more than a score of years, was converted into permanent discomfiture and disgrace in the Three Days of Paris. Spain, despised now, shows her people to be the most ignorant and priest-ridden in Europe. But her turn will come. In the History of Sir William Napier it was the mere arena of a bull-fight. The show had ended, only to be repeated before long by the Spaniards themselves.

It was something to have written the first worthy military narrative in England, that it is not the work of a Southey or Scott, who would have dis-

figured it by party feeling and want of knowledge in military affairs, but of an accomplished soldier upon his own art ; and that it has at once taken a place—one of the loftiest among the military histories of the world—is a lasting memorial, the most lasting of any connected with a name not solitary in renown.

The conjecture I have before ventured regarding the character of the Duke of Wellington out of his profession, seems to be confirmed by the observations of Sir William in his regard. He had gone early into the army, and been brought up in its peculiar habits, duties, and modes of thinking. Those of early life are in general permanent where the primary pursuit admits of little freedom of action, and establishes particular modes of thinking, narrow and exclusive, which in future life affect action, and render changes of opinion difficult. The military life is of all others the most arbitrary, with the least possible admission of free action. By the time a man becomes a leader, after a long period of subordination without the exercise of the will, he is thoroughly habituated to dependence in

word or thought. His absolute obedience is necessary in his duties ; he cannot separate from them free thought and action in what does not clash with them. The mind, except where it is of a superior mould, cannot move but on one habitual line ; and the needful obedience of the soldier renders the mode of free thinking and the independence of the one too often a stumbling-block to the other. The soldier cannot be brought to believe that his duties are constitutionally confined to protect the interests and security of the citizen, and no more, in a free land. The idea wounds his vanity, and he neglects at the outset in life to make himself acquainted with his subordination to the citizen. Hence he often assumes an air of superiority not becoming, for his daily task is but a repetition of the same thing. I speak not here of the scientific part of the army—the artillery and engineers—educated, reading and thinking men, but of the majority, mere unlettered soldiers, who believe the world is to owe obedience to their narrow notions and habitually-stinted views of everything unprofessional, where their duties are mechanical with all

but a very few superior minds, which can take an enlarged view of things in their own profession and out of it, if they are at the pains to study either or both, or anything but parade manœuvres.

I have observed, from what I myself saw of the Duke of Wellington, that his superior mind in his profession, having been directed to it from early youth, embraced little else, because he had studied nothing besides—not for want of capacity, but it was out of his line; hence his overweening regard for aristocratic rule and dislike of free principles. His inclinations were with those whose influence in times past can never be renewed, but who were of his earlier connexions. It was natural. The spread of education, and the habit of reflection with the many—for after all the power is with the people—will never suffer some things to override society as they have done. A study of the reign of George III., and of events in the time which has since elapsed, will prove this to be correct. Men discerning their rights will dare to maintain them. Sir William Napier has rightly shown this to be the principle that is becoming all-prevalent. He has shown how

much Wellington disliked the free government of Spain, and that dislike will be injurious to his name with posterity, while giving his aid, not for freedom, but to restore the miserable despot, Ferdinand, to the throne he dishonoured. The aristocratic domination is everywhere falling to pieces, and in England only a section of the old Tory Government men has held out against more enlightened principles than of old, as may be seen in the Earl of Derby and no small number of his friends, who perceiving the signs of the times, at length acted in obedience to them. The Duke of Wellington so continually contradicted himself when he got out of his military line of duty that it excited wonder. Yet it was not really wonderful. The Duke was a master of his own art, but the old adage, however great his ability, applied to him as well as to humbler individuals of the social body—That it was unwise to travel out of his own line of road before he explored and understood the direction of the new.

These observations are little different from those of Sir William. I have recorded the fact of the surprise at the want of curiosity in the Duke on the

trial of the steam-gun. Again at his contradictions about taking office. Straightforward where he saw his way, his views were very limited out of his profession, where his vision was not clear.

Sir William Napier observed that Wellington, with the ultra-Tory Government of 1813, showed his distaste for "all" popular institutions. He was inimical to the Cortez in Spain, because it established a free press, and would not yield the supremacy in everything to property. The Duke could not perceive that power in a state belongs to all ranks in certain degrees, and that the changes operated by progress cannot be stayed.

The foregoing ideas of the gallant historian and soldier must have their due value. Napier had read and studied history as well as his profession. It is probable, with all the practical character, energy, and firmness of the Duke, the study of book-lore, of Polybius or Cæsar, was not within the limits of his profession considered by him more than an old almanac. He was evidently practical. He taught himself. His firmness, his foresight, his perfect knowledge of the peculiar qualities of the

English soldier in addition were the great secrets of his successes.

Sir William Napier was a Liberal in the full sense of the word. He exhibited no shuffling. He took his stand upon principle, upon the rights of man, upon the lessons of history read straightforward—not upside down, as divines often read the doctrines they eschew, when in place of controverting them, at least when they cannot do so, they pervert them.

Sir William was for raising the poorer classes into political importance. His words were, that “after many years of darkness, the light of reason was breaking forth again, and the ancient principle of justice, which placed the right of man in himself above the right of property, was beginning to be understood. A clear perception of this had produced the great and powerful American republic. Other nations were admitting it, and England was fast ripening for its adoption.” Sir William did not live to see the Earl of Derby convinced of the foregoing necessity, and aiding it in the bill for household suffrage. It was honourable,

it was the safe step. Those of exclusive and time-worn principles should remember Montesquieu's words—"The people is a giant that knows not its own strength."

REV. BLANCO WHITE.

I CANNOT remember who it was that introduced me to Mr White, or more correctly to M. Blanco, he having adopted the name of "White," which is merely the translation of his Spanish name Blanco, but I remember that I called upon him for some purpose, the object of which I have forgotten. He resided in lodgings at Chelsea. I found him pale, almost sickly-looking, dressed in black, with much of the character of a Roman Catholic priest. He spoke English well, telling me he had persevered in thinking in that language in place of his own Spanish tongue for the space of several years.

There was a character of unhappiness, if not querulousness, depicted in his countenance, and he had much of the peculiar bearing which is characteristic of his countrymen,—that gravity which we attach unconsciously to the hero of Cervantes's immortal satire. I may be mistaken, but, if I recollect aright, he said his mother was an Englishwoman.

We soon got into conversation, and I found him, notwithstanding his sedateness, a well-informed, agreeable man, who seemed to retain his gravity even when relating a fact that was not destitute of humour. That he was not a happy man might be learned from a very short acquaintance, but it was not from himself that I learned the cause of that appearance and peculiar manner which distinguished him.* There is no impress so marked upon the bearing and the countenance of an individual as that which is traceable to a religious cause, and an unsettled feeling in matters of faith. In fact, religion, in one form or another, was the

* See also "Recollections," vol. ii., edit. 2, page 213, for an anecdote about Mr White.

burthen of his conversation when he had acquired, as he imagined, the confidence of another person—that religion which seemed to Mr White a source of continual and painful thought. It appeared as if while convinced of the errors of his own faith, or rather that which had been his own, he was still reluctant to own that he was so. It seemed as if he were still in Doubting Castle, and yet wanted to have it known and credited that he had been long without the walls of the airy fortress of honest old John Bunyan.

I had called upon M. Blanco with a note of introduction, which having delivered, and being read, we at once became unreserved in conversation. He spoke with deliberation, and we had a jest or two about the value his countrymen set upon blue-blood, or what the barbarians of the north call “descent” pure and undefiled. The origin of this fancy had no doubt been traced to Moses. The Romans reckoned certain names and families in relationship illustrious, but they do not seem to have fallen into the blunder of illustrious blood, in the barbarian mode of the north, carrying

virtue for a score or two of generations. Nobility in Spain was a different honour from that in the north of Europe, and depended upon other grounds.

Mr White seemed to lament over the fallen state of his country, to have seen where the real causes of it lay, and to have despaired of a change for the better. There were obstacles time could hardly overcome, at least while the influence of the priest remained, and the higher classes of the people were so drenched in superstition. Pride, dignity, under the meanest circumstances, and great ignorance, with the influence of priestcraft, were obstacles which made him despair of seeing a beneficial change, let him live as long as he might.

Rank and its empty honours were matters of the first importance in Spain. A thief, if a noble, must be executed with ceremonies becomming what Earl Grey called “the order;” he must be strangled with a silken rope, such was the ultimate honour paid to that mystic institution—mystic at least as far as regards reason and good sense in respect to the honour conferred.

There always appeared to be something upon the

mind of this truly estimable man, some scruple of conscience, for example, which I attributed to doubts and fears acting upon a nervous temperament owing to his religious unfixedness. Having been bred a Roman Catholic, he had thrown off the shackles of that faith, and yet it seemed as if its convictions still haunted him. The prejudices of early education are rarely overcome, however reason and good sense may desire to vindicate themselves and those who trust to them.

I have often thought that in the descriptions of the effect of the Roman creed, where it is professed by different nations, a distinction is not drawn between an extravagance of superstition and the simple Roman Catholic worship. The grossness of the ceremonies and usages among the populace in Andalusia would provoke a smile in France. A strict Roman Catholic family in Ireland, and one in England, although the belief and worship are the same, still exhibit great differences. This will naturally depend on the greater progress of knowledge in one Roman Catholic country than another. A most excellent man of the Catholic Church

admitted this difference in conversation with myself one day, and attributed it to the larger intercourse with the world, and the more enlarged views of things in general that the Roman Catholics of one country, from manners, information, and the like, exhibited in a way superior to those of the same creed elsewhere. A friend of mine, a Roman Catholic priest, who had refused a bishopric to remain at the head of a college, said, in reply to an observation I made to the foregoing effect, "Are not some of you Protestants more liberal and more bigoted than others? You move onward with the time. Do you suppose that we do not exhibit the same thing, where accident has given the opportunity? Will not the same difference exist with us as with you in this respect? You will not compare Catholicism in France or England with Catholicism in Spain, and yet the great leading principles are the same with both. You have your strict and ceremonious High Church, and one the reverse, which you denominate in an opposite manner."

The letters, which were published by this singular

man, under a fictitious name, all went through my hands before they saw the light. They were afterwards collected and published together, undergoing a few alterations. They laid bare the fearful system of intellectual prostration practised in Spain, and the care of the Church there to keep the people in intellectual darkness. Why the clergy should thus act could only be from a selfish fear on their own account. It prevailed not long ago in the English Church. Those who are old enough to remember the introduction of the system of Lancaster for teaching, the opposition it encountered, mostly from the clergy, the impossibility of its being prevented by them, then the effort to bring about a sort of balance to Lancaster, who was too liberal, by patronising one Bell as the orthodox teacher in opposition to him who led the way, will easily perceive how, in a land where no contravention is permitted to the absolute creed, the spread of knowledge is impeded by a Church which rules the civil power.

The consequence of such a state of things Mr White himself exemplified. Those amongst them

who dared not speak the truths they felt, and in whom a spirit of inquiry arose, practised dissimulation. Compression forced them to read and think in secret, and sometimes drove them to despondency. It is probable that the "Tracts" he published, "connected with the intellectual and moral character of a Spanish clergyman," related to himself; but he did not say as much. There is not a more striking lesson, a more instructive picture of the state of religion, its abuse, and despotism, than he related in his published letters. The Roman Catholic High Church doings afford a painful picture of the misery and vice inflicted by absolute obedience to its priesthood in the Peninsula, where civil liberty is still so shackled by monkery and the terrors of its influence. Thus a fine country and people remain insulated from the rest of Europe, and it may be said almost excluded from the family even of other Catholic nations. The other states of Europe now make no account of the sentiments or influence of a country once so powerful. Those who wish to comprehend the cause of this singularity should pick up a copy of the "Letters of Doblado," which were

published some years ago, while the author was alive.

There was a settled melancholy over his pallid countenance, more than "the pale cast of thought" could have caused. His spirit was never at rest, from his swaying between doubts of one kind and another that continually crossed his mind and prevented a state of mental repose. He had at times struggled with unbelief. He alluded with reprobation to the Catholic, and to all clergy who took up as a profession, out of ambition, that which should be an act of piety from conviction. He deprecated the use of it as a trade—a charge equally objectionable against the Church of England, in which at times men in the army, having run through their property, enter into orders with no moral change of character. It is true, according to some of the divines, so called, of the English Church, as soon as a child is christened it is regenerated and holy, and of course fit for the duties of a clergyman to instruct others in holiness, whose moral characters may be a hundred times better than their own instructors. In the Catholic Church in Spain it would appear

that this system of entering the Church is not so glaringly carried out. The Roman Catholic clergy are men educated strictly for the service from childhood; and thus penetrated with a due sense of the weight of his duties, the priest sets out with a feeling of what is consistent. He may discover, in process of time, and by the aid of reflections that force themselves upon a straightforward mind, that all is not right, that the forms and ceremonies, and the opinions he has embraced, or is supposed to do, are not from any conviction of the truth of what he had taught, through a conscientious belief of its rectitude. This naturally engenders doubts, and the same evil exists through another channel. Such begin to look into traditional doctrines and their sources, and finding them not the simple principles of the early faith without forms and ceremonies, as taught by Christ, find their doubts increase, causing secret inquiry yet further, and that being completely adverse to what they have been accustomed to hear, and were made to credit, they became unbelievers in secret, and openly supporters of

a faith of which a large body of those who teach it do not themselves credit a syllable. Nothing can be more abhorrent to an upright mind than the conviction that it has been thus misled, while still obliged to carry on the appearance and perform duties, supposed to be conscientiously done, in which it has no trust or belief. He asserted that unbelief existed to a great extent in Spain among the clergy, who performed mass, many of them with hearts at open war with the ceremony. Verily this extent of odious double-dealing, not in the Catholic Church alone, is fearful to honourable minds out of the pale. Priests who are of more elastic consciences than other men, may have the power to reconcile such inconsistencies and double-dealings with a peculiar morality, to say nothing of religious obligations, but the chosen few have it not. White had, when in Spain, a nook for the concealment of prohibited books, like many others of the young Spanish clergymen. What a horrible picture does this kind of duplicity exhibit, where the discrepancy regards the belief and supposes a scrupulous belief of it !

In our own Church the temptation of fat livings tempts the unprepared spirit to a kindred hypocrisy but too frequently.

In his Doblado Letters he exhibited the system thus pursued, and the influence exerted by the Church in Spain, to which reference can be made by the curious. He thus unfolded a state of mind that was truly miserable under a mask. He was naturally of a gloomy temperament. He could not credit all the rubbish of the doctors and fathers which compose what has been called "the Church" from the time of Constantine the Great, with their inconsistencies innumerable, their ceremonials, and lack of heart-faith. When he became antipapal, and inclined to the Protestant Church, he was made much of in England; but in a little time poor White was discovered not to be exactly orthodox in Protestant High Church views, and he grew out of favour accordingly. There seems a most unaccountable difference between the creed in the New Testament and that of our self-styled Christians, who all declare it is their guide, and yet no two can agree about what is so plain that truly, as it expresses,

no “wayfaring man can err” in regard to its principles. The truth is, that each wants to accommodate things to his own traditions or circumstances. Every Established Church looks to its own interests in the first place. White certainly effected good in laying open the state of religion, and its effects in Spain, its wariness, and the immoral results which a system so formed must produce. Women particularly should read his description of the mode in which they are treated there,—the efforts to stifle all that is rational, and to subjugate the mind to priestcraft. The attempt has been too successful, as Spain shows to this hour. Even Italy, the seat of the papacy, is comparatively free of the evil to the extent it exists as in the Peninsula. The influence of priestcraft on the civil government is a lesson to all nations, to all in England who can read the journals. Spain is insulated by her Church influence from the rest of Europe. She is deficient in almost every requirement for a great nation, to render it strong, and to make it respected—not by nature, but by her Church institutions. She can never become one of the great European family until she

overturns the power of the Church, or restrains it within a proper limit, and treats monkery as it has been treated in all other nations that we denominate the “more civilised.”

In a country where the satire of Beaumarchais is literal, both in regard to the freedom of speaking and writing or publishing, there can be nothing but disgrace, religious and political. “Freedom is an established thing in Madrid in the sale of goods, and even in that of the productions of the press. Provided that writers do not speak of the authorities, nor of religion, nor of polities, nor morals, nor men in office, nor of respectable persons, nor of the opera, nor of the theatres, nor of people who hold any particular opinion, they may print everything they please freely, only under the inspection of two or three censors!”

It was a never-fading wreath of glory round the brow of the First Napoleon, that he declared religious freedom at home and abroad. The Inquisition in Spain owed its exposure to him, its partial restoration to England. Subsequently, as a consequence of the French invasion, we got the “His-

tory of the Inquisition" by Llorente, who exposed to the world the archives of the Holy Office. It was from them that White completed a view of the sad story of Prince Carlos of Spain, to which Llorente had made an allusion, but of which he found no documents in the Holy Office. He endeavoured to invalidate much of the romance in which that history was clothed.* White was of opinion that the story derived its interest most from the odious character of the prince's father, and he would fain lower the sympathy felt for the son without lessening the baseness of the parent, who was one of the most atrocious of royal villains. White, indeed, did not extenuate the father, but he did not seem to think the son so amiable a character as writers in general were of opinion he had been. He thought the unfortunate youth was wayward, perhaps spoiled in temper by the odious treatment he received from that father, which drove him almost to insanity, or to fits of ill humour bordering upon it. He was an enemy also to the king's favourite, the notorious Duke of Alva, whose crimes are so

* See Beaumont's "Spain," p. 270, and sequel.

prominently recorded in history. Mr White assured me, that what Llorente had stated in regard to the case was merely negative evidence, as nothing had been found in the archives of the Inquisition which bore at all upon the prince's case. The truth was, that the cowardly treachery and barbarism of Phillip prompted him to torment his son in matters that it was clear were only excuses for his own barbarity. In fact, the father took every course to exacerbate the son's temper by means the most unworthy, and thus to make his son's reaction an excuse for his own barbarities.

Mr White was of opinion, that the treatment the son experienced was the only cause of his capricious conduct, and quoted documents and related circumstances to support his opinion. The creatures of Phillip everywhere, there was no doubt, had made it a charge against the prince that he intended to take his father's life. Many curious circumstances he related as connected with the crime of which Phillip was fully capable, as well as the reports he published himself, charging his son with a design upon his stepmother. There was no evidence of

anything of the kind. Phillip was accused of murdering that stepmother a few months after he had destroyed his son, and he did it in order to marry his niece, Anne of Austria. Both the subsequent wives of Phillip had been the destined brides of the son he destroyed!

Carlos had made attempts to escape his father's cruelty, and fly into Germany. His marriage with Anne of Austria his father thwarted. He endeavoured to borrow money to escape, but the poor prince was betrayed by his bastard uncle, Don John of Austria, who, while betraying him, swore to his own fidelity. The prince now began to suspect his uncle. He questioned him, found him a traitor, and drew his sword, but Don John was saved by the servants he called to his assistance. At night the king and guards entered his son's room, having secretly deranged the fastenings of the door. The next day the king issued an order for a secret trial of the prince, having seized all his papers. The odious parent then gave instructions for his son's treatment. Six noblemen, his own creatures, were to watch the prince day and night by turns. To

suffer any communication with him was made treason. All observations about him and allusions to him were forbidden. For six months before his death, no one but a known personal enemy was permitted to see him, except a physician in the presence of that enemy.

The prince attempted suicide in vain. The tyrant father viewed such acts with complacency, though taking place during the son's tedious trial. The judges, of course, condemned the prince to death. He languished some time, and, by the aid of certain medicines, expired in the father's presence. The latter having made the sign of the cross before his son, conceived him sure of heaven by the ceremony. The prince had a splendid funeral, and the monster of a father was ready for fresh crimes, for all of which he had a salvo in absolution.

Mr White was thus well read in the history of his country, and fond more particularly of what may be called anecdotal history, of which he had a considerable store. A Spanish historical fragment, entitled "Peranzules," may be remembered from his pen. Peranzules flourished at nearly the

same time as the Cid. The story is to be found in Mariana's "History of Spain," book x. The incident took place in the reign of Alphonso VI., and was grounded on the manners and feelings prevalent at the time. It was a point involving Christian honour, and related to that species of usage which prevailed, to borrow from Mr Burke in his ravings in behalf of despotism, "in the age of chivalry," or, more correctly, of barbarism, a little flavoured with the romantic.

It did not turn out that Mr White was remarkably happy under the Protestant faith. No long time after he embraced the creed of the Church of England, he found that there was much in it which approached so near to the faith in which he had been educated, that he began to have apprehension that he was going back into the old track which he had so strongly vituperated. In fact, it would appear that he found it difficult to remain quiet under the doubts which arose in his mind upon the subject, and involved what may be called religious niceties about which those who only follow religion "as a trade" do not much trouble themselves.

That he was a man of a singular, bodily as well as mental, constitution, cannot be doubted. He was dissatisfied and querulous. He was never made to be perfectly contented with anything, so at least I fancied. He had frequent misgivings on matters of faith, and knew not how to quell them. He thought more sometimes of little points in argument than they were worth, and when he could not come to a decision about them, he was unhappy; in short, he was an amiable good man, with a conscience too tender for a day of new-born principles and time-worn scruples continually at “feats of arms” together.

Mr White died at Liverpool, 1841, having embraced the unitarian system of faith. He had been before complimented with the degree of M.A. from Oxford, a thing somewhat *mal à propos* with his later tenets.

GENERAL PEPE.

THE Congress of Laybach assembled in 1821, with no friendly intention towards the people in any European state. Naples had shown symptoms of a desire to enlarge the bounds of civil freedom and popular influence in her government. No more was needed to arouse Austrian jealousy, that country then so domineering, now so humbled. “Babylon the great has fallen!” None pity her, while they regret it was achieved by means disgraceful and unprincipled. She had ever held herself ready to interfere in behalf of a plenitude of despotism, particularly in Italy, on which she had

so long kept her attention fixed for sinister purposes. Conferences had been held at Troppau and elsewhere, and finally at Laybach, to arrange plans in favour of European despotism, and to come to an agreement for the suppression of popular power everywhere. At that very moment Austria was quite ready to march wherever the flag of national independence or freedom might be unfurled ; and the dungeons of Spielberg were open for every friend of freedom that despotic power could reach with its long and potent arms, now palsied. The ruler of Austria intimated to the sovereign of Naples that he should allow no change in his dominions, no popular influences in the government. The sovereigns banded with him would treat with sovereigns alone. The king had agreed with his people to nine bases for a free constitution, scarce one of which was not in force in England, yet did the English Government entrap the King of Naples into being present at the Laybach Congress, no doubt to secure his person, and make him reverse the concessions he had made to his people. Austria was ready to march. In the meantime the

Neapolitans prepared to resist the troops of the Holy Alliance, which only waited the order to attack them, and seize Naples. By the abduction of the king in an English ship of war, he was removed from his capital, and got his instructions personally from the Alliance. The improvements to which he had consented were to be abrogated, and the Austrians to march upon the city. They soon began to erect gibbets for those who had committed no crime but the desire to ameliorate the rule in their own country. It was on this occasion, when the Neapolitans surrendered to Austrian despotism, that General Pepe addressed the army of his country, and rebuked both for their disgraceful submission, concluding by telling them that "the opportunity for freedom was gone, and that he was almost ashamed to call them his countrymen." At the conclusion of a spirited address, he said that, with regard to himself being an exile was nothing. "I am content to suffer, and would gladly suffer much more, could I benefit the land in which I was born. I have done my duty, and that alone is the consolation left me."

The General then embarked for Spain, and the troops of the Holy Alliance occupied Naples, and in fact all Italy, with the view of suppressing every trace of freedom, and establishing despotism in plenitude. From Spain Pepe reached England, where I was introduced to him. I continued to keep up an intercourse while he was here, as well as afterwards in Paris, where he domiciled himself. No man could have felt more than the General for the fate of his country. His feelings upon the occasion were indeed acute, and could not but do honour to him as a man and a patriot. He made many friends in England, but, as most foreigners do, from the little regard or attention shown here to those who are not people of aristocratic habits and bearing, or who do not come *purse-recommended*, the interchange with the noblest-spirited foreigner and friend of freedom is avoided. The higher ranks, with a very few exceptions, shun all who are not in court favour in their native land, utterly disregarding the cause. A court cannot err. In France, the man and not his circumstances are considered. Hence Paris was always

found the most pleasant residence for the man of genius, or the patriot expelled by tyranny from his native soil, even when not itself free.

It was in 1821, or the following year, that I became acquainted with General Pepe, thus driven to this country by the Austrians. He had welcomed the reforms and amnesty proclaimed by Pope Pius, and after them it was not likely that existing political abuses could be continued. Tuscany and Piedmont followed the example set them, but the wretched Bourbon at Naples declared he would keep to the "wisdom of his ancestors," and, it may be added, to the abuses of the existing laws, the ignorance and corruption of functionaries, and the employment of torture. In Calabria the rule of the King Ferdinand was abolished, and a constitution proclaimed. It was in vain—even the pope's example went for nothing. Orders were given by the king to bombard and lay waste every place that resisted his orders. A reign of terror was established, and large rewards offered for suspected citizens alive or dead. Even youths of eighteen years of age were put to death, and the royal agents

saturated themselves with the blood of the noblest and most generous youths, cutting off their heads and fixing them upon poles. The example of Pope Pius, in his wise and voluntary concessions, had it been carried out in the other parts of the Peninsula, would have established peace and order, followed as it was by the Duke of Tuscany and Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. But Ferdinand II. of Naples would relax in nothing. He was heart and soul with the Holy Alliance, but then in southern Calabria an absolute government had been denounced. In Messina the same, but both were put down with enormities and murders that at last roused the Neapolitans. In the meantime, the people of Palermo and Messina demanded free institutions. They were refused, and a conflict ensued, Ferdinand sending some thousand troops to Sicily to resist the demand. They were met by the islanders with great gallantry, and forced to re-embark. This success aroused the Neapolitans, and ten thousand men flew to arms and demanded a free constitution. A true Bourbon in obstinacy, the king refused, and

attempted to put down those who had arisen against the existing order of things. But, in the end, the people obliged the king to resign his absolute power, and to accept a constitution. A constitutional ministry was formed, and Francisco Bozzelli employed to draw up a constitution, assisted by several other qualified persons. The confidence of the people in Bozzelli was very great. So far in life he had acted well, and had borne the most honourable character. He had written several works upon constitutional law, and had before become an exile, had been imprisoned, and led an unstained life. He followed the profession of an advocate. It was during that exile that we became acquainted.

The restoration of Ferdinand by the Austrians, the operations in the field, and the exile of many of the best Neapolitans followed. Austria held Italy in chains from that time. Despotism's grim smile, that blight of nations, welcomed the favourite Croats and Pandours despatched by the Holy Alliance to Naples, and General Pepe, after efforts which were unavailing from the character of the

troops he commanded, went to Spain an exile. Bozzelli followed him, and numbers of the first men in the kingdom quitted their country.

It was about the above year, or in 1822, that he landed in England from Spain, in company with one of the most gallant men I ever knew, Vincente Pisa, who died governor of Attica, in Greece. I was introduced to the General, and we became intimate. He had lodgings in Park Street, and through him it was that I knew Bozzelli. Both had made acquaintances in London, but, like Prince Czartoriski, he preferred a residence in Paris, where the manners of high and low, if not really more sincere, are at least far more considerate and cordial. The General had a small circle of acquaintance of both sexes in London, and met many of his countrymen here, exiles like himself. With all these he had the reputation of a brave and virtuous man. While he resided in Paris I often heard from him through Bozzelli. I had not more than one or two notes from himself, Bozzelli generally sending all he had to say, which included little more than remembrances.

An amnesty, proclaimed in Naples, permitted General Pepe to return after twenty-six years of absence. Bozzelli had returned before, under a former grant which excluded the General. Bozzelli was imprisoned in 1844 on suspicion for some time; at last suffered to go free, painful to state, he allowed himself to be seduced by the king. He set himself against the great work, now nearly perfected, of Italian nationality, and was flattered by the court into its support and the wary views of Ferdinand in his newly-affected reforms.

Some persons pretend that they can judge a man's character by his handwriting. The notes or letters I possess of Bozzelli, written in Paris, are remarkably neat and plain, but I fancy they almost speak his profession, so clear and laboured, so precise and carefully weighed, with none of the inspiration of genius. In 1847-8, when the people struggled in vain for constitutional governments, the Neapolitans entrusted to Bozzelli the draft of a constitution. General Pepe, who has left a narrative of that time in his own life, stated that while Bozzelli conferred the rights desirable, he enacted

no laws to secure them in their exercise. Such as it was, however, Bozzelli gave to Italy in 1849 the example of a constitutional government in that of Naples.

General Pepe was at last allowed to return after an absence of twenty-seven years. This was probably caused by the change of France to a republic, by the fall of Louis Philippe. He soon left his numerous friends in Paris, and I heard no more directly from him. How should I, when he so soon became involved in active military service !

Bozzelli, notwithstanding his holding by the court, had taken care to secure an amnesty for all the proscribed, although Pepe's brother had his doubts whether the General would be safe. He returned accordingly by way of Genoa, which he had not seen for a long time, indeed not since he joined the Italian legion, and fought in the glorious day of Marengo on the side of France. At Genoa he heard of the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan, and the revolution at Venice. These risings Austria resisted by unheard-of brutalities. They even tore down the pontifical flag, because the pope

had conceded privileges to that people. Lombardy was overrun by the Croats, Pandours, and semi-savage tribes of Austria. The people of Lombardy grew outrageous for revenge. The old brute, Radetsky, was let loose upon them with his many-coloured legions, some scarce out of the savage state. Radetsky then published one of those pompous proclamations which half-educated military bullies were so fond of doing at that time on the Continent. Everything was done to outrage the feelings of the population, and it succeeded.

The warm blood of the Milanese was up. Women and children seized every means of annoyance, even to knives and boiling water, to annoy the Austrian invaders. Radetsky was strongly posted in the city. He seized the persons of some of the more illustrious citizens as hostages; among them, two sons of my old friend Count Porro, whose tutor had been poor Silvio Pellico. Still the citizens were without arms, and were fired upon by the Croats. Radetsky placed Tyrolese riflemen on the Duomo to fire upon the people, but this did not intimidate them. The people conquered the Duomo, and the

public buildings one by one, despite the artillery of the Austrians. Their spies and agents in the city made their escape. The barracks, prefecture, all fell before that gallant population. The country began to be roused by this time. Balloons were let off to alarm the rural districts. The stupid Croats fired at them in the air, thinking they were missiles. The whole people rose in arms, and twelve hundred of the Croat savages were made prisoners. The spirit of revolt flew into the country like wildfire. Even the women killed the Croats, and aided nobly in the cause. Radetsky's palace was taken, and one barrack after another. The peasants flocked in to the affray. The old Austrian was at his wits' end, and his mortification great. At length the imperial army fled, leaving fifty thousand pounds of powder behind them, which became very useful. The Austrians had to carry off their guns, their wounded, and the hostages, whom they barbarously treated. They were forced to retreat hastily from amidst buildings set on fire all around them. Not fewer than five thousand Austrians fell, and nearly all the artillerymen to a train of seventy guns. The

haughty Austrian general was completely humbled, and his insulting threats of what he would do set at defiance. The atrocities committed by the Croats and Austrians were horrible, and practised even upon children. Eight children were found trampled to death in one spot ; others bayoneted before the eyes of the mother. A babe at the breast was thrown alive on its mother's corpse ; others found cut in two, with things too monstrous to relate, but not out of character with a semi-civilised soldiery. A Croat prisoner had in his pocket two female hands, with the rings upon the fingers. Women were violated, and then killed with the bayonet ; some were burned alive. The atrocities recorded were dreadful to relate. The Austrian butchers had no sooner been driven out of the city, than an organisation of the citizens took place, and a war committee was formed. In fact, the whole country had now risen in arms, military stores were laid in, and the cry was, "The Lombards are free !"

The Holy Alliance chiefs gave Lombardy and Venice to Austria, perhaps the last country in Europe that would assimilate in the population.

She was to govern them in an independent and constitutional mode! Everything of this kind Austria in substance had belied. She had given every post to strangers, dispersed the Italian soldiers among her own regiments, and violated every condition promised. Thus it was, that in 1847 the efforts of so many European nations were once more aroused by the insolence and oppression of Holy Alliance tyranny.

In Naples, Bozzelli got the king to request General Pepe to propose a programme and a ministry, the king to place Pepe at the head. The king suddenly altered his mind, and refused what at first he had assented to. General Pepe attributed the refusal to Bozzelli's influence, the man who had been his companion in exile, and his friend at that moment, at least apparently so. My idea of Bozzelli, and I had seen him often or two or three times a week for nearly as many years, was, that though a learned and by no means a forward or aspiring man, he was amiable and fixed in principle. It is true no defence on his side has ever been made that I have heard of in this country. I had an esteem

for the man, and I acknowledge may have been deceived. But, on the other hand, he had suffered and endured much for his principles, besides his long exile. He pronounced in favour of his former liberal opinions immediately upon his return home, and so strongly that he was once more imprisoned. Now the king had named Bozzelli his minister on granting a constitution, and the people applauded the choice.

I heard no more of him but from others, except through General Pepe's last memoir, in which he lamented Bozzelli's unaccountable conduct as minister. He seemed king-stricken. Pepe, however, accepted the command of the army, consisting of forty thousand men. Even here the king exhibited his usual Bourbon duplicity, and rendered the forces as ineffective as possible, retarding its marches, and appointing the most objectionable men to commands. Pepe described the army as well disciplined, and promotion in the lower ranks well observed in regard to qualification. The king was continually among the troops. The general accompanied him to a review of dragoons. He commanded well on a

parade ground, which he seemed to consider the acme of a general's ability. Pepe gave the monarch due commendation so far. But the fact was, that the king pampered the soldiers, with the idea of keeping up among them a stronger attachment to himself personally. Over-gracious to Pepe, he still contrived to keep back the necessaries from the troops, and, as before the constitution, he gave orders himself, instead of issuing them through the minister at war. He affected to detest Austria, and Pepe advised him to command the army in person. The General also recommended to him a course of conduct to restore Sicily to obedience, but it was beyond his intellect to see the advantage, or his power to execute it. Still the monarch made Pepe the present of a horse completely caparisoned, and all looked well on the surface; but he was a true Bourbon, and was false at heart all the time. Pepe proposed to succour Venice, and it was agreed to. Suddenly the General was attacked by a fever, of which the king took the advantage to delay the embarkation of the troops. It was then decided that, seventeen thousand men having started, twenty-

four thousand more would follow; but the king ordered that the army should not cross the Po, but await there further orders. The real object was to prevent the southern troops from aiding in the campaign for freedom against the Austrians, whom the king had falsely said that he detested. Pepe at last set out for the army. He abolished flogging, yet so degrading is despotism, that the soldiers did not thank him for it, because it was in opposition to the will of the king. Distrust reigned throughout Italy, which was natural, governed as it had been. The General, glancing retrospectively, remarked, in the memoirs he left behind him, that "as in life our days of sorrow far outnumber those of enjoyment, in the same proportion are our sad reminiscences compared with those which are agreeable."

While on the march for their destination, and so far advanced, an order came for his return to Naples. One of the Neapolitan generals then proposed to the king to put an end to Pepe's life with a pistol shot. Pepe disobeyed the order of the crafty tyrant, and the army followed him. The King of Sardinia then requested the General to join

his troops to the right of the Sardinian forces. At that moment a mutiny took place among the Neapolitan troops; a part of the army had begun to waver. Despite those discouragements, the General proceeded, knowing too truly that Ferdinand of Naples had now become jealous of the ascendancy of Charles Albert the King of Sardinia. About this time as well, the pope had begun to retrograde from his former liberal tendencies. Ferdinand, full of duplicity, only awaited a safe moment to betray the cause he had offered to support. The deputies from the provinces that met at Naples in May observed a crisis approaching; differences took place among them, and a provisional committee was formed, which Bozzelli called a "provisional government." An engagement ensued between the National Guards and the Royal Guards; the latter were routed; but a body of Swiss hirelings, from that venal nation which cants about freedom, and sells the blood of its soldiers for the protection of tyranny anywhere, supported Ferdinand. Much bloodshed ensued. No one interfered among the diplomatists to prevent the slaughter going on, for the guns of the forts

were turned upon the people. The deputies were driven from their posts, and the Swiss butchers, who confessed they fought only for bread, abused their successes barbarously. The streets were filled with dead and wounded. Pepe blamed the ministry of Bozzelli for all the evil. In the meantime the royal party, for a moment triumphant, recalled the army from Piedmont commanded by General Pepe. Underhand means were employed to excite disobedience among the soldiers. The king then declared the same electoral law of Bozzelli that he had proclaimed before to be anarchical. This new one was passed, and the opening of a parliament announced in a short time. The governor of the Castle of St Elmo was dismissed for only firing powder on the people, and that too by Bozzelli, who had been himself a prisoner in that castle three or four years antecedently.

In the meantime Pepe, with that part of the army which adhered to him, crossed the Po, and entered Venice, and its fifty-four forts, all in a bad state for defence; but he undertook the task in the name of the King of Sardinia, having given up all

hope of doing good in the field with the comparatively small number of Neapolitan troops which adhered to him. Accordingly, the General must now be considered as shut up in that far-famed city, not well provided with the means of defence, provisions, or even ammunition. He still had to render his men fit for war, and to accustom them to active duties. He began with small sorties on the Austrian posts, and to make reconnaissances. In his sallies he was generally victorious.

The campaign of the King of Sardinia was not successful. He had to resist the pope and priests, and four or five princes. Moral and physical pressure were employed against him. Charles-Albert was not a practised soldier, and his army was in want of most requisites for a campaign, besides being badly organised, though full of courage. The battle of Custoza was now lost, not from want of bravery, but of a practised soldier in command.

In the meanwhile Pepe held Venice, and baffled the Austrians. Appeals to England and France were made in vain. The greater governments of Europe held together. No redress was to be had

by such appeals, however just and holy they might be. I often feel gratified at the present humiliation of despotic Austria, though affected by the villainy of Prussia. We may love the treason, but heartily detest the traitor. I think of the General in his grave, who was not permitted to see the existing state of things, having died some years ago, at the age of seventy.

Pepe continued the defence of Venice in the face of great disadvantages, with the verbal sympathy alone of the ministers of France and England. They pretended that their interference would cause a general war,—perhaps they were right, and the more the pity. Time, the avenger, has seen Italy free at last, that glorious peninsula, like Greece, resuscitated from mental as well as corporeal bondage, while aristocratical Austria, with her Croats and semi-barbarous population, is become a power “to point a moral and adorn a tale.”

For a year and more, without hope of exterior relief, did Pepe defend Venice against all the power of Austria. The latter prepared naval means, or endeavoured to do so, in order to present a perfect

blockade. Bread began to be scarce, and equally so the supply of gunpowder. A communication was opened with the Hungarians, but the difficulty of communication rendered it unavailable. The object was to obtain money to get a couple of frigates to keep the sea open for supplies.

Discussions now took place, begun by Austria, whose motives were unknown, but they ended in nothing, and Venice became more and more straitened by the siege. Provisions fell shorter. The Austrians had brought all the artillery from four garrison towns to play upon the city their red-hot balls as well as cold, in showers, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the shot falling as far in as the Place St Mark. Thus the shells reached half over Venice, and the balls two-thirds. Famine and cholera added their horrors, yet did that fine people never breathe a wish for peace with the Austrian Croats and other barbarians who thus harassed them. The citizens retired to the parts of the city out of range of the shot. Whole families slept in one room, in the hottest season,

and with scanty food. For a year and a half Pepe had defended Venice, and now issued his last order of the day, which alluded to the want of resources, to the cholera, and the famine. The Venetian navy alone had been unworthy of its ancient fame. Its officers would not attack the enemy without the lagoon, or necessaries might have come in that way. Disorders increased within the garrison, and some pillage. These were suppressed, but gunpowder and bread could not be obtained, and the city surrendered, the General previously embarking in a French war-steamer, with five of his staff. The city authorities gave up the place. About a thousand officers and persons in military employment embarked in a transport for Smyrna. The General addressed the people and military, before his departure, on their good conduct during the siege of fifteen months' duration.

To the latest hour of his existence his prayer was a natural and a holy one, for the expulsion of the Austrians and their semi-barbarian troops from that Italian soil which their presence polluted, that soil

so consecrated by history, and that population so foreign in blood, manners, intellect, and feeling, from Austrian semi-barbarism.

In person the General was somewhat above the middle height, athletic in form and vigorously stout, but not at all corpulent. His countenance was agreeable, his complexion inclining to dark. His manners were quiet, and his bearing gentlemanly. I cannot but remember pleasant hours passed in his society, as well as in that of Bozzelli. The last communication I ever had from the General was from his house in Paris, soon after he left England for the last time. Time has avenged him on Austria—Italy is free!

COUNT SCIPION DU ROURE.

NONE of those can now be left who witnessed at a full age the scenes which took place at the French Revolution. I have already noted a lady whom I knew—Madam Gaçon du Four—who was a spectator of the events at that time. I also knew that singular man, Count du Roure, one of the Orleanists who was imprisoned in St Lazare, and whose life was saved by the downfall of Robespierre. I often met the Count,* an odd-looking man, who told me his story without exaggeration ; and not only

* See also “ Recollections,” vol. ii.

his own, but that of others. He was very free in discussing the affairs of the time of the Revolution. He said that the state of France and its troubles were by no means surprising, arising as they did among a people over-taxed and grievously oppressed by public burdens of all kinds, and by domestic oppression. The superior ranks had lost all their influence, and as a natural consequence the people had become barbarous under too many of the forms and practices of the past time, which still subsisted in plenitude. They had no rights, no influence, no chance of seeing their position ameliorated. Privileges had been conferred on those that only abused them. An ambitious monarch had loaded the country with taxation, and left his descendants to take the consequences of his vices and profligacy, which his successor rather increased than diminished. Then came a poor imbecile, who had no firmness, no judgment to act in a country on the eve of a terrible convulsion. He had been married to an Austrian girl of fourteen, bred up in the most despotic of courts, and treated with an obsequiousness that added to her hauteur, while France was on

the point of a great change. For his own part, the Count said he had become an Orleanist, and he contradicted the calumnies with which *Egalité* was charged, only because he saw the true state of things, and wished to amend them. The Bourbon princes had invited foreigners to invade France, enraged the people, and caused the Revolution to become sanguinary when influenced by wicked and cruel leaders. The reaction was the greater as the steps which led to it had been demonstrably more deceitful and obnoxious. The old dishonest state of social life had been uprooted, and this could not happen without a convulsion in the end. The effort to place all upon an equality was too violent a change, and handed over the rule to factions that knew as little in what the real freedom of a people consisted as those they displaced. Notwithstanding all that, France had been a great gainer, and that had been ultimately seen; for however fearful had been the revolution, owing to the intrigues working at home and abroad, France would ultimately benefit by it. In proof, the fear of this had allied against her all the despots of Europe, but

that could not last long. The state of France even then was greatly ameliorated in regard to personal right, good laws, and the security of property, which was not the case before, having all Europe in opposition to French and all independence.

Du Roure, on his mother's side, was of the Bolingbroke family in England. Some houses in Bond Street, running back into Albemarle Street, were his property through his mother, and when the war of 1793 broke out, he was cut off from all profit accruing through them. His agent and solicitor in England was the late Mr Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt. I engaged to make inquiry respecting him, and found he had been faithful to his trust—too proud, perhaps, to dishonour a name which conferred so much renown upon England. Du Roure came to England, but I was absent from London. He had the pleasure to find all right; but he was not to enjoy his property, for he took lodgings in Arundel Street, Strand, and being attacked by illness, died there. I heard he had a son, to whom the property would naturally go, but I never saw nor heard more of any bearing the name.

As the Count had weathered the revolutionary horrors, of which I was glad to hear all I could—for the vice of lying regarding that tremendous event was never carried further than in England relative to things obnoxious to the feeling of the passing hour—I endeavoured to learn all I could about it from those who had witnessed some of its striking scenes. Du Roure was imprisoned in St Lazare as an Orleanist, and at first had no great fault to find with his treatment there. The jailor was a humane man, who only regarded the security of his prisoners, otherwise treating them well. Robespierre, however, seemed to have been aware of this, and soon placed the prison under the guardianship of a most ferocious fellow, named Verner. He was a wretch only formed to torment his fellow-creatures. He fed his unfortunate captives as if he intended to wear them out by bad nourishment. Bread of the worst quality and adulterated liquids soon caused disease. Those who survived the misery thus occasioned were sure to suffer from the short quantity they ventured to take in order to keep in life, and thus they had to bear with a hunger never fully

satisfied. Independently of this misery, the jailor took care to add every personal annoyance to the foregoing which he could possibly practise.

The jailor's book of charges against those committed was curious. Here were entered as committed Vivien, wigmaker, charged with imbecility and too little of good citizenship. In another place, Robert, for having neglected to renew his certificate of citizenship. The president of the popular commission came often to examine the lists. Verner had at one time commanded a band of assassins. The prisoners were questioned, and those marked out for death had a cross placed against their names.

The assassinations committed in the streets at different places by the mob were attended at times by singular circumstances. "Among the prisoners," said Du Roure, "was the author Anthony Roucher, an ingenious writer and poet of Montpellier. He had devoted himself to literature, and had published in the 'Almanack of the Muses' some pieces of poetry much approved. He was patronised by Turgot. In the Reign of Terror he had concealed himself, but was discovered, arrested, set free, and

then again arrested. He had been seven months in St Lazare, when he was taken out and executed. His poem of 'Les Mois' was much read. He translated Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' In the prison he employed his time in the instruction of one of his children. He soon foresaw that as a man of letters he would have little chance of escape. It was remarkable that Courts and Robespierreans alike hated the men of letters. Roucher sent his portrait to his wife and children on the day of his execution, with some parting verses that bore marks of his affection, and requested them not to wonder at the sadness the portrait displayed, for while the artist was painting it the executioner was preparing the scaffold for him, but that his thoughts were with them alone."

Some of the incidents of that terrible time were singular. While the mob was putting the unfortunates to death in the streets, a lady, learning that her confessor was among the number of those who were massacred at the Carmes, wished much to have his body that she might bury it with decency. With this idea she heard the dead-cart wheels in

the street, and, going to her window, saw it was full of dead bodies, and among those uppermost was that of her confessor. A surgeon, a friend of her own, happening to be near at hand, she conjured him to assist her in buying the body from the driver of the vehicle, and she showed it to him lest he might mistake. Accordingly he followed the driver, declared that he was a surgeon who wanted a body professionally, and begged to be allowed to purchase one for anatomical purposes. The driver or attendant asked for seventy crowns, and he might pick and choose. He paid down the sum demanded, and took away the body pointed out to him. It was taken into an ante-chamber of the lady's house, and she proposed to bury it secretly in her cellar, at a moment when all was secure, and they were not likely to be observed. She was saved the trouble. It was not a dead, but a living body. They had obtained a naked body, for that received had been nearly stripped of clothing by the mob. Being alone with the surgeon, the man supposed dead speedily told his story, while he was dressing in the clothes furnished him. When

able to appear before the lady who had been the means of his preservation, he said—"When I had seen my unfortunate companions murdering, it came into my head to throw myself down among the bodies. They thought me dead in their hurried rage, and stripped me. Then they lifted me into the tumbril from whence you took me, and from which also I should have been thrown into the general receptacle of the bodies. I have not received any injury, scarcely a scratch." He then expressed his thanks on his knees to his benefactress, and all three, the lady, surgeon, and priest, deemed an escape of the kind so extraordinary, that they said it must be a heavenly interference. The above incident took place during what were called the September massacres.

The hatred of Robespierre was most directed against the nobility, the old parliament men, and the men of intellect. When the wretch Fouquier Tinville was in prison, he had the audacity to write to M. Varennes—who had only escaped the fangs of the modern Jefferies by anxious concealment—to become counsel for his defence. M. La Varennes

replied, "If you had been only cruel towards myself, generosity would lead me to undertake your defence. You have made of all France one vast cemetery, and every one is weeping over a tomb; you have inundated France in the blood of the most irreproachable of men. I cannot undertake your defence without rendering myself in some degree an apologist of the crimes with which you have horror-stricken the world. Ask, therefore, from the authorities some one else to undertake your cause, and do not reiterate your request. (Signed) LA VARENNES."

Du Roure escaped with his life by the opportune execution of Robespierre. His brother was placed in the same prison, and the Count told me that another of his fellow-prisoners was the celebrated Baron Trenck, a Prussian officer, born in Konigsberg. He had belonged to the regiment of Guards of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who made him an aide-de-camp. He signalised himself in the service, and received the order of merit. He attracted the affections of the younger sister of Frederick, the Princess Amelia. He received continual warnings

from the king not to persevere in his attentions, but he disregarded them. Tyrants have long arms. He was seized and imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, under the false pretence that he carried on a correspondence with his cousin Francis von Trenck, who commanded the Pandours in the service of Austria.

Trenck contrived to make his escape and got to Vienna, from whence he went to Moscow, where he was well received, but soon involved himself in an intrigue there, contrived to extricate himself, visited several of the northern countries of Europe, and returned to Vienna in order to secure his cousin's property, but was only partially successful. He visited Italy next, and then returned to the Austrian service. He went to Dantzig on his mother's decease, and was there arrested and imprisoned in Magdeburg for several years. At last set at liberty, he took up his residence at Aix, where he married, and commenced wine merchant. He wrote a piece called the "Macedonian Hero," to expose Frederick the Great, edited a weekly paper, and commenced a Gazetteer at the same place. He visited England

and France, and was introduced to Dr Franklin at St Germain. Soon his wine trade failed, as might be expected from one who did not confine all his attention to it : for trade, however narrow the pursuit, demands the whole man. He was then employed in political missions, and was again favoured by the Empress Maria Theresa, who bestowed a pension on his wife. He next at Zwerbach, in Hungary, commenced agricultural pursuits, and published, by subscription, a history of his life.

After the death of Frederick the Great, he was permitted to return home, and had an interview with the princess, to whose favour he owed his imprisonment and expatriation. She intended to protect his children, but she survived their interview only a few days. He next published his memoirs, and became an actor and writer in favour of the French Revolution. He lived in Paris in poverty, was suspected of being a Prussian agent, and thrown into St Lazare. Du Roure assured me he was a pompous troublesome fellow, and a great liar, who brought himself to the guillotine, while he might else have perchance escaped. Re-

ports about the Prussians marching upon Paris were common in the prison, and repeated with variations almost every day. It had a strange effect, and one day the jailor kept the prison in perfect seclusion, no one entered, and there was a fresh report of the Prussians on their march. It was traced to Trenck, "one of his numerous lies," said Du Roure. The jailor complained of him, and he was taken before the tribunal and executed, not long preceding Robespierre himself.

Du Roure assured me that he was a braggadoce of a fellow, always talking largely. I could not help remarking how greatly his life had amused me in the reading; but Du Roure's account of the man destroyed much of the pleasure I had once derived from his works, and it must be admitted that there are symptoms in those works of the character Du Roure gave to him.

Du Roure further told me that he himself was of the Orleans party. He spoke of the Duke in very different terms from those who were attached to the court. His friends were not numerous, and it was the distaste of the other members of the

royal family, and perhaps somewhat of jealousy, that made many declaim against him without reason. He did not intrigue with foreign potentates to deliver up his country to German satraps. His misfortune was that he excited the jealousy of the other Bourbons, for which there was no ground. He would not go their length with the foreigner. He did not hesitate to make known his feelings, and because they were not in unison with others of the royal family, he was bitterly abused and calumniated. He was not by nature nor inclination one who would or could shine as a conspirator. His opinions were not disguised, while he had no such weighty influence in the Revolution as his enemies endeavoured to make the world believe. The stories circulated about him and his conduct at that time were idle. He was a man accused of conspiracy when he was not guilty. He was rich and envied, but without ability to conspire. He was not a man of great capacity, and would have been contented to remain in peace, if any man could be permitted to remain so at that time.

Du Roure confirmed in many points the state-

ments of Madam Gaçon du Four, and was of opinion, as she was, that if any body of Parisians had been certain of trust in each other and no betrayal, the party of Robespierre might easily have been put down ; but such was the distrust prevalent that all moderate men were paralysed.

In the prison of St Lazare, the best policy was to be quiet, and attract no notice from the keepers. It was the reverse conduct with Trenck ; his desire of being listened to, and his passion for boasting, led him to death. How much of what he wrote and published is true, cannot now be known. His unsettled habits, and his own tale of his adventures, together with the character of a falsifier which Du Roure gave him, spoiled the romance of the biography which he denominated his adventures.

That Frederick should have imprisoned such a character was very probable, for his presumption in regard to the princess. That she did not dislike the attentions of a young and gallant officer was very probable. She might not have seriously regarded him, and yet have had that species of feeling towards him which is allied to a gratitude

often felt by the sex where no love exists, for the compliment paid them individually in preference to others.

All I know is, that having read the baron's adventures, and his own account of himself, when I was very young, the count dissipated nearly all the interest I had felt for a man who, I thought, was sadly misused by a tyrant, if I could so denominate the Great Frederick without practising an injustice. Still, if wrong, I may be forgiven for an error in judgment, a tendency to which the historians of most absolute monarchs who have their own way, are certain to show their readers.

Of the men left who distinguished themselves in the earlier revolutionary times I knew only two or three. I expected an introduction to the Abbé Siéyes, with whom a friend of mine was particularly intimate. I afterwards neglected it. Du Roure had no more than a general knowledge of him. I afterwards repented the not knowing a man so remarkable in the historical records of his time. The most notable of the men of that time surviving, whom I knew, was Barbe Marbois, one of

the “Council of the Ancients.” He had a chateau not far from Gisors, near which I resided, and he did me the honour of calling. It was just before I left the country to dwell in Paris. He was one of the council condemned to deportation, and I believe actually reached Cayenne, which most of those condemned escaped, and did not proceed beyond the Isle of Rhe. He was a man of good sense and mild manners. Had I resided longer near him, I might have learned something more of public opinion in those feverish times than I could acquire from books.

There was extant in Paris, while I was there, a statement of the imprisonment of a number of the deputies under Marat and Robespierre, which was most painful to read. The prison could only contain forty prisoners in the common mode of detention, and seventy-five persons were crammed into it. The air was mephitic, and respiration became difficult. The account was most fearful, and they had only the relief of better air and more space as their fellow-prisoners were hurried away to death. It was rendered still more terrible by the

report that they were to be put to death in the prison. The apprehension, anxiety, and fear suffered, brought on fever that was contagious, and it was a whole month before they could get their condition somewhat ameliorated. The fear, melancholy, ennui encountered, the despair of some, and the barbarous treatment, added to the foul air, made the most robust constitutions give way. Money was extorted for the permission to a wife to see her husband through a grating. The jailor was humane in many respects, but he could not control those who controlled him. A statement which I possess of one of the prisoners here has lost its effect by time, and is long, but it is a frightful picture of the least terrible scenes of suffering at that time. The reaction of a long period of oppressive government acted upon and worked out those scenes of unparalleled horror.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THIS worthy man was known as one of those who at the commencement of *Blackwood's Magazine*, before it entered upon its notoriety in polities, and without any hand in the celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript," the fun and devilry of which now belong to a past generation, when Wilson and Lockhart laid their heads together for mischief—this worthy man was the first editor. He differed with Mr Blackwood, and soon parted after starting the magazine, to make way for the above-named men of letters, who rendered that publication so noted among a particular political class. It was early a personal

publication, but, despite all said against it, there was one high merit it possessed, independent of politics or personality. It stood alone in being the product of a man of genius in its plan and working out. Its type was that of the editor whose talents were unconstrained in the play of fancy on the side which he espoused, or very largely so. I know of no publication besides where the proprietor, if a bookseller, did not in some mode shackle an editor, if only by reminding him continually that it was the property of another, not his own, that Brown, Jones, and Robinson had made such and such remarks upon particular articles while in his shop. That such a clergyman, no Solomon perhaps, but a holder of fat livings, or some stiff-back of the presbytery, and a good customer, declared the periodical was not orthodox. The editor is thus incessantly teased by the proprietor, who himself knows nothing of the articles in which he deals, yet by this kind of irritation of an editor's mind he is often prevented from that play of fancy or full force of genius being exercised by him, who, of all things in his arduous vocation, cannot afford to

have his sensitiveness put on edge. Be the publication Tory, the praise of any Whig work, ever so deserving as a work of genius, and not political, acts as an alarm about disobliging some high-flown customer. Is it a Whig publication, the action is the opposite way. Even Wilson, who would give nearly full play to his wild fancy on many matters, had a degree of fear of Mr Blackwood before his eyes if he were too profuse of his praise on a work of genius from some political side not to be tolerated by party. Professor Wilson once put into my hand a book, asking me to notice it.

“ You have the command of *Blackwood* ? ”

“ Yes : but I should mortally offend, if not Blackwood, his friends, if they saw that the work were lauded in the magazine ; it is too Whiggish—pray notice it, for its politics are yours. The author is a clever, good fellow, and deserves praise.”

I took the work and did as he requested. In his outbreaks Wilson was not very nice. Pringle, as I have said, very soon after the magazine began, took his leave of it. He was too sober and con-

scientious for the rattling Tories of Edinburgh, who boiled over with loyalty and High Kirk. Pringle told me a good story about a party of them going through the ceremony of christening a cat in due form, at one of their jovial merry meetings, Wilson and Lockhart leading off in the burlesque. But enough of this. Let oblivion cover the whims, and often more than whims, of the times of those merry-makings, and of the frolics of some of the Edinburgh worthies, if not quite *en regle* with mother Kirk or the mitred Canterbury, his "pans" and cassocks.

Pringle was the son of a Scotch agriculturist, and became known to Sir Walter Scott by a poem of considerable merit, called "Scenes of Teviotdale." Though lame, and obliged to use crutches, which rendered him unfit for the life of an emigrant farmer, he set out with an aged father for the Cape of Good Hope, and settled down at Albany. He had letters from Sir Walter Scott to the Verres of that day, Lord Charles Somerset, who governed, or rather misgoverned, the Cape. While in Africa, Pringle sent home some articles to the *New*

Monthly. He also published, later in the day, a volume of very sweet poetry, entitled "The Ephemerides," with "African Sketches," the dates of the publications I do not remember exactly.

In 1814 Lord Charles Somerset had become governor of the Cape. From January 1820 to December 1821, during his absence for a time, Sir Rufane Donkin filled the governor's place. Lord Charles then returned and resumed his post, to the great discomfort of the people. Against his administration the general voice of the colony was uplifted. His supersedence of Sir Rufane Donkin, who was held in grateful remembrance by the colonists, and by those of Albany more particularly, where Pringle had settled, rendered Lord Charles's return still more disagreeable, as the revival of a spirit of arbitrary if not despotic sway, odious to British feeling. There was only one opinion upon the conduct of Lord Charles. It was not to the colonists alone that he displayed himself. He treated the late Sir Rufane Donkin* with a haughtiness, upon the resumption of his duties,

* He died in 1841.

which that gallant officer could not pass over unnoticed. On his return to England, Sir Rufane published a letter to Lord Bathurst, and in it he alluded in very handsome terms to Lords Edward and Fitzroy Somerset. In a letter to a friend, Sir Rufane said, "As for Lord Charles Somerset, I am quite prepared to go all and every necessary length, consistent with honour and my own character, to bring the comparison between his government and mine to a complete issue. The proofs and documents which still remain in my hands unpublished are most formidable, and the very publication of my first edition will bring to this country from the Cape innumerable proofs of the real character of Lord C. Somerset's administration, as the poor colonists will no longer be under the influence of terror, and will speak out."

The whole course of his lordship's government was marked by complainings of his conduct, and the arbitrary character of his rule. A remarkable proof of the mode in which the government at home was carried on transpired there, and how the villains, used as spies and informers in England,

were rewarded as if they were persons of character. The notorious Oliver the spy, so well known in London, was rewarded at the Cape with the place of surveyor of Government works, under the name of William Jones, Esq.! He of course soon got his money affairs into derangement. He then drank himself to death, before which his "real" character had become known.

While such was the usage of that fine colony by the Government, Pringle finding the farming at Albany, in his lame state, not suitable, went to Cape Town and set up a newspaper. This was not to be endured under the Cape rule with impunity if he dared utter a free word. It was, I believe, suppressed without any reason. Pringle then attempted to establish a periodical called the *South African Journal*.

It was confined principally to natural history, and came out at the price of two rix-dollars and a half. A history of literary and scientific societies, essays, poetry, reviews of local publications and of literary works, natural history, and the like, avoiding polities, and containing besides an account of the

missions, (to all missions Lord Charles Somerset had an invincible antipathy,) notices of the native tribes, their habits, dialects, and particular characteristics ; the state of the schools, and other kinds of useful information. This was unsavoury to the will of the colonial despot, and the publication was set down. No excuse but the sovereign will of the governor could be urged for thus trampling upon the unquestionable right of every Englishman. An arbitrary system of government, abuses of power, local institutions and monopolies, were established. The scene has since changed happily for the colonists, and they are no more subjected to the domination of satraps, many of whom possessed too little understanding to govern any but slaves ruled by the “ *sic volo.* ” *

* Sir Rufane Donkin also wrote to an M.P. whom I knew, sending a copy of his printed letter to Lord Bathurst. In that letter too he requested his friend to notice how he had spoken “ of those two most gallant and honourable officers, Lords Edward and Fitzroy Somerset. I hope you will call their attention to those pages—not in my name—as no communication from me could be agreeable to them just now—but in your own.” See also here page 240, and the *New Monthly Magazine* for the years 1827 and 1828, for interesting particulars, by Thomas Pringle, of the treatment of the natives at the Cape.

In consequence of this conduct on the part of a governor wholly unfit for that or any other post where he was to have a command over freemen, and seeing his position hopeless, poor Pringle had no resource but to return to England. It was on his return home that I first became acquainted, and remained intimate with him until he left this dis-tempered existence for another and a better world. In his *South African Journal* it is wonderful what could be found for a plea to put it down. It was clear that Lord Charles was not at all nice about what he did. He well knew that ministers at home commanded the House of Commons, and that he would find impunity there, do what he might. The treatment of the natives had been often cruel beyond description, and Pringle's return enabled him to make known a good deal of the truth before concealed. Commissions of inquiry

Mr Wilmot Horton moved for the necessary papers in the House of Commons, preparatory to the discussion of the charges made against Lord Charles Somerset for misconduct in the government of the Cape. As might be expected in those times, little came of an affair of which the ministry intended little should come.

had been sent out from England, but under Lord Charles Somerset's administration the reports had been withheld. The freedom of the press had been set down by Lord Bathurst entirely, because it had dared to copy from the *Times* some remarks on the public conduct of Lord Charles. Thus the report was prevented from circulation. Such things were remarkable before the passing of Earl Grey's Reform Bill, because a ministerial majority would and did often shield notorious delinquents. It is but just, in the free state of our colonies, and under more worthy administrations, to contrast present times with the past, not only in the treatment of the colonies, but their advance in consequence, and increased value to the mother country by the existing state of things. Either Tory or Whig in office—no matter for party—the alteration is beneficial beyond belief compared to the olden time.

Thus returned to his native land, Pringle took up his residence in London. He edited the *Friendship's Offering* in 1829, but how long before that year I cannot recollect.

His health began to fail him in 1833, and he

contemplated a return to South Africa in order to benefit by the climate.* “I am now (October 1834) on the point of flying to South Africa to escape the deadly influence of our moist English climate, and in the hope of recovering a sound state of health. It is not probable, be my days few or many, that I shall ever return. I have had enough of the battle and fag of life ; and if I have only the humblest competency, I shall sit down content in that fine climate under my own vine and fig-tree, without troubling myself about the affairs of the great world. If you are in town come and see me.”

I saw him for the last time. He died early in December in Portman Street. He had not long before given up his editorship, preparatory to his departure. He had pressed me to send him something for the work. I did so, and sent him some stanzas, “The Spirit of the Sea.” He found it would occupy six pages or more. He added that it was rather too elevated “for the little masters and misses to whom the proprietors of such publications seem to look for purchasers. If you could but send

* *Recollections*, vol. iii., page 8. Second edition.

me one or two shorter of a lower and popular cast, I shall feel greatly obliged, for I must have you in at all events. See what you can do to oblige me in this, like a good fellow, and speedily. My health seems a little better since I saw you, but it is far from sound."

This was all too flattering. He was never destined to see South Africa again. I have a poem which I imagine he wrote in Africa, entitled "Youthful Love," sent from the Cape to England in manuscript. I do not find it in his little volume of "Ephemerides," but I cannot hazard printing it here, lest it should have appeared before. It consists of twelve Spenserian stanzas.

The anecdotes of wild animals which appeared in his *South African Journal* were novel and amusing: as parts of natural history, too, they were full of information, and have been copied again and again. They lead us to regret the suppression of the work still more, because we must necessarily otherwise have had more interesting anecdotes of the same kind. It is difficult to discover why such a useful work should have been suppressed, but

wherever absolute authority exists, combined with the feeling of suspicion, its freaks, under the gratifications of tyranny, never deny themselves any step, however out of the way of justice or reason. Ever watchful, too, for as Voltaire rightly says, “Tyrants never sleep,” whether giants or pygmies in power. The Cape seems to have undergone a fair exemplification of the remark, as affecting the poor natives as well as the Europeans.

In his *South African Journal* I remember being struck with a poem I know to be his own, but it is too long to copy here. It paints that delightful feeling which I heard poor Dunn Hunter describe when in the American wilds. I fancy I have felt something of the kind myself in situations where some spirit within seems to whisper of unbounded freedom, as I rode across the open country on the Continent, where no enclosures appeared, and the motion and scenery seemed to elevate the spirits, as if we are made part of the boundless domain around. The whole poem has been often printed here, called “A Reverie :”—

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the ways of the world oppress my heart,
And I'm tired of its vanity, vileness, and art,—
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years,—
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the shades of the dead :
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon ;
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft ;
Companions of early days lost or left :
And my Native Land ! whose magical name
Thrills through my heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view !
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone,
And I—a lone exile—remember'd of none ;
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone ;
And weary of all that is under the sun ;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan :
I fly to the desert afar from man !"

He then proceeds with local description, and alludes to the freedom and joy he felt, enumerating the animals that haunt the African waste—to the ostrich and vulture among the birds ; then to the reptiles ; and the lake, saline and impure ; and the blank horizon, proclaiming it a solitude, and describing its characteristics. He concludes—

“ And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Sinai’s cave, alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty Hand
That spread out the heavens and heaved up the land,—
A ‘ still small voice ’ comes over the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—‘ Man is distant, but God is near ! ’ ”

Reading Pringle’s work with care, I could see no possible reason for its suppression, and very few governors indeed would have found fault with anything contained in his *South African Journal*. It was a well-printed octavo, containing about ninety pages of letterpress in each number. A few pages in smaller print than the body of the work were annexed, entitled the “Cape Chronicle,” containing appointments, promotions, and commercial affairs.

There was nothing in the work to offend the most fastidious. It is probable that Lord Charles Somerset was no Solomon, and could not see “a hole through a grating,” as seamen have it, if he were not inclined to see it. Very different is the Cape now. A blight no longer hovers over it

in its governors, notwithstanding that its state under the government of Lord Charles Somerset will remain a full page in the reprobatory annals of our colonial rule, of which poor Pringle was not the only victim.

His “*Ephemerides*” was a poetical volume, published by Smith and Elder in 1828. It was divided into two parts, the first comprising all the earlier compositions in verse that he thought deserving of being reprinted. The second part consisting of Sketches written in South Africa.

His account of the bad treatment of the noble native chief Makanna by the Government or his captor, a Colonel Willshire, seems to have been of a colour with that of the governor in another mode. Makanna was the nobler character of the three, from his bearing and high spirit, though a savage. It must induce a smile on the face of any right-thinking man, not at the Cape only, but elsewhere, to mark the treatment of the aborigines, whom we rob of their lands, often knock on the head or shoot down, and still call ourselves “Christians, governed by the glorious laws of Christ,” which we are as con-

stantly belying. The subject is too painful to dwell upon. Compared with a Christian buccaneer, such a character as Makanna was a hero. Still the Somersets and Willshires of England, in such cases, may be excused. They can only be "Christian" in pretension when judged by their acts. It is singular how the small intellects among mankind disregard as a legacy even a decent reputation with those who are to come after and are to judge them. The better order of mind thinks of its reputation with posterity.

But these things are of the past. Our colonial governments are now ruled upon the reverse principle of those in the time of Lord Charles Somerset ; directed from home, too, by those ignorant of the state of affairs on the other side of the globe, perhaps often sinning through ignorance rather than design. The turn given to our colonial rule by Sir William Molesworth, and the leaving colonies to self-government, as knowing their own affairs best, was no light reflection upon the system of those who lost us America, under the desire to establish those absolute principles of government which did not

exist at home. Such were the effects of not doing right, and disregarding consequences, by ministers who desired to support the arbitrary measures of a demented monarch in place of the leading principles of freedom in the advanced spirit of the age. Such, too, was the plan but a very few years ago. All is now changed for the better in our colonies. We shall have no more such victims as poor Pringle to colonial misrule.

There was an amusing paper in one number of *Pringle's Magazine*, affording a singular contrast to the matrimonial law in England, which he extracted from a legal work on the Cape. Some Church of England clergymen would fain make a "sacrament" of marriage, if not adopt the whole seven of the Catholic Church. How such would be shocked to find matrimony at the Cape of Good Hope, in Pringle's time, so easy and pleasant a thing, as indeed it should be. Marriage cannot be regarded otherwise than a civil right. At the Cape it was accompanied with great facilities for a divorcee, in place of dissolving the compact by the felonious means of mutual consent. For example,

said *Pringle's Magazine*, any lady passenger on board ship, who may have been persuaded by some fond admirer to give her consent to marriage, on reaching the land, and hurried on shore by her lover, might at once attend the matrimonial court, but could not marry until she answered, together with her *caro sposo*, certain questions.

“Where were you born? Where do you reside? How old are you? Are you a Christian, and not a heathen or slave? Are you engaged to marry any other person? Are you free to marry? Have you been married before? Have you any children living? Are you related to each other in the degrees of affinity forbidden by law?”

If suitable answers are given, and three Sundays' announcement of banns is too long for the patience of the couple, then application was to be made to the secretary's office for a special licence, for which two hundred rix-dollars were paid, and the parties had only to find a clergyman to be immediately married. The court itself felt the absurdity of such questions. It was then stated how wise it would be to change the law, which has perhaps been done

by this time. It was almost as easy to get rid of a wife there as to marry one. Suppose a Cape-married couple to have sailed for India, and having lived fifteen or twenty years together, to find out at last that their tempers are not suitable, then, on returning to the Cape, they had only to address the Chief-Justice, and state that a longer cohabitation must be attended by serious circumstances. A legal separation was generally granted. Would such a divorcee be confirmed in England?—yet it was Cape law! “In case of settlements, too, it was the law, or a question for lawyers, in Pringle’s time, how property would go in England. At the Cape half the property of the deceased husband or wife went to the children, and half to the husband or wife. If a man at the Cape remitted his fortune to England, and vested his property there without previous agreement, the English law, from early barbarous rule, would unjustly give the estate to the eldest son, and deprive the rest of any advantage.”

Dissertations upon colonial subjects, and articles interesting to emigrants, made up the numbers of the *Journal*. It was an undertaking which con-

ferred honour upon the industry and ability of poor Pringle, who should have lived in later times, when the colonies of England partake in no slight degree of the freedom of the mother country, and colonial rulers can no longer display their tyrannical fancies with impunity.

Pringle contributed papers relative to South Africa to the *New Monthly Magazine*, some time after his arrival from the Cape. In one case, in consequence of the *Quarterly Review* and other publications extolling the mild treatment of the slaves there, which was untrue, he showed that, on the contrary, it was very cruel. It was before notorious that the Duteh, in all their colonies, treated their slaves as bad or worse than any other nation. What that treatment had been Sparrman and other writers, before the Cape came into English hands, had too well displayed, despite some little protection from the laws. Slave murders had been but too frequent in the colony after it fell into the power of England. The son of a country clergyman had been executed for flogging to death one of his father's slaves. The masters and slaves

for the same offence had been very differently dealt with in law, and the scenes of depravity exhibited were too bad for description. England has gloriously wiped out this blot there as well as elsewhere.

The most painful, and not less important complaint on the score of humanity, was the treatment of the unfortunate aborigines. The Dutch had ground them into the earth, and were in a state of warfare with them when we captured the Cape. Mr Barrow well described one of those scenes, of which he was a witness, and he was an excellent authority. Lord Caledon alone, when governor, made some slight efforts to see justice done to that unfortunate nation. Sir John Cradock did not seem inclined to stick at any injustice regarding those unfortunate people ; he, in fact, by a wicked law, made them slaves from their birth. The colonial government still hated the missionary bodies, and but for the fear of being called to account for it at home, by some of the friends of humanity, would have rooted them all out, even the inoffensive Moravians. As to the natives, not a foot of their own soil was left to them.

The statements made by Pringle did him honour. He published quite enough on his return to exhibit the nefarious conduct of those who had managed affairs at the Cape. The press from his hand drew attention to the subject between 1820 and 1830. At later periods, and since the crime of slavery has been wiped out, and a better system introduced than the rule of the people by one will, as often incompetent as otherwise, the Cape sees better days. It is now self-governed, and while it is not the most flourishing of our colonies, for the foundation was not English, a thing which Pringle dwelt upon as in no small degree a cause of much of the evil that had taken place there, the later improvements give high hopes of it. The climate Pringle praised more particularly, and expressed, while on the bed of sickness, his hope of once more reaching it in its improved condition. But in his state of health, after paying for his passage, expecting to sail immediately, and being deceived, he was kept six weeks over the time. An English winter set in, and cut off his only hope of existence. I have

rarely felt more for any one with whom I had not a longer acquaintance. Thus he passed away in his prime of life, and left a character of great purity and honesty behind him.

GENERAL TENCH.

AT the height of the late war with France, I made the acquaintance of General Watkin Tench of the Marines at Plymouth, where on one side of Mill Bay there stands some noble barracks belonging to that valuable arm of the public service. I know not whether it be worthy of moment, but I sometimes feel a melancholy kind of pleasure at reflecting upon the persons I have known who have kept up the chain of connexion with past events, or with some of those whose names have long become heirs of a great reputation, on the reflection that I knew them, and that they had known others of renown, or been eminent themselves. It is true that this

fancy is something like that of the man "who saw the man who saw the king," at least in one part of the feeling thus gratified, but I cannot help being pleased at such instances when they occur in recollection. Thus I once spent a week or ten days at Pelyn House, then the residence of the grandfather of the present member for East Cornwall, whose aunt was married to a relative of mine. One day after dinner there, it came out that the good lady of the house, then eighty-five years old, had been in the rooms at Bath with Pope the poet, who was at the time staying with Mr Allen of Prior Park, and to whom the poet made more than one allusion in his works. She described him as a little deformed man, "at whom everybody looked." In like manner I was acquainted with an individual who knew General Oglethorpe, who planted the colony of Georgia in the United States, but the General was nearly a hundred years old when he departed this life. It is now, all the world knows, a distinguished and populous state of the Union. I know one, too, who was well acquainted with a niece of Sir Isaac Newton, who lived in the house with him until she was

nineteen years old. Such incidents are links of connexion between the past and the existing generation, if like other things mere vanities. In the present instance, I knew an officer who was among the first to land on the Australian shores, then almost a *terra incognita*, though it was after Captain Cook's discovery of Botany Bay; that officer was the late General Tench. I became acquainted with him, as I have said, at Plymouth, and heard him often at the dinner-table tell stories about Botany Bay, for which he sailed with the first convicts in 1787, but finding the place not at all fit for the object of the expedition, it proceeded to the noble harbour of Port Jackson, where the fine city of Sydney has been since erected, and where an officer from thence wrote me some years ago, that then there were shops in the town, some of which were equal to those in Oxford Street. What a change in the course of one term of human existence! What a state has risen up there since! And what a glory for England are her colonies; in the United States, too, for example, though cut off by the arbitrary feeling of George III.

The Marine Barracks at Plymouth, on one side of Mill Bay, are erected of the marble found in the vicinity. They accommodate seven hundred men; and on the parade there might be seen, in the days to which I refer, officers in activity, and others retired for years, who had come to dine with their younger brethren in the fine dining-room, with its appropriate drawing-room in those barracks, or else merely come to mingle with spectators drawn to the parade by old associations. Of those ancient officers was General Watkin Tench, who was well known not only there, but among the hospitable inhabitants of Plymouth and its vicinity, at whose tables I used to meet him frequently. There, too, might be seen in command old Colonel Bidlake, the brother of the most respectable clergyman of that name, the author of several literary works, a little ugly man like his brother, but both men of spotless character.

At another time, my old friend and school-fellow, William Bate, who died governor of Ascension Island, also of the Marines, was to be met with there.

Often when I met General Tench at the dinner-

table, I had heard him relate stories regarding the establishment of the present noble colony on the other side of the globe, in what was then a *terra incognita*. He printed a number of copies about his voyage on his return. The work was a concise narrative of events, almost the only one which narrated the earlier proceedings on reaching that far-distant coast, given by an eye-witness. Strange, in the way of contrast, was the slow progress of the expedition compared to one under modern seamanship, and the delays at setting out; they seemed a reflection upon the state of navigation at that time. Nor had that country, the climate, and its resources to which they were bound been at all explored. It was the month of May in the year before mentioned when they sailed, the convicts being on board, after waiting two whole months for the governor. It appeared to have then required nearly that time to accustom the convicts to their position, and to regulate matters on board that would now have been done at sea. The expedition consisted of twelve sail. All seemed to have been unaccountably sluggish. An expedition in the present day, notwithstanding

they took troops on board as well as convicts, would have been sent off in half the time, in place of lingering, nobody could tell for what purpose.

It was amusing to hear the General relate the conduct of some of the convicts, of whom they had seven hundred men and women under their care. The women behaved much more heroically than the men, being far less depressed in mind, a thing for which he could in no way account. Perhaps they were less thoughtful of their position, and regarded their native land with less affection. They could descend no lower in a social sense, and therefore found a species of consolation in the thought, that flinging off a care for reputation, they were comforted with the line of the poet—

“Creation’s tenant, all the world is mine.”

The men were in chains when they set sail; perhaps that contributed to their downcast feeling. The chains were gradually reduced among those who behaved well. In fact they had little opportunity for crime, and the captain at last found he might release all those under his care, which he

soon after did. They were three weeks before they made Teneriffe.

“It was slack work,” said the General, “to what it is in these times.” What would he have said if he had lived but a few years longer, and seen the wonders effected by steam? They occupied two months in reaching the equator, and the next stage was Rio de Janeiro, at which anchorage they remained until September.

It must be allowed that five months to reach the Cape of Good Hope was an ample allowance for a voyage. Ships now come from China in three. It was in the first month of the next year before they made Van Diemen’s Land. I observed that this voyage was very long.

“Yes, my lad, it was all rusty iron work in those days. We were nearly nine months on our passage out.”

In the journal kept by Captain Tench during the voyage, he remarked that it was then thought a great undertaking or experiment, both on the ground of the convicts turning out well, and the likelihood of forming a useful settlement. The

captain noted their arrival "as a great and important day, in which a colony would either succeed or fail, and that if successful, it would add another wreath of glory to old England, by turning bad into good.

"It was to us, indeed, a most important day, and it looks well at present for the foundation of a fine country. On examination, it was discovered that they had only lost twenty-four convicts on the passage, a wonderful thing he thought. By some blundering, too, they had been stinted even in necessary articles customarily allowed for long voyages."

They finally anchored in Botany Bay, the place recommended by Captain Cook, but it was not found suitable for a colony. All who had landed re-embarked, and directed their course to Sydney, or rather Port Jackson, as then named. They found Port Jackson "the finest harbour in the world, and there they landed."

The anxiety of the people was great to see something of the natives the moment they got on shore. They had been conjecturing how they would turn

out. "For my part," said Tench, "I fully expected to see a race like the American Indians. We found, on the contrary, the strangest dogs that can be conceived, looking as if they had just come up out of the earth, all naked as they were born." They did not find them at all inclined to be hostile.

"Innocent, General, as our first parents in paradise?"

"Well, they were not in a country like paradise, and though not malicious, I fear they did not impress us with any idea of innocence, nor of Adamite comeliness. I soon saw that they were inclined to be merry, and quickly learned to barter, and that every one sought to get their good will."

The general was most delighted with the harbour of Port Jackson, as they were all of them. The shores were well wooded. They now proceeded to form a settlement, first taking care of the sick. Next they landed the convicts under a guard. The ground taken up was by a stream at the head of the harbour, near which they fixed upon a spot for the governor's residence.

Being asked how the convicts behaved on their

first landing, he replied that they began very soon to show their true character, which on shipboard was not possible. They displayed the grossest licentiousness. It was thought best to get as many of them as possible to marry, by offering such as did so considerable advantages. The natives became shy of them, and a line of demarcation was formed, which the natives soon understood, and did not infringe.

All the requisite formalities were observed in taking possession of lands which were not ours, as if that were of any moment. Then a court for legal proceedings was formed, as much as possible in unison, under the pressure of circumstances, with those at home.

“ We tried to administer justice,” said the General, “ as near to our home forms as possible. At first we were merciful, but too soon found we had in our colony some of the most hardened villains that can be conceived. From slight and trivial punishments we were obliged to have recourse to the severest. Old habits were not to be changed, neither by the length of the voyage nor the restraint enforced.

Those who had before been thieves soon fell into their old habits, and one man was executed out of several sentenced to death. Recourse was then had to a severe system of discipline, for mild means were found unavailing in the majority of cases. The General's experience went to prove, that the old well-initiated rogues of great communities at home, when for some time they had practised their crimes there with impunity, were hardly ever to be broken of them even under the system of transportation. On the other hand, they found that by proper means, casual offenders could be reclaimed and made trustworthy. In such cases great care and discrimination were necessary to discover the difference between the classes. The one would commit crime as it were from preference and habit, the other only when necessitated, and therefore these differences came to be considered as well as the previous character of the delinquent, in examining into criminal cases.

The natives, it is probable, early received ill-treatment from the convicts, which made them much more shy than at first, and it was soon diffi-

cult to learn anything about them. They were in general of a chocolate colour, with remarkably quick sight, and very ordinary in person when not downright ugly. All that was discovered of them and their labours, showed them to be exceedingly rude, as if they were a new race of men, on whom little knowledge had yet fallen from their later creation, than that of those of the rest of the world. In fact they did not seem in their paradisiacal state, as thus found, to have tasted more of the tree of knowledge than some of the animal tribe. Stone hatchets, nets, bone hooks, and miserable representations of men and birds cut in the rocks, were the only signs of their ingenuity that were discoverable. They had no more garments than our first parents, evidently showing, as some said, that they were what geologists call of a primary formation. They seemed not to have had even an idea of clothing, and yet they often exhibited symptoms of suffering from cold. But so early in acquaintance with them, little regarding their habits could be learned at first. Their features were strange and very ordi-

nary, and one or two seen were more in appearance like some of the monkey tribe than mankind.

Their canoes were of bark, tied together at the ends, and managed with a certain dexterity. Their huts of bark were rude, shaped like ovens, and their food generally fish, but often grubs and worms, particularly nauseous. In many places they made the caverns in the rocks their dwelling. All their art seemed confined to their fishing, and the skill with which they used their paddles. They were attended by dogs, which they called "dingos." "These dogs viewed the strangers as interlopers, and were very shy of their presence, rarely showing aught except a spirit of animosity to us," observed the General. He said nothing about their breed. I have seen a species domesticated in this country, said to be from New South Wales. It was without hair, but not ill-formed.

"The natives soon began to distinguish those among us who had authority," said the General; "and they quickly picked out the governor, and gave him a name in their own language. Some of

them got familiar, but the conduct of the convicts made them very slow in their approaches. The General could say nothing about the language spoken by these aborigines. All the Europeans at the moment were too fully occupied in the works necessary for establishing themselves, to give much attention to the savages, as they might well be denominated. The officers were obliged as well to superintend the different parties that had been set at work, so that they could not at first learn much of the native character. The natives did not appear to have any government, but the time and opportunity necessary to decide the point, as far as particulars went, could not be afforded while the General was resident in the country.

The natives, after discovering Governor Phillip to be the chief, called him "Bee-ana," which, it appeared, meant "Father." Thus, among some of the North American tribes, that title is most honoured in all the relations of life, and used respectfully. Here, in the earliest stage of social existence, there can be no doubt, then existing upon the globe, judging from manners and habits, a pure language

prevailed, which seemed to prove that language was natural to man, and not acquired, as some have imagined. According to the General, it was very pleasing, and soft in sound. The appearance of their naked persons, and the apparent indecency, was plainly a mere matter of custom, for the novelty soon wore off, and nothing more was thought about it by Europeans.*

Their manners were strange. They had no appearance of a religion, if by that is intended priests and forms of worship. They had an idea of a future existence beyond the clouds, but no priests. Still religion, and that very pure too, may exist

* This fact is corroborated by the statement of a gentleman known to the writer, who, not twenty years ago, visited an English family that had settled two hundred miles "up in the bush," as it is styled there, consisting of several young ladies and their brothers, as well as parents. The natives, men and women, often visited them, and the naked person soon ceased to be otherwise than a thing in common, unregarded. Some Europeans just landed paid these country-folk a visit, and while there several native women came to see the white people as usual, to the abashing of the strangers. The best part of the story was that the colonist ladies had endeavoured to persuade the native women to wear white aprons, with which they furnished them, but soon after, getting loose, they put them on behind, instead of before the person.

without priests. Washington Irving speaks of a tribe of Indians in North America that morning and evening prayed to the Great Spirit over the sea. That surely was "religion" of the purest type, combined with that consciousness of right and wrong, or good and evil, in certain things, which may differ in consequence of natural social bearing. Other American tribes have quacks among them, who pretend to understand medicine, and also profess priestcraft. They carry about wooden idols, which they beat when not propitious to their demands. The pure religion there is no doubt was with the first-named race. The General wanted forms and priests, or else it could not be religion—a natural mistake. Here too, it is true, he confessed his knowledge of the natives was, from the nature of things, very circumscribed.

The women had deprived themselves of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand, the cause of which was not known. Their hair was not like that of the negro, but long and straight. Their countenances were often pleasing, and marked with that feminine character which accompanies the sex

almost everywhere. They rubbed their skins with fish-oil, to guard against insects. Both sexes were filthy in their persons, and when they prepared for dancing they decorated themselves in a way that added greatly to their natural ugliness.

The General spoke of the pleasure he took in observing the plants, flowers, and other productions of nature unknown in Europe. Most of the animals were new, as if they belonged to a part of the world that had come up out of the sea since the creation of the other portions of the land.

The General's account of the colonists was by no means flattering. The frequency of offences, the vices, the severe punishments, the continued watchfulness necessary, and the constraint that it was needful to employ, rendered the duties not only onerous but disagreeable. It was found that in some cases of regular good conduct, many of the offenders reclaimed became of use in the situation of constables and overseers, from being well acquainted with the tricks and stratagems of the more wary criminals; and thus becoming useful, they generally rendered themselves worthy of pro-

motion. The backsliders among such were rare afterwards.

The General seemed to have formed no opinion—indeed he hardly could—of what value convict labour in the colony might become in future. He proclaimed the most idle and worthless of all the convicts to be the London pickpocket. He was fit for nothing but to look after cattle. Very few of the class were ever among those who mended their position when thus expatriated ; and he pronounced them the most contemptible of all vagabonds, for they had not the courage of the ordinary thief or housebreaker. They were generally as great cowards as they were mean and contemptible in a society, a good part of which, however evil, was sufficiently brave to risk the law and their personal safety in the commission of their crimes, as well as the certainty of punishment if discovered.

There were many curious facts which the General stated over his wine, for in the time to which I allude after-dinner conversation, often prolonged, was interesting and informing. It might be in some few cases abused by sitting too long, and

taking a glass too much ; but it was then the most pleasant time of social intercourse and the conveyance of information during the flow of soul. A dinner now has become more and more a mere matter of gourmandise, an affair of animal feeding and dull stomach repletion, at an hour more fit to begin repose than to satiate appetite.

Long years have flitted away since the General and myself used to meet at the same board and quaff the “flowing bowl.” Since then, with the discovery of the gold mines in Australia, the Anglo-Saxon race, after peopling half a noble continent in the United States, is now rapidly populating what an Irishman would call the “fifth quarter” of the globe. How much legitimate, nay everlasting glory, already crowns old England in extending her colonial civilisation ! Her own name, language, manners, and race, are spreading over the globe. How far better than exhausting her wealth and depreciating her moral character in sanguinary wars to uphold tyrannical thrones, as in past contests for long years with France and Spain, the incorrigible despots of Europe for her allies, and all she had done for

twenty years, and her allies into the bargain, overthrown in three days, by the fine people they thus denounced, and to whom they must needs dictate ! Could the General peep at the Australian continent from his tomb of long-buried years, how would he be amazed at seeing the fruit of his early labour, as well as of his companions, rapidly approaching the character of a great empire—cattle-breeding, agriculture, and the arts flourishing there, and veins of gold more productive than those of California.

CAPTAIN OLDREY, R.N.

IN the characters that are outlined in these volumes the reader must expect only shadow profiles of the names of those recorded. No full effect is intended. No filling up a picture as executed by an artist, having the various tints and hues of colour with which nature distinguishes the living subject. These notices, therefore, are but as those likenesses which are often taken off on paper against a wall by candle-light. Memory can do no more in the exhibition of its artistic skill. Yet is the shade thus afforded of the partial features of the departed a relic which may be cherished in the absence of the

more efficient picture. Men will ever feel an interest in those who are marked by differences of character or adventure, and are gone, lost—

“In time’s abyss, the common grave of all.”

The name of the naval officer at the head of the page recalls some scenes of a public as well as private nature. He was imbued with those peculiarities in person and vocation which time and society often fail to erase. He was the creature of his profession to his last hour. I think he once said that he went to sea very young, with the notorious Captain Bligh, of tyrant fame, and that he got removed from under him by the interest of his friends very quickly, as he could not bear the tyranny he saw exercised. I cannot recollect the time I first met him in England. But he lodged in the Rue Pigalle, in Paris, when I first went there from Rouen in 1816, and we renewed our acquaintance. He was taking lessons in mathematics from the teacher in whose garden lived the singular Hungarian, Mentelli, of whom I gave an account in a work I published somewhat similar

to the present. During our sojourn in Paris we visited numerous odd places and establishments, afterwards abolished. Our evenings were spent in the "Caffe de Mille Collonnes," or some similar establishment. Oldrey occasioned no little amusement by his peculiarities, the sailor being stamped upon him in every action. The French did not know what to make of him, any more than he did of the girls in Circassian dresses, that waited on the guests at that celebrated coffee-house.

The allied armies being in occupation of the country the number of strangers of all ranks in the city was very considerable. All the places of entertainment, even the public gambling-houses, afterwards suppressed, were then open, and filled with foreigners as well as natives. The gold houses, or those public rooms where nothing but gold was laid on the red and black, with their attendant *gens d'armes*, did not tempt him so much as they surprised him to see it in heaps. Gold in England had been superseded with the paper of the Bank of England, in one and two pound notes. Soon after the allied armies quitted France all those houses

were suppressed, to the honour of the Government. There was no cheating in them, but they led to crime, and to very painful scenes. France abandoned them to the demoralised petty princes of Germany, some of whom make their product a part of their revenue. Miseries very great, and suicides were caused by them continually.

The Captain returned to England, and I had no expectation of ever seeing him again. We met in London by accident, and did not neglect to renew our former friendly intimacy. He had been anxiously looking out for an appointment to a ship, but he waited in vain. One, two, three, or more years passed. I had missed my old friend, found him at last by accident, and prevented his fighting a duel about a lady, whom a scoundrel had reflected upon, and for whose sake I determined to prevent it. The good-natured world would have impeached her character directly from the notoriety given to the affair. I represented the silliness of the step to my excellent friend. I did more, I had his antagonist taken into custody, and both held to bail. The poor fellow was so vexed that he cried

like a child ; but he confessed afterwards I had done right, for his antagonist was not worthy of him, being a thorough blackguard.

Our immortal novelist had about that time, or a little later, undertaken a work for which he was wholly unfit, owing to his strong political predilections, his ignorance of the continental manners of the time, and his singular credulity as to public characters. In those days political hatred knew no bounds with some persons. Scott's great fault as to party feeling was, that while he openly appeared fair and candid towards all opposed to him in politics, he was secretly bitter against any who were not of his own party in writing about them. His taking a share furtively in the slanderous *Beacon* newspaper proved the fact. In those times to abuse an opponent in an unseemly way was the ungenerous custom. Napoleon had heaped upon his shoulders every crime in the catalogue of human vices by some writers of the day. It was the custom of a political party at the time. Scott, great as he was as a novelist, was on that very account the less fitted for an historian or biographer from

a display of strong party feeling in what he wrote, or in writing under it. Scott's life of Napoleon Bonaparte was out of his line of work. It is not worth anything. Truth, simple and severe, was required in a biography of that great and extraordinary man. No partiality, nothing savouring of injustice or untruth, of political taint or misrepresentation should appear to injure the writer's fame any more than that of the hero who may be his subject.

I have not stated that Captain Oldrey had once served in the Mediterranean as the lieutenant of the gallant Captain Usher of the *Undaunted*. He had been employed on some desperate cutting-out work while on board that vessel. In an attempt to board a French ship in a warm contest, Oldrey's right knee being raised above the lower part of the body while in the act of boarding, his foot on the enemy's bulwark, he was fired at by a Frenchman not a yard distant. The knee being elevated before the body the shot entered on one side of it, and traversed the whole length of the thigh without touching the great vessels. He was, of course,

hors de combat, and recovered only after a long and painful suffering. He had a pension of a hundred a-year for wounds. As he was a favourite of Captain Usher when he sailed with him, it was not wonderful that, the Captain being in London, they should meet. In the course of conversation Usher complained in severe terms of the statements of Scott in his account of Napoleon's conduct before and after his embarkation. It will be recollected that Captain Usher took Napoleon to the Isle of Elba, where the ex-emperor was to reside, and receive a pension from France, not a franc of which did the Bourbons ever remit him. This alone justified his future conduct. To return, Captain Usher asked Oldrey if he could get Sir Walter's account contradicted as concerned himself, and gave Oldrey the main points in writing. Oldrey replied in the affirmative, and brought the notes to me. I sent them in substance to the *Globe* newspaper. I have no means of knowing how long afterwards it was before Captain Usher himself gave a narrative of his reception of Napoleon on board the *Undaunted*, which I have never

seen, but it was a considerable time, I believe some years. The statement I thus sent was from his direct authority. The facts were noted down and written off by me from Oldrey's notes, and subscribed and signed, "An Officer of the *Undaunted*." It was clear that Scott had taken no trouble to examine into the authenticity of the documents from which he collected his information. Almost all he wrote respecting Josephine Beauharnais the empress, Lafayette, and others, the transactions at St Helena, together with his statements about the climate, answered in one case by Dr O'Meara, showed that he disregarded valid authorities. Sir Hudson Lowe and General Gourgaud differed in their statements, and people at the time believed the one or the other as it happened. Such misstatements, however, regarding a point or two could not affect Scott's entire history, and there it would have been well had they rested. Some of these errors appeared at first to be trivial, but seemed to thicken as the reader proceeded. At last it seemed as if Scott had paid no attention

whatever to any valid authority. Regarding the fame of the great novelist, it would have been better the work had never appeared. Women's gossip, unknown pamphlets, and authorities unattested, instead of living agents and documents of unquestionable integrity, sadly impeached the biographer's judgment. For example, take volume eight, and the eleventh chapter. At page 252, Augereau and Napoleon are made to converse in the language of the very dregs of the Parisian population! Napoleon always spoke with great propriety of language. Every Frenchman knows with whom he may *tutoyer* and who not. This Scott picked up out of some worthless pamphlet published by a Prussian. The journey of Napoleon from Montelimart to Frejus was shamefully erroneous. Napoleon showed no fears. Nobody offered the ex-emperor any insult. A seditious cry or two after the emperor had passed, incited by some priests in that most fanatical part of France, were heard on one occasion, but the people showed a very opposite kind of feeling.

Scott asserted, in page 253,* that Napoleon disguised himself as a postillion, or some sort of domestic, that he sang and whistled, and ordered his servants to become his smoking companions!! How wretchedly must Scott have misunderstood the character of his hero, or endeavoured to depreciate it! “In order,” wrote Scott, “to avoid assassination, the ex-emperor of France was obliged to disguise himself as a postillion, or a domestic, anxiously altering from time to time his mode of dress; ordering his servants to smoke in his presence; and inviting the commissioners who travelled with him to whistle or sing, that the incensed people might not be aware he was in the carriage!!” This was all pure unadulterated fiction.

The statement of what took place at Organ, of an effigy “dabbled in blood,” for the display of which before his eyes the emperor’s carriage was stopped; his fear of assassination again; his dread of prison at La Calade; the Château scene; and his shuddering at death, were all false, all perfect

* See also Scott’s “Napoleon,” vol. viii., pages 250, 252, 253, 254, to 260.

fiction. That it was so, Baron Kohler and Sir Neil Campbell, both present with the ex-emperor, could testify that they saw none of this cowardice on the the part of Napoleon during the whole journey!

Upon the arrival of Napoleon at Frejus, the ex-emperor was said "to have shut himself up in a solitary apartment, which he was made to traverse with hasty and impatient steps, sometimes pausing to watch from the window the arrival of vessels, one of which was to transport him from France, as it then seemed, for ever!"

What vessels could Napoleon have seen or watched for such a purpose, when "the French frigate the *Dryade*, and a brig called the *Inconstant*," had, according to Scott's own statement, "come there before from Toulon, and lay ready to perform the duty?" It is added, "But reluctant, perhaps, to sail under the Bourbon flag, Napoleon preferred embarking on board his Majesty's ship *Undaunted*, commanded by Captain Usher!" How utterly false!

The truth was, that Napoleon remained no longer secluded at Frejus than he would have done any-

where else under the circumstances. There was nothing remarkable about Napoleon's short hour or two of solitude there. But it shows Scott's feeling or carelessness, or both ; for how could Napoleon possibly show a reluctance to embark under the Bourbon flag, when he, Scott himself, says in a page a little preceding, " He, Napoleon, desired to pass to Elba in an English vessel, and was pleased to have the escort of an English officer !! " ?

This was not all, for Scott must have seen that the compliment to England and her marine was made at Sir Neil Campbell's interview with Napoleon before, and far away, at Fontainebleau ! On the arrival of the ex-emperor and Sir Neil Campbell at Marseilles, the *Undaunted* frigate lay there, commanded by a very distinguished British officer, Captain Usher, and his services were put in requisition by Sir Neil Campbell for the very purpose of the conveyance. Usher possessed magnanimity, and was a man of high and generous feeling, with a proper sense of duty, which particularly qualified him for such a task. Frejus itself lay too far

away from the sea and from the ships in attendance to be seen, therefore the statement made Napoleon's pretended look-out more ridiculous.

The adieu, “Cæsar and his fortune!” pretended to be uttered by the Russian envoy, was never heard by any one present. The passage respecting Napoleon's statement of three hundred sail of the line, and that about the naval conscription in all the seaports and sea-coast frontier of France, and what follows, is altogether a misstatement.

The passage where Sir Walter made Napoleon speak with such freedom to Captain Usher of “outwitting” the allies, was wholly untrue—altogether false; nor did the seamen on board the *Undaunted* ever regard the ex-emperor with suspicion, as Scott made them do. It is very true that the charm of his affability was universally felt, and acknowledged by all in the frigate,—officers and men,—and the natural impression of respect made by so great a man was felt in his presence, the moral impress was remarkably evident throughout the ship.

As to Sir Walter's story about Hinton the boatswain, it is indeed sad “humbug,” to borrow Sir

Walter's own expression. Precisely the same is the tale, the fiction, of Napoleon's proposing to the captain to fire a gun to bring to a miserable fishing-boat, nor did the officer, so falsely said to be addressed for that purpose, ever make the ridiculous excuse, by saying that such an act of hostility towards a neutral would "denationalise" her, with the rest of the nonsense reported in connexion with it. It is all as pure a fiction as one of Sir Walter's own novels.*

It was also asserted that on the arrival of the *Undaunted* in sight of Porto Ferrajo, that "they found the island in great confusion." Not to say a word of the extraordinary optics of those on board a vessel just come in sight of land, which could enable them to perceive the confusion described so far off, no such symptoms of confusion could be witnessed on the island, because they never happened, nor anything to give a ground for such a wild assertion. "Yet," says Scott, "this confusion naturally increased Napoleon's apprehensions, which had never entirely subsided since the danger he

* See page 260 for the entire passage.

underwent in Provence." What those dangers were nobody knows, unless to the allusion already noted here, at a place between Montelimart and Frejus, where some fanatical priests were heard to utter a seditious cry, hardly worth remark, except to show every little incident that did occur.

Again new falsehoods commence. "Even on board the *Undaunted*," said Sir Walter, "he (Napoleon) had requested that a sergeant of marines might sleep each night on the outside of his cabin-door, a trusty domestic mounting guard within it. He also now showed unwillingness, when they made the island, to the ship running right under the batteries ; and when he first landed in the morning, it was at an early hour, and in disguise, having previously obtained from Captain Usher a sergeant's party of marines to attend him !"

Wherefore a guard of marines if he was to go on shore "in disguise" ? It is needless to say that all this is as pure unadulterated fiction as any in Scott's own delightful novels, to which he had better have kept his attention than attempt to write history, the greatest merit of which must be its verity.

Napoleon displayed no fear on board the *Undaunted*, either at passing the night or running under the batteries. He never went on shore there in disguise. An officer's guard of honour was appointed to attend him and to receive him, and not of course a sergeant's party. There were no more additional guards kept on board ship, or at the cabins, than are customary on board all British ships of war.

At Elba, Lieutenant Hastings of the *Undaunted* was deputed by Captain Usher, and Count Drouet by Napoleon, as commissioners to take possession of the island. Everything was conducted with due form, and the reception in the island, and the bearing of Napoleon throughout, was highly impressive, and such as the knowledge and consciousness of his great name and genius might be supposed to cause in himself, and insure to him from others. Sir Walter Scott's own use of a quotation in the chapter of his history here principally alluded to, is the mildest censure that can be passed upon what is not history, but fiction—

“ Some truth there is, but mix'd and dash'd with lies !”

Sir Walter may quote in vain any notorious pamphlets in excuse. The principal agents in these events were alive, men of indisputable honour, and accessible. Scott's great name would have made an application for many facts certain of a reply. With this knowledge to write a history, important parts of which have no better authority than newspaper anecdotes, and unauthenticated party statements, when the individual actors might be appealed to and satisfied on the part of a writer so well known as Sir Walter, shows inexcusable neglect, is incompatible with a just historian, who is bound to scrutinise every authority, and to do impartial justice. On only one chapter of the work can the present writer judge. Others may be able to test the remainder, which it is to be hoped are not equally incorrect and partial. Such a work is not history, but fiction. I appeal to living officers of the *Undaunted* for the truth of what I state.

I had always thought Sir Walter's history a gross failure. It was far easier for him to have consulted English officers and authorities than to have written by guess, and to have got at truths worthy the history

of a very great man, in relation to his life and civil as well as military operations on the Continent, by careful scrutiny. No one in England could correct the incidents of the emperor's career at the time Scott wrote, so as to be reliable, without visiting the Continent, and taking some considerable pains to obtain information from creditable sources. I was in France soon after the battle of Waterloo, at least within some months less than the year. I did as many inquiring persons would do, I endeavoured to learn all I could *pro* or *con* in regard to Napoleon. I cannot easily forget how I found I had been deceived by the virulent party-spirit and writings, foreign as well as English, in numerous particulars, about that great and wonderful man. I heard of him by those who had fought by his side, by some who had seen him in the full tide of his prosperity in France, and not Frenchmen either, who might be partial, but German officers that saw him in Moscow when they were in the French service, and in the dreadful retreat of the French army which ruined him. In the time—and it was of some length—that I lived in France, in conversations

there about the emperor, in the works he had originated, in his laws, and free toleration of all religious creeds, I saw everything to admire. From those with him at St Helena, too, I heard much of his conduct and his conversations there. I knew O'Meara well. I can only charge Napoleon with ambition. Let it be recollected that the old effete despots of Europe combined to uphold a Bourbon brother in France ; that the people there had been ground into dust by their rulers ; that in attempting to set the government right, foreigners invaded France, incited by the princes of the family that had been the cause of the popular suffering ; that the compression thus caused produced the cruel scenes which took place, and as well forced the national reaction, and the deprivation for the moment of law and order, and the death of the king. Europe's kings combined against the French people, and were beaten. The hope of the plunder or partition of France then became hopeless. Napoleon, after performing wonderful exploits, drew order out of the chaos reigning, and became his country's benefactor. His successful ambition led

him to the highest elevation he could attain, and then that ambition overleaped itself. It is false that he was the tyrant represented, even while beset by tyrants. The good he did lives after him. Not one of those who began the attack upon France can say the same. The true history of Napoleon is yet to be written. That of Scott is not worth the waste paper that records, or rather pretends to record, the history of this great man. Scott, as a novelist, is immortal; as an historian, he egregiously failed. He failed also as a poet in his pleasant metrical tales. He failed as a critic. His edition of Dryden threw no new light upon that poetical glory of King William's days. It is not given to one man to be great in many things. Sir Walter Scott has made himself a never-dying name in his works of fiction; and that is sufficient, since England has not shown his equal in that line, in its very highest walk, too,—if truth and nature,—if that love of the past deeply written in the human heart, and fidelity to its truth,—if delineations, never equalled, in scenes that affect the passions,—virtually go for anything.

But all this is digression from the career of my old friend Oldrey. To return to the real subject of the Captain's subsequent career. His turn of service came at last, and he had the promise of the command of a ship which was in the West Indies, and to which he had to take his passage. He arrived at Plymouth in time, as he wrote me, "to cast anchor in blanket bay" the night before. He had been well received by Sir Manly Dixon, who commanded at that port, had dined with him, he said, in a second letter, and was about to embark for Bermuda to take there the command of his ship. Full of his usual spirits, he added, now he had got a ship at last, in his characteristic manner, "I feel the wheel is in motion ; I was a devilish long time at the nethermost part of it. At length fortune begins to give me a lift, and, my boy, only half a turn of the wheel is all I ask ; which, if I obtain, with a little health to enjoy it, why then we will have a few more cups of kindness together in spite of the Westmacots* and the whole host of scandal-mongers. Lay it well into them, my hearty. Re-

* Westmacot's *Age* paper had been abusing me.

member me to Chamier,* and tell him I will do or say anything for him to his Ebonies."

At Bermuda he joined the *Hyacinth*, and taking the command went to sea. I do not remember his immediate destination, but ultimately he was working up for the island of Barbadoes. Here occurred one of the most singular events of his life, and one of the strangest proofs of the virtue of the barometer. On the evening of the finest day that climate could produce, he was still on the passage, and had just before been admiring the beauty of the sea and heavens, nothing whatever indicating the catastrophe that ensued. I had the narrative from himself, which I give almost verbatim. The atmosphere, to the verge of the horizon, was perfectly clear ; not a cloud obscured the heavens, nor was there apparently the least probability of change as far as the eyes or feelings could judge from the aspect either of the sky or ocean. To use his own words, "A hurricane was the last thing I should have imagined

* Captain Chamier, R.N., who had served in the West Indies, and used to extol the lasses of colour in talking of past days of service in that part of the world.

likely to occur. Going below, I threw myself upon a sofa in the cabin, and by mere chance cast my eyes up to the plate indicator of an upright barometer which hung opposite. I observed that the mercury was falling. It was a moment when I should not have dreamed of looking at it for any meteorological purpose. The mercury continued to fall, and that so rapidly I could not believe in my own vision. I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I did not see clearly. The mercury still descended. I got off the sofa, and, approaching the instrument, discovered it still dropping with a motion almost perceptible. I began to be alarmed, and went upon deck. The atmosphere was heavenly. Not the slightest appearance of sea or sky bore out the indication below. I descended again to my cabin, and examined the instrument. I was not mistaken. I had never heard, much less seen anything of the kind before, and felt convineed that something extraordinary was about to happen, I knew not what. I called down the first lieutenant, and stated what I had observed. He alleged with such a sea and sky, and the serene atmosphere, nothing in his

opinion was to be apprehended. The sea and sky were alike too beautifully clear, too serene for any mischief.

“ After a little further pause,” said the Captain, “ though I could not deny a syllable of my officer’s allegations, or subdue my feelings, I continued uneasy. If necessary a little labour and trouble to prepare was all, I resolved upon it, though I confess I feared I should look very small before my officers and the ship’s people, if there were nothing came of a warning so sudden and alarming. The fall always indicating something allied to a storm, yet here all appearances were against me.

“ I ordered,” he said, “ that everything should be made snug immediately, the topmasts to be struck, got down, and secured upon deck. All on board were surprised, and thought, I believe, that I was out of my senses. The men said to one another, ‘ The captain is going to sweat us for nothing.’ By great activity, which I urged on, mingling command and entreaty, the topmasts were lowered and secured as far as possible. The officers were of the opinion they had held all along, that with the

existing appearances there was nothing to be apprehended. They well might be of that opinion, for certainly nothing could be less probable from past experience and the state of things above and around. All hurricane appearances, at least those observed to be its common forerunners in that latitude, were absent. The Captain was easy, having done all in his power for the ship's safety if anything really should occur. He called down the first lieutenant and told him that he could not overcome his impressions. We conversed about it over a glass of grog. He told me that he had that kind of perplexed feeling which it is not easy to explain, but may be imagined. He feared to be derided. Still he had much confidence in the quicksilver, and felt a certain degree of satisfaction that all was snug. An hour or two passed away, and the night approached. The wind, suddenly rising, grew to a storm that became tremendous almost at once. The bright scene just before had quickly changed. The sky became overcast, and a hurricane blew with a fury almost unparalleled. Not a rag of sail could be kept spread. The wind raged

so furiously that it literally blew down the sea, which could not rise into waves, but appeared one vast surface of foam, through which the ship was furiously driven along without a sail set. Fortunately there was sea-room, or no eare could have saved them. It seemed as if nothing would outlive such a tempest. It did not continue two hours, and for the whole of that time the sea was destitute of waves. The *Hyacinth* was still driven furiously along. When the wind began to slacken, the sea arose into mountains, and the ship literally bored her way through them."

They reached Barbadoes, but the hurricane had subsided before they entered the harbour, which is two-thirds surrounded by rocks; the clear part is a sandy beach. Fortunately the wind had blown on the latter, and upon that all the shipping in the harbour had been driven up high and dry, and nearly buried in the sand. They had to dig them out again when the calamity had subsided, and few or no lives were lost in them. The *Hyacinth* came quietly to anchor, the wind having dropped to a breeze.

On the shore the result was very different. Houses fell that had stood the hurricane of 1780, and twelve hundred persons lost their lives. Houses, too, built with thick stone walls, and the mortar hardened by time, even where transverse walls aided in some places in their support, were thrown down. Barbadoes was not considered a hurricane island. The hurricane of 1780 was but a very furious storm. It lasted for thirty-six hours. If this, which continued in full violence only for an hour and a half, had continued as long as the former, the whole island would have been converted into a desert waste.

At Barbadoes the weather had shown nothing indicating hurricane weather any more than had been the case at sea. None of that remarkable atmospheric purity was observed which is the precursor of such visitations in the islands generally, which are subject to such storms, commonly denominated the "Hurricane Islands." An extraordinary mirage often precedes these visitations, and the refraction of the atmosphere has been known so great, that islands one hundred miles off have

become visible. Another forerunner of these tempests is, that the more distant objects appear close to the observer, but none of these warnings had been observed from the island in the present case.

No traces of the barracks, in which, the evening before, there had been seven hundred men, women, and children, were to be seen. One hundred and eighty men, women, and children had perished in the wreck of the building. The town presented a terrible scene of devastation from the sea, opposite where the *Hyacinth* had so quietly anchored. In one case a hundred negroes had sought refuge in a sugar-boiling house. These are always strongly built, and of the most massy materials. Not long had the poor creatures been in their place of refuge before it was swept away by the blast like chaff, and nearly all perished, or were dreadfully mangled. Those who remained in cane-built houses were unhurt; the light materials flew far and wide, and left their inmates to shift as they could by prostrating themselves on the ground. The houses of the town demolished were those facing the harbour. The missiles from them flew over the other parts of

the town, carrying destruction far and wide. The dwellings back from the sea were dense, and their roofs alone were destroyed. One female had a child blown out of her arms across a street in a window, and was taken up without injury. The number that suffered injury was between five and six thousand. This hurricane was confined to a limit in width of less than twenty miles. It passed across the Gulf of Mexico. Its width was easily traced by its devastations in the forests on the mainland over which it passed. It raged with the most violence between half-past eleven P.M. and one in the morning. At daybreak Nature had returned to her wonted serenity, and looked as beautiful as ever over the fearful desolation caused by the passage of that angel of destruction, which was only known by the sight of its terribly destructive effects. One might have believed it a furious electric current, for the people of the island asserted that strange sounds were heard like salvoes of artillery of the largest calibre, but very peculiar in character. Some said that fire balls were seen in the air, and that thunder was intermingled: but had the loudest thunder ever heard broke forth

it could not have been distinguished, such were the outbursts and tremendous roarings of the hurricane.

One of the friends of the captain had his stables carried clean away across the country for above a mile, while the horses remained picketed where they had stood, almost petrified by fear. On the whole, it happened that the sea was safer than the land.

As to fear, some of the people of Bridgetown said there was no time for fear. The mind was too anxiously employed in seeking means of safety. Few recollect that they had been in any fear at all. What was singular, too, the state of terror, usually long, seemed here to have been the reverse. None could tell truly, or even guess at, the duration of the hurricane with anything like an approach to the truth. This must have been from apprehension, yet none remembered that they had felt fear. The experience of every class agreed in this remarkable fact.

The indication of the barometer had been so true, that it was not wonderful the captain often spoke of it, and recommended close attention to its indica-

tions at sea as well as on land. This he was justified in doing. Having served the usual term in which, during a time of peace, an officer has a command at sea, I believe about three years, the captain returned to England. He was an invalid, for he had laboured under a slight attack of asthma, caught in the North Sea some years before he went to the West Indies, and his return did not improve his health. In fact, he could not live comfortably in a northern winter, for it augmented the complaint. When the slave-trade was abolished, he was considerably recommended, on the ground of wounds and services, to proceed to Jamaica in the capacity of an agent from England to see the stipulations carried out between master and slave. I took leave of him, not expecting to see him again. He informed me of his office, the particular denomination of which I forget. We once more parted, without the idea of ever more meeting.

I cannot recall the length of the interval—about a year, or a year and a half afterwards; I speak at a hazard in regard to the time—I met him unexpectedly in town, and was greatly surprised.

He told me that he had with reluctance given up his post in Jamaica, for no man of true English feeling could continue in it with the conduct of the whites so inimical to him.

"I have ever been accustomed," he said, "to obey my superiors in the service, and to make myself obeyed by those under my orders, I hope, in general willingly. I received particular instructions from our Government how to act. I was to see justice done between master and slave, and to act without fear or affection in the mode directed. I knew my duty, and practised it. Whenever a case occurred, I acted up to the letter of my instructions, neither more nor less. I soon found that I was committing myself with the white inhabitants by following my duty. If others, for the sake of good companionship and pleasant brotherhood with the whites of the island, chose to evade their line of duty to be in good terms with the white people, I recollect that mine was a public trust, that my instructions were precise, and that, let the consequences be what they might, the duty entrusted to me I would fulfil. Now, had the whites done any-

thing of which I could take open notice, any act by which I could appeal to the Governor in the island, or had any complaint been made against me for doing a wrong, I could, and would have met it openly in some way. This would not do, because it would have been a complaint wholly unfounded, and therefore not feared. I was ruled by the letter of my instructions. I knew that the pride of the whites was wounded, that black men should, even in justice, be treated upon an equality with them. They had received their pecuniary recompense. Did they aid the Government in its efforts to sweep away a great evil? They did no such thing. They were quite ready to consider the partly-emancipated slave as of the same grade still, as far as their line of conduct towards him was concerned. They would not assist to elevate his condition as a freeman—he was in their eyes a slave as before, only one not so exactly their own property.

“When it was seen that I acted up to the letter of my instructions, to see equal justice according to my own judgment, and that nothing made me swerve, and that I did not cultivate the favour of

any, as to duty, but comported myself alike to all, no one assailed me, no one openly disapproved of any step I took, for they could not. Others might give way a little to them for the sake of their being superior to the blacks in station, and strain a point a little for society's sake; I would not do this in a matter of duty. The consequence was, that though they could not turn me to their old colonial views of the absolute right of the whites in many things natural in a time of slavery, and as they could not charge me with any specific act I could not meet, while I did not seek in this respect to assimilate with them and adopt their views, they pursued towards me a course to which, though I wished to do my duty under any common disadvantages, and to make an allowance for the peculiar circumstances of the moment, I could not, as an officer and a gentleman, submit. They, in short, sent me to Coventry. Except forced by business to speak, they passed me by; their annoyance being of a negative kind. To be comfortable in the island at all, I must partake in their views, see with their eyes, and pass over points not in their

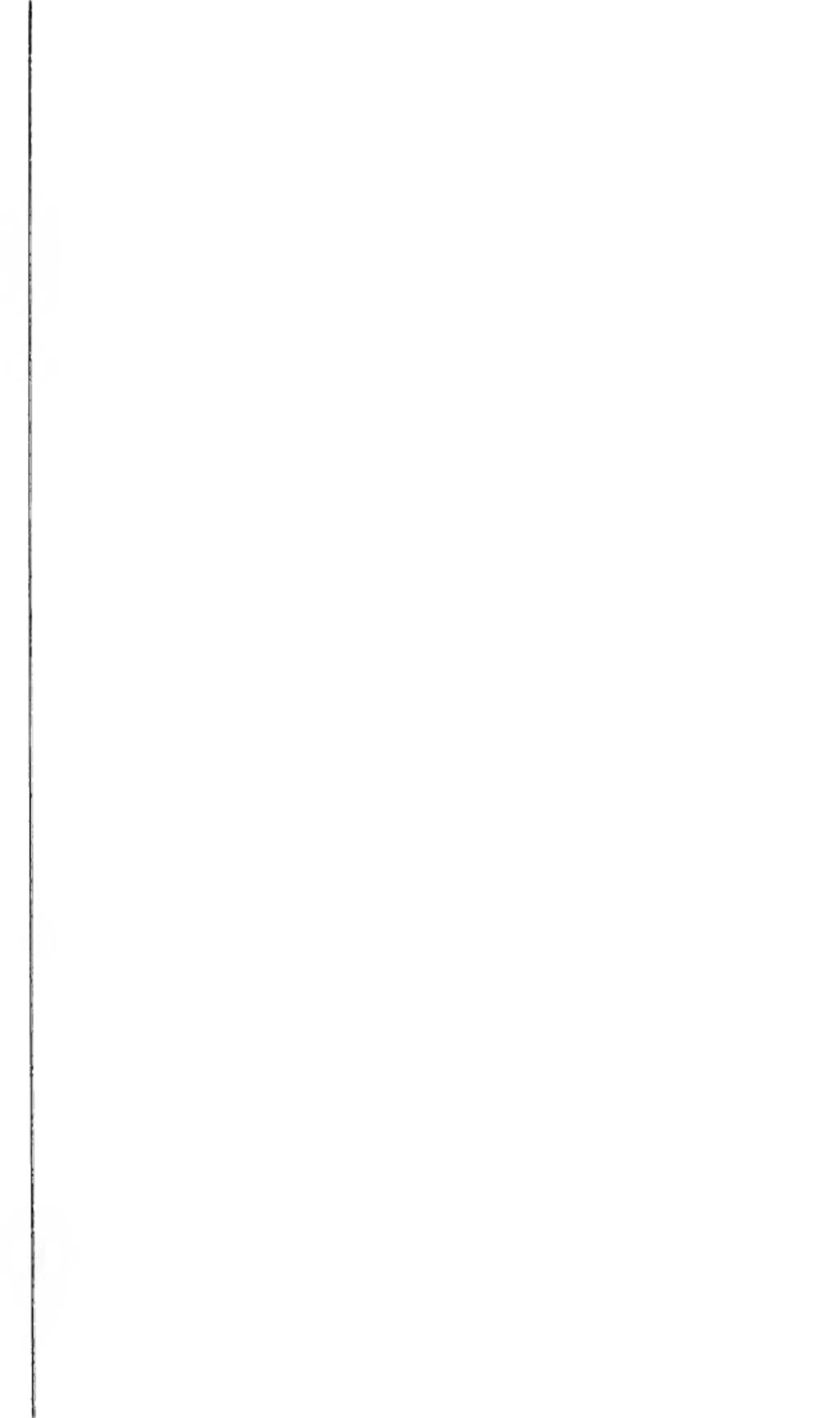
favour, when I was commanded, and felt inclined to do otherwise, because it would be unjust, or contrary to the spirit of my instructions.

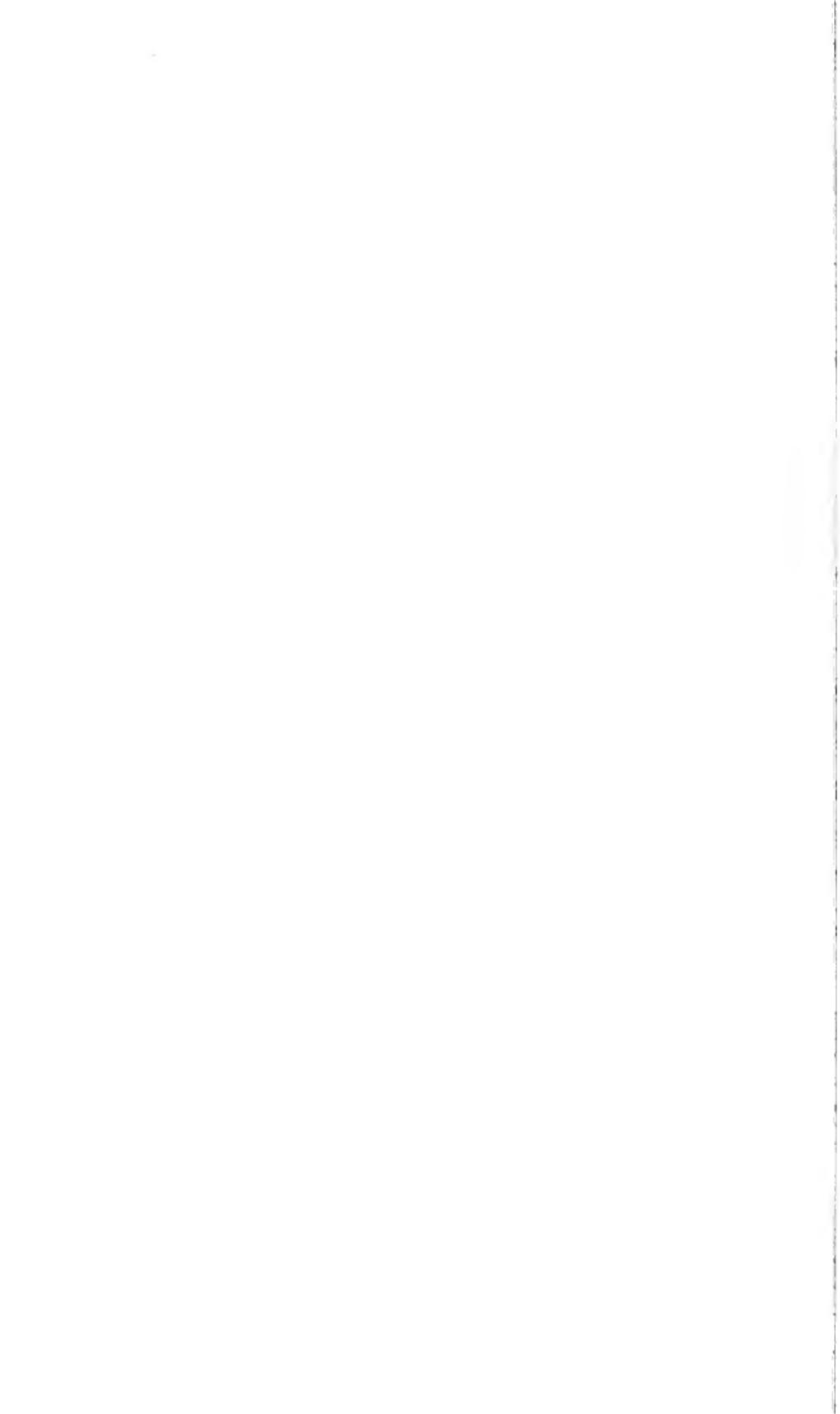
"They, from old habits, did not hesitate to attribute my refusal to a niceness the whites had not been accustomed to exhibit. That which had been their habit or feeling, it was unjustifiable in a white official to disregard, even while acting with amenity. The time was a singular one, it was true, but that was nothing to me where duty was concerned. I was, therefore, regarded with an evil eye for the fulfilment of my duty to the letter. I could not be arraigned openly for anything, and so they determined to treat me as one not of their clique. In the island at that time, the whites of the assumed superior order of course, whether parson or planter, merchant, or what-not, ranked pretty much alike in their modes of living. Hospitality among themselves was fully exercised, and here and there might be found worthy men, but the majority ruled, with the old habits. Thus, for performing my duty with strictness, a distance of manner began soon to be observable, and as that did not alter my conduct,

they began by only speaking to me when compelled, and then isolating me. I could not stand it longer than I did, feeling, as an officer and a gentleman, it was impossible, and I resigned my post, though a most important one for my welfare, and thus I have come home. You can have no idea of the manners in that island. There is more work to be done there than people at home dream about."

He was to be commended for his conduct. The state of society in the island at the time was not to be commended. The Government at home was not honestly seconded there. It has always been in hot water, beautiful land as it is. In no great while after, old friends as we were, a final parting took place. He embarked for New South Wales, where the climate suited him, and took up his residence at St Vincents. There he died, gallant, worthy little fellow as he was, broken down by ill health and suffering in his country's service.

THE END.







200

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